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THE LADY OF FORT ST. JOHN.

IV.

THE WIDOW ANTONIA.

ANTONIA sat in tense quiet, though whitened even across the lips, where all the color of her face usually appeared; and a stalwart and courtly man presented himself in the hall. Some of the best blood of the Dutch republic had evidently gone to his making. He had the vital and reliable presence of a master in affairs, and his clean-shaven face had firm mouth-corners. Marie rose up without pause to meet him. He was freshly and carefully dressed in clothes carried for this purpose across the wilderness, and gained favor even with Lady Dorinda, as a man bearing about him in the New World the atmosphere of Europe. He made his greeting in French, and explained that he was passing through Acadia on a journey to Montreal.

"We stand much beholden to monsieur," said Marie, with a quizzical face, "that he should travel so many hundred leagues out of his way to visit this poor fort. I have heard that the usual route to Montreal is that short, direct one up the lake of Champlain."

Van Corlaer's smile rested openly on Antonia as he answered, "Madame, a man's most direct route is the one that leads to his object."

"Doubtless, monsieur; and you are very welcome to this fort. We have cause to love the New Netherlanders."

Marie turned to deliver Antonia her

guest, but Antonia stood without word or look for him. She seemed a scared Dutch child, bending all her strength and all her inherited quiet on maintaining self-control. He approached her, searching her face with his near-sighted large eyes.

"Had Madame Bronck no expectation of seeing Arendt Van Corlaer in Acadia?"

"No, mynheer," whispered Antonia.

"But, since I have come, have you nothing to say to me?"

"I hope I see you well, mynheer."

"You might see me well," reproached Van Corlaer, "if you would look at me."

She lifted her eyes, and dropped them again.

"This Acadian air has given you a wan color," he noted.

"Did you leave Teunis and Marytje Harmentse well?" quavered Antonia, catching at any scrap.

Van Corlaer stared, and answered that Teunis and Marytje were well, and would be grateful to her for inquiring.

"For they also helped to hide this priest from the Mohawks," added Antonia, without coherence. Marie could hear her heart laboring.

"What priest?" inquired Van Corlaer, and as he looked around his eyes fell on the cassocked figure at the other table.

"Monsieur Corlaer," spoke Father Jogues, "I was but waiting fit opportunity to recall myself and your blessed charity to your memory."

Van Corlaer's baffled look changed to instant glad recognition.

"That is Father Jogues!"

He met the priest with both hands, and stood head and shoulders taller while they held each other like brothers.

"I thought to find you in Montreal, Father Jogues, and not here, where in my dim fashion I could mistake you for the chaplain of the fort."

"Monsieur Corlaer, I have not forgotten one look of yours. I was a great trouble to you, with my wounds and my hiding and fever. And what pains you took to put me on board the ship in the night! It would be better indeed to see me at Montreal than ever in such plight again at Fort Orange, Monsieur Corlaer."

"Glad would we be to have you at Fort Orange again, without pain to yourself, Father Jogues."

"And how is my friend who so much enjoyed disputing about religion?"

"Our dominie is well, and sent by my hand a hearty greeting to that very learned scholar Father Jogues. We heard you had come back from France."

Van Corlaer dropped one hand on the donné's shoulder and leaned down to examine his smiling face.

"It is my brother Lalande, the donné of this present mission," said the priest.

"My young monsieur," returned Van Corlaer, "keep Father Jogues out of the Mohawks' mouths henceforth. They have really no stomach for religion, though they will eat saints. It often puzzles a Dutchman to handle that Iroquois nation."

"Our lives are not our own," said the young Frenchman.

"We must bear the truth, whether it be received or not," added Father Jogues.

"Whatever errand brought you into Acadia," said Van Corlaer, turning back to the priest, "I am glad to find you here, for I shall now have your company back to Montreal."

"Impossible, Monsieur Corlaer, for I have set out to plant a mission among the Abenakis. They asked for a missionary. Our guides deserted us, and we have wandered off our course, and been obliged to throw away nearly all the furniture of our mission. But we now hope to make our way along the coast."

"Father Jogues, the Abenakis are all gone northward. We passed through their towns on the Penobscot."

"But they will come back?"

"Some time, though no man at Penobscot would be able to say when."

Father Jogues's perplexed brows drew together. Wanderings, hunger, and imprisonment he could bear serenely, as incidents of his journey; but to have his flock scattered before he could reach it was real calamity.

"We must make shift to follow them," he declared.

"How will you follow them without supplies, and without knowing where they may turn in the woods?"

"I see we shall have to wait for them at Penobscot," said Father Jogues.

"Take a heretic's advice instead; for I speak not as the enemy of your religion when I urge you to journey with me back to Montreal. You can make another and better start to establish this mission."

The priest shook his head. "I do not see my way; but my way will be shown to me, or word will come sending me back."

Some sign from the lady of the fortress recalled Van Corlaer to his duty as a guest. The supper grew cold while he parleyed. So he turned quickly to take the chair she had set for him, and saw that Antonia was gone.

"Madame Bronck will return," said Marie, pitying his chagrin, and searching her own mind for Antonia's excuse. "We brought a half-starved baby home from our last expedition, and it lies dead upstairs. Women have soft hearts,

monsieur; they cannot see such sights unmoved. She hath lost command of herself to-night."

Van Corlaer's face lightened with tenderness. Bachelor though he was, he had held infants in his hands for baptism, and not only the children of Fort Orange, but dark broods of the Mohawks, often rubbed about his knees.

"You brought your men into the fort, Monsieur Corlaer?"

"No, madame. I sent them back to camp by the falls. We are well provisioned. There was no need for them to come within the walls."

"If you lack anything, I hope you will command it of us."

"Madame, you are already too bounteous, and we lack nothing."

"The Sieur de la Tour being away, the conduct and honor of this fort are left in my hands. He has ever been friendly to the people of the colonies."

"That is well known, madame."

Soft waxlight, the ample shine of the fire, trained service, housing from the chill spring night, and abundant food and flask, all failed to bring up the spirits of Van Corlaer. Antonia did not return to the table. The servingmen went and came betwixt hall and cook-house. Every time one of them opened the door the world of darkness peered in, and over the night quiet of the fort could be heard the tidal up-rush of the river.

"The men can now bring our ship to anchor," observed Marie.

Father Jogues and his *donné*, eating with the habitual self-denial of men who must inure themselves to hunger, still spoke with Van Corlaer about their mission; but during all his talk he furtively watched the stairway.

The dwarf sat on her accustomed stool beside her lady, picking up bits from a well-heaped silver platter on her knees; and she watched Van Corlaer's discomfiture when Lady Dorinda took him in hand and Antonia yet remained away.

V.

JONAS BRONCK'S HAND.

The guests had deserted the hall fire and a sentinel was set for the night before Madame La Tour knocked at Antonia's door.

Antonia was slow to open it. But she finally let Marie into her chamber, where the fire had died on the hearth, and retired again behind the screen to continue dabbing her face with water. The candle was also behind the screen, and it threw out Antonia's shadow, and showed her disordered flax-white hair flung free of its cap and falling to its length. Marie sat down in the little world of shadow outside the screen. The joists directly above Antonia flickered with the flickering light. One window high in the wall showed the misty darkness which lay upon Fundy Bay. The room was chilly.

"Monsieur Corlaer is gone, Antonia," said Marie.

Antonia's shadow leaped, magnifying the young Dutchwoman's start.

"Madame, you have not sent him off on his journey in the night?"

"I sent him not. I begged him to remain. But he had such cold welcome from his own countrywoman that he chose the woods rather than the hospitality of Fort St. John."

Much as Antonia stirred and clinked flasks, her sobs grew audible behind the screen. She ran out with her arms extended, and threw herself on the floor at Marie's knees, transformed by anguish. Marie in full compassion drew the girlish creature to her breast, repenting herself while Antonia wept and shook.

"I was cruel to say Monsieur Corlaer is gone. He has only left the fortress to camp with his men at the falls. He will be here two more days, and to-morrow you must urge him to stay our guest."

"Madame, I dare not see him at all!"

"But why should you not see Monsieur Corlaer?"

Antonia settled to the floor, resting her head and arms on her friend's lap.

"For you love him."

"Oh, madame, I did not show that I loved him? No. It would be horrible for me to love him."

"What has he done? It is plain he has come to court you."

"He has long courted me, madame."

"And you met him as a stranger, and fled from him as a wolf,—this Hollandais gentleman who hath saved our French people, even priests, from the savages!"

"All New Amsterdam and Fort Orange hold him in esteem," said Antonia, betraying pride. "I have heard he can do more with the Iroquois tribes than any other man of the New World." She uselessly wiped her eyes. She was weak from long crying.

"Then why do you run from him?"

"Because he hath too witching a power on me, madame. I cannot spin or knit or sew when he is by; I must needs watch every motion of his if he once fastens my eyes."

"I have noticed he draws one's heart," laughed Marie.

"He does. It is like witchcraft. He sets me afloat so that I lose my feet and have scarce any will of my own. I never was so disturbed by my husband, Jonas Bronck," complained Antonia.

"Did you love your husband?" inquired Marie.

"We always love our husbands, madame. Mynheer Bronck was very good to me."

"You have never told me much of Monsieur Bronck, Antonia."

"I don't like to speak of him now, madame. It makes me shiver."

"You are not afraid of the dead?"

"I was never afraid of him living. I regarded him as a father."

"But one's husband is not to be regarded as a father."

"He was old enough to be my father, madame. I was not more than sixteen, besides being an orphan, and Mynheer Bronck was above fifty; yet he married me, and became the best husband in the colony. He was far from putting me in such states as Mynheer Van Corlaer does."

"The difference is that you love Monsieur Corlaer."

"Do not speak that word, madame."

"Would you have him marry another woman?"

"Yes," spoke Antonia in a stoical voice, "if that pleased him best. I should then be driven to no more voyages. He followed me to New Amsterdam; and I ventured on a long journey to Boston, where I had kinspeople, as you know. But there I must have broken down, madame, if I had not met you. It was fortunate for me that the English captain brought you out of your course, for mynheer set out to follow me there. And now he has come across the wilderness even to this fort."

"Confess," said Marie, giving her a little shake, "how pleased you are with such a determined lover."

But instead of doing this, Antonia burst again into frenzied sobbing, and hugged her comforter.

"Oh, madame, you are the only person I dare love in the world!"

Marie smoothed the young widow's damp hair with the quieting stroke which calms children.

"Let mother help thee," she said; and neither of them remembered that she was scarcely as old as Antonia. In love and motherhood, in military peril and contact with riper civilizations, to say nothing of inherited experience, the lady of St. John had lived far beyond Antonia Bronck.

"Your husband made you take an oath not to wed again,—is it so?"

"No, madame, he never did."

"Yet you told me he left you his money?"

"Yes. He was very good to me, for I had neither father nor mother."

"And he bound you by no promise?"

"None at all, madame."

"What then can you find to break your heart upon in the suit of Monsieur Corlaer? You are free; even as my lord, if I were dead, would be free to marry any one, not excepting D'Aulnay's widow." Marie smiled at that improbable union.

"No, I do not feel free." Antonia shivered close to her friend's knees. "Madame, I cannot tell you; but I will show you the token."

"Show me the token, therefore. A sound token it must be, to hold you wedded to a dead man whom in life you regarded as a father."

Antonia rose upon her feet, but stood dreading the task before her.

"I have to look at it once every month," she explained, "and I have looked at it once this month already."

The dim, chill room, with its one eye fixed on darkness, was an eddy in which a single human mind resisted that century's current of superstition. Marie sat ready to judge and destroy whatever spell the cunning old Hollandais had left on a girl to whom he represented law and family.

Antonia beckoned her behind the screen, and took from some ready hiding-place a small oak box studded with nails, which Marie had never before seen. How alien to the simple and open life of the Dutch widow was this secret coffer! Her face changed while she looked at it; grieved girlhood passed into sunken age. Her lips turned wax-white, and drooped at the corners. She set the box on a dressing-table, beside the candle, unlocked it and turned back the lid. Marie was repelled by a faint odor aside from its breath of dead spices.

Antonia unfolded a linen cloth and showed a pallid human hand, its stump concealed by a napkin. It was cun-

ningly preserved, and shrunken only by the countless lines which denote approaching age. It was the right hand of a man who must have had imagination. The fingers were sensitively slim, with shapely blue nails, and without knobs or swollen joints. It was a crafty, firm-possessing hand, ready to spring from its nest to seize and eternally hold you.

The lady of St. John had seen human fragments scattered by cannon, and sword and bullet had done their work before her sight; but a faintness beyond the touch of peril made her grasp the table and turn from that ghastly hand.

"It cannot be, Antonia" —

"Yes, it is Mynheer Bronck's hand," whispered Antonia, subduing herself to take admonition from the grim digits.

"Lock it up, and come directly away from it. Come out of this room. You have opened a grave here."

VI.

THE MENDING.

But Antonia delayed to set in order her hair and cap. When Jonas Bronck's hand was snugly locked in its case and no longer obliged her to look at it, she took a pensive pleasure in the relic, bred of usage to its company. She came out of her chamber erect and calm. Marie was at the stairs, speaking to the soldier stationed in the hall below. He had just piled up his fire, and its homely splendor sent back to remoteness all human dreads. He hurried up the stairway to his lady.

"Go knock at the door of the priest Father Jogues and demand his cassock," she said.

The man halted, and asked, "What shall I do with it?"

"Bring it hither to me."

"But if he refuse to have it brought?"

"The good man will not refuse. Yet

if he ask why," returned Madame La Tour, smiling, "tell him it is the custom of the house to take away at night the cassock of any priest who stays here."

"Yes, madame."

The soldier kept to himself his opinion of meddling with black gowns, and after some parleying at the door of Father Jogues's apartment received the garment and brought it to his lady.

"We will take our needles and sit by the hall fire," said Marie to Antonia. "Did you note the raggedness of Father Jogues's cassock? I am an enemy to papists, especially D'Aulnay de Charnisay; but who can harden her heart against a saint because he patters prayers on a rosary? Thou and I will mend his black gown. I cannot see even a transient member of my household uncomfortable."

The soldier put two waxlights on the table by the hearth, and withdrew to the stairway. He was there to guard as prisoner the priest for whom his lady set herself to work. She drew her chair to Antonia's, and they spread the cassock between them. It had been neatly beaten and picked clear of burs, but the rents in it were astonishing. Even within the sumptuous fireshine the black cloth taxed sight; and Marie paused sometimes to curtain her eyes with her hand, but Antonia worked on with Dutch steadiness. The touch of a needle within a woman's fingers cools all her fevers. She stitches herself fast to the race. There are safety and saneness in needlework.

"This spot wants a patch," remarked Antonia.

"Weave it together with stitches," said Marie. "Daughter of presumption! would you add to the gown of a Roman priest?"

"Priest or dominie," commented Antonia, biting a fresh thread, "he would be none the worse for a stout piece of cloth to his garment."

"But we have naught to match with

it. I should like to set in a little heresy cut from one of the *Sieur de la Tour's* good Huguenot doublets."

The girlish faces, bent over the work, grew placid with domestic interest. Marie's cheeks ripened by the fire, but the whiter Hollandaise warmed only through the lips. The hall's glow made more endurable the image of Jonas Bronck's hand.

"When was it cut off?" murmured Marie, stopping to thread a needle.

The perceptible blight again fell over Antonia's face, as she replied, "After he had been one day dead."

"Then he did not grimly lop it off himself?"

"Oh, no," whispered Antonia, with deep sighing. "Mynheer the doctor did that, on his oath to my husband. He was the most learned, cunning man in medicine that ever came to our colony. He kept the hand a month in his furnace before it was ready to send to me."

"Did Monsieur Bronck, before he died, tell you his intention to do this?" pressed Marie, feeling less interest in the Dutch embalmer's method than in the sinuous motive of a man who could leave such a bequest.

"Yes, madame."

"I do marvel at such an act," said the lady of St. John, challenging Jonas Bronck's loyal widow to take up his instant defense.

"Madame, he was obliged to do it by a dream he had."

"He dreamed that his hand would keep off intruders?" smiled Marie.

"Yes," responded Antonia innocently, "and all manner of evil fortune. I have to look at it once a month as long as I live, and carry it with me everywhere. If it should be lost or destroyed, trouble and ruin would fall not only on me, but on every one who loved me."

The woman of larger knowledge did not argue against this credulity. Antonia was of the provinces, bred out of

their darkest hours of superstition and savage danger. But it was easy to see how Jonas Bronck's hand must hold his widow from a second marriage. What lover could she ask to share her monthly gaze upon it, and thus half realize the continued fleshly existence of Jonas Bronck? The rite was in its nature a secret one. Shame, gratitude, the former usages of her life, and a thousand other influences were yet in the grip of that rigid hand. If she lost or destroyed it, nameless and weird calamity, foreseen by a dying man, must light upon the very lover who undertook to separate her from her ghastly company.

"The crafty old Hollandais!" reflected Marie. "He was cunning in his knowledge of Antonia. But he hath made up this fist at a younger Hollandais who will scarce stop for dead hands."

The Dutch gentlewoman snuffed both waxlights. Her lips were drawn in grieved lines. Marie glanced up at one of the portraits on the wall, and said:—

"The agonies which men inflict on the beings they love best must occasion perpetual astonishment in heaven. Look at the Sieur Claude de la Tour, a noble of France, who could stoop to become the first English knight of Acadia, forcing his own son to take up arms against him."

The elder La Tour frowned and flickered in his frame.

"Yet he had a gracious presence," said Antonia. "Lady Dorinda says he was the handsomest man at the English court."

"I doubt it not; the La Tours are a beautiful race. It was that very graciousness which made him a weak prisoner in the hands of the English. They married him to one of the queen's ladies, and granted him all Acadia, and he had only to demand from his son that he should turn it over to England and declare himself an English

subject. I can yet see his ships as they rounded Cape Sable, and the face of my lord when he read his father's summons to surrender the claims of France. We were to be loaded with honors. France had driven us out on account of our faith; England opened her arms. We should be enriched, and live forever a happy and united family, sole lords of Acadia."

Marie broke off another thread.

"The king of France, who has outlawed my husband and delivered him to his enemy, should have seen him then, Antonia. Sieur Claude La Tour put both arms around him and pleaded. It was, 'My little Charles, do not disgrace me by refusal;' and 'My father, I love you, but here I represent the rights of France.' 'The king of France is no friend of ours,' says Sieur Claude. 'Whether he rewards or punishes me,' says Charles, 'this province belongs to my country, and I will hold it while I have life to defend it.' And he was obliged to turn his cannon against his own father; and the ships were disabled and driven off."

"Was the old mynheer killed?"

"His pride was killed. He could never hold up his head in England again, and he had betrayed France. My lord built him a house outside our fort, yet neither could he endure Acadia. He died in England. You know I brought his widow thence with me last year. She should have her dower of lands here, if we can hold them against D'Aulnay de Charnisay."

The lady of the fort shook out Father Jogues's cassock and rose from the mending. Antonia picked up their implements, and flicked bits of thread from her skirt.

"I am glad it is done, madame, for you look heavy-eyed, as any one ought after tossing two nights on Fundy Bay, and sewing on a black gown until midnight cockcrow of the third."

"I am not now fit to face a siege," owned Marie. "We must get to bed;

though first I crave one more look at the dead baby Zélie hath in charge. There is a soft weakness in me which mothers even the outcast young of my enemy."

VII.

A FRONTIER GRAVEYARD.

The next morning was gray and transparent; a hemisphere of mist filled with light; a world of vapor palpitating with some indwelling spirit. That lonesome lap of country opposite Fort St. John could scarcely be defined. Scraps of its dawning spring color showed through the mobile winding and ascending veil. Trees rose out of the lowlands between the fort and the falls.

Van Corlaer was in the gorge, watching that miracle worked every day in St. John River. The tide was racing inland. The steep rapids within their throat of rock were clear of fog. Foam is the flower of water; and white petal after white petal was swept under by the driving waves. As the tide rose the tumult of falls ceased. The channel filled. All rocks were drowned. For a brief time another ship could have passed up that natural lock, as La Tour's ship had passed on the cream-smooth current at flood tide the day before.

Van Corlaer could not see its ragged sails around the breast of rock, but the hammering of its repairers had been in his ears since dawn; and through the subsiding wash of water he now heard men's voices.

The Indians whose village he had joined were that morning breaking up camp, to begin their spring pilgrimage down the coast along various fishing-haunts; for agriculture was a thing unknown to these savages. They were a seafaring people in canoes. At that time invading Europeans had gained little mastery of the soil. Camp and fortress were on the same side of the

river. Lounging braves watched indifferently some figures wading through the fog from the fort; perhaps bringing them a farewell word, perhaps forbidding their departure. The Indian often humored his invader's feudal airs, but he never owned the mastery of any white man. Squaws took down cone-shaped tents, while their half-naked babies sprawled in play upon the ashes of last winter's fires. Van Corlaer's men sauntered through the vanishing town, trying at times to strike some spark of information from Dutch and Etchemin jargon.

Near the river bank, between camp and fort, was an alluvial spot in which the shovel found no rock. A rough line of piled stones severed it from surrounding lands, and a few trees stood there, promising summer shade, though, darkly moist along every budded twig, they now swayed in tuneless nakedness. Here the dead of Fort St. John were buried; and those approaching figures entered a gap of the inclosure instead of going on to the camp. Three of La Tour's soldiers, with Father Jogues and his *donné*, had come to bury the outcast baby. One of the men was Zélie's husband, and she walked beside him. Marguerite lay sulking in the barracks. The lady had asked Father Jogues to consecrate with the rites of his church the burial of this little victim, probably born into his faith. But he would have followed it in any case, with that instinct which impelled him to baptize dying Indian children with raindrops, and to attempt to pluck converts from the tortures of the stake.

"Has this child been baptized?" he inquired of Zélie, on the path down from the fort.

She answered, shedding tears of resentment against Marguerite, and with fervor she could not restrain: "I'll warrant *mé* it never had so much as a drop of water on its head, and but little to its body, before my lady took it."

"But hath it not believing parents?"

"Our Swiss says," stated Zélie, with a respectful heretic's sparing of this priest, "that it is the child of D'Aulnay de Charnisay." And she added no comment.

The soldiers set their spades to last year's sod, cut an oblong wound, and soon had the earth heaped out and a grave made. Father Jogues, perplexed, and heavy of heart for the sins of his enlightened as well as his savage children, concluded to consecrate the baby's bed. The Huguenot soldiers stood sullenly by while a Romish service went on. They or their fathers had been driven out of France by the bitterness of that very religion which Father Jogues expressed in sweetness. They had not the broad sympathy of their lady, who could excuse and even stoop to mend a priest's cassock; and they made their pause as brief as possible.

While the spat and clink of spades built up one child's hillock, Zélie was on her knees beside another, some distance from it, scraping away dead leaves. Her lady had bid her look how this grave fared, and she noticed fondly that fern was beginning to curl above the buried lad's head. The heir of the La Tours lay with his feet toward the outcast of the Charnisays, but this was a chance arrangement. Soldiers and servants of the house were scattered about the frontier burial ground, and Zélie noted to report to her lady that winter had partly effaced and driven below the surface some recent graves. Instead of being marked by a cross, each earthen door had a narrow frame of river stones built around it.

Van Corlaer left the drowned falls and passed his own tents, and waited outside the knee-high inclosure for Father Jogues. The missionary, in his usual halo of prayer, dwelt upon the open breviary. Many a tree along the Mohawk Valley yet bore the name

"Jesu" which he had carved in its bark, as well as rude crosses. Such marks helped him to turn the woods into one wide oratory. But unconverted savages, tearing with their teeth the hands lifted up in supplication for them, had scarcely taxed his heart as heretics and sinful believers taxed it now. The soldiers, having finished, took up their tools, and Van Corlaer joined the priest as the party came out of the cemetery.

The day was brightening. Some sea birds were spreading their white breasts and wing-linings like flashes of silver against shifting vapor. The party descended to a wrinkle in the land which would be dry at ebb tide. Now it held a stream flowing inland upon grass, — unshriveled long grass bowed flat and sleeked to this daily service. It gave beholders a delicious sensation to see the clean water rushing up so verdant a course. A log, which would seem a misplaced and useless footbridge when the tide was out, was crossed by one after another; and as Van Corlaer fell back to step beside Father Jogues, he said: —

"The Abenakis take to the woods and desert their fishing, and these Etchemins leave the woods and take to the coast. You never know where to have your savage. Did you note that the village was moving?"

"Yes, I saw that, Monsieur Corlaer; and I must now take leave of the lady of the fort and join myself to them."

"If you do, you will give deep offense to La Tour," said the Dutchman, pushing back some strands of light hair which had fallen over his forehead, and turning his great near-sighted eyes on his friend. "These Indians are called Protestant. They are in La Tour's grant. Thou knowest that he and D'Aulnay de Charnisay have enough to quarrel about without drawing churchmen into their broil."

Father Jogues trod on gently. He knew he could not travel with any benighted soul and not try to convert it.

These poor Etchemins appealed to his conscience; but so did the gracious lady of the fort. "If I could mend the rents in her faith," he sighed, "as she hath mended the rents in my cassock!"

Two of the soldiers turned aside with their spades to a slope behind the fortress, where there was a stable for the ponies and horned cattle, and where last year's garden beds lay blackened under last year's refuse growth. Having planted the immortal seed, their next duty was to prepare for the trivial resurrections of the summer. Frenchmen love green messes in their soup. The garden might be trampled by besiegers, but there were other chances that it would yield something. Zélie's husband climbed the height to escort the priest and report to his lady, but he had his wife to chatter beside him. Father Jogues's *donné* walked behind Van Corlaer, and he alone overheard the Dutchman's talk.

"This lady of Fort St. John, Father Jogues, so housed, and so ground between the millstones of La Tour and D'Aulnay, she hath wrought up my mind until I could not forbear this journey. It is well known through the colonies that La Tour can no longer get help, and is outlawed by his king. This fortress will be sacked. La Tour would best stay at home to defend his own. But what can any other man do? I am here to defend my own; and I will take it and defend it."

Van Corlaer looked up at the walls, and his chest swelled with a large breath of regret.

"God knoweth why so sweet a lady is set here to bear the brunts of a frontier fortress, where no man can aid her without espousing her husband's quarrel, while hundreds of evil women degrade the courts of Europe. But I can only do mine errand and go. And you will best mend your own expedition at this time by a new start from Montreal, Father Jogues."

The priest turned around on the ascent and looked toward the vanishing Indian camp. He was examining as self-indulgence his strong and gentlemanly desire not to involve Madame La Tour in further troubles by proselyting her people.

"Whatever way is pointed out to me, Monsieur Corlaer," he answered, "that way I must take. For the mending of an expedition rests not in the hands of the poor instrument that attempts it."

Their soldier signaled for the gates to be opened, and they entered the fort. Marie was on her morning round of inspection. She had just given back to a guard the key of the powder magazine. Well, store-house, fuel-house, barracks, were in military readiness. But refuse stuff had been thrown in spots which her people were now severely cleaning. She greeted her returning guests, and heard the report of Zélie's husband. A lace mantle was drawn over her head and fastened under the chin, throwing out from its blackness the warm brown beauty of her face.

"So our Indians are leaving the falls already?" she repeated, fixing Zélie's husband with a serious eye.

"Yes, madame," witnessed Zélie.

"I myself saw women packing tents."

"Have they heard any rumor which scared them off early, — our good, lazy Etchemins, who hate fighting?"

"No, madame," Van Corlaer answered, being the only person who came directly from the camp, "I think not, though their language is not clear to me like our western tongues. It is simply an early spring calling them out."

"They have always waited until Pâques week heretofore," she remembered. But the wandering forth of an irresponsible village had little to do with the state of her fort. She was going on the walls to look at the cannon, and asked her guests to go with her.

The priest and his *donné* and Van Corlaer ascended a ladder, and Madame La Tour followed.

"I do not often climb like a sailor," she said, when Van Corlaer gave her his hand at the top. "There is a flight of steps from mine own chamber to the level of the walls; and here Madame Bronck and I have taken the air on winter days when we felt sure of its not blowing us away. But you need not look sad over our pleasures, *monsieur*. We have had many a sally out of this fort, and *monsieur* the priest will tell you there is great freedom on snowshoes."

"Madame Bronck has allowed herself little freedom since I came to Fort St. John," observed Van Corlaer.

They all walked the walls from bastion to bastion, and Marie examined the guns and spoke with her soldiers. On the way back, Father Jogues and Lalande paused to watch the Etchemins trail away, and to commune on what their duty directed them to do. Marie walked on with Van Corlaer toward the towered bastion, talking quickly, and ungloving her right hand to help his imagination with it. A bar of sunlight rested with a long slant through vapor on the fortress. Far blue distances were opened on the bay. The rippling full river had already begun to subside, and sink line by line from its island. Van Corlaer gave no attention to the beautiful world. He listened to Madame La Tour with a broadening humorous face, and the invincible port of a man who knows nothing of defeat. The sentinel trod back and forth without disturbing this intent conference, but other feet came rushing up the stone steps which led from Marie's room to the level of the wall.

"Madame! madame!" exclaimed Antonia Bronck; but her flaxen head was arrested in ascent beside Van Corlaer's feet, and her distressed eyes met in his a whimsical look which stung her through with suspicion and resentment.

VIII.

VAN CORLAER.

"What is it, Antonia?" demanded Marie.

"Madame, it is nothing."

Antonia owned her suitor's baring of his head, and turned upon the stairs.

"But some alarm drove you out." Marie leaned over the cell inclosing the stone steps. It was not easy to judge from Antonia's erect bearing what had so startled her. Her friend followed her to the door below, and the voices of the two women hummed indistinctly in that vaultlike hollow.

"You have told him!" accused Antonia directly. "He is laughing about Mynheer Bronck's hand!"

"He does take a cheerful view of the matter," conceded the lady of the fort.

Antonia looked at her with all the asperity which could be expressed in a fair Dutch face. "As long as I kept my trouble to myself I could bear it; but I show it to another and the worst befalls me."

"Is that hand lost, Antonia?"

"I cannot find it, or even the box which held it."

"Never accuse me with your eye," said Marie, with droll pathos. "If it were lost or destroyed by accident, I could bear without a groan to see you so bereaved. But the slightest thing shall not be filched in Fort St. John. When did you first miss it?"

"A half hour since. I left the box on my table last night instead of replacing it in my chest, being so disturbed."

"Every room shall be searched," declared Marie. "Where is *Le Rosignol*?"

"She went after breakfast to call her swan to the fort."

"I saw her not. And I have neglected to send her to the turret for her punishment. That little creature has

a magpie's fondness for plunder. Perhaps she has carried off your box. I will send for her."

Marie left the room. Antonia lingered to glance through a small square pane in the door, — an eye which the commandants of the fort kept on their battlements. It had an inner tapestry, but this remained as Marie had pushed it aside that morning to take her early look at the walls. Van Corlaer was waiting on the steps, and as he detected Antonia in the guilty act of peeping at him his compelling voice reached her in Dutch. She returned into the small stone cell formed by the stairs, and closed the door, submitting defiantly to the interview.

"Will you sit here?" suggested Van Corlaer, taking off his cloak, and making for her a cushion upon the stone.

Antonia reflected that he would be chilly, and therefore hold brief talk, so she made no objection, and sat down on one end of the step, while he sat down on the other. They spoke Dutch; with their formal French fell away the formal phases of this meeting in Acadia. The sentinel's walk moved almost overhead, and died away along the wall, and returned again, but noises within the fort scarcely intruded to their rocky cell. They did not hear even the voices of Lalande and Father Jogues descending the ladder.

"We have never had any satisfactory talk together, Antonia," began Van Corlaer.

"No, mynheer," breathed the girlish relict of Bronck, feeling her heart labor as she faced his eyes.

"It is hard for a man to speak his mind to you."

"It hath seemed easy enough for Mynheer Van Corlaer, seeing how many times he hath done so," observed Antonia, drawing her mufflings around her neck.

"No. I speak always with such folly that you will not hear me. It is not so when I talk among men or work

on the minds of savages. Let us now begin reasonably. I do believe you like me, Antonia."

"A most reasonable beginning," observed Antonia, biting her lips.

"Now I am a man in the stress and fury of mid-life, hard to turn from my purpose, and you well know my purpose. Your denials and puttings-off and flights have pleased me. But your own safety may waste no more good time in further play. I have not come into Acadia to tinkle a song under your window, but to wed you and carry you back to Fort Orange with me."

Antonia stirred, to hide her trembling.

"Are you cold?" inquired Van Corlaer.

"No, mynheer."

"If the air chills you, I will warm your hands in mine."

"My hands are well muffled, mynheer."

He adjusted his back against the wall, and again opened the conversation.

"I brought a young dominie with me. He wished to see Montreal. And I took care he should have with him such papers as might be necessary to the marriage."

"He had best get my leave," observed Madame Bronck.

"That is no part of his duty. But set your mind at rest; he is a young dominie of credit. When I was in Boston I saw a rich sedan chair made for the viceroy of Mexico, but brought to the colonies for sale. It put a thought in my head, and I set skilled fellows to work, and they made, and we have carried through the woods, the smallest, most cunning-fashioned sedan chair that woman ever stepped into. I brought it for the comfortable journeying of Madame Van Corlaer."

"That unknown lady will have much satisfaction in it," murmured Antonia.

"I hope so; and be better known than she was as Jonas Bronck's wife."

She colored, but hid a smile within

her muffings. Her good-humored suit-or leaned toward her, resting his arms upon his knees.

"Touching a matter which has never been mentioned between us, — was the curing of Bronck's hand well approved by you?"

"Mynheer, I am angry at Madame La Tour. Or did he," gasped Antonia, not daring to accuse by name the colonial doctor who had managed her dark secret, — "did he show that to you?"

"Would the boldest chemist out of Amsterdam cut off and salt the member of any honest burgher without leave of the patroon?" suggested Van Corlaer. "Besides, my skill was needed, for I was once learned in chemistry."

It was so surprising to see this man override her terror that Antonia stared at him.

"Mynheer, had you no dread of the sight?"

"No; and had I known you would dread it, the hand had spoiled in the curing. I thought the less of Jonas Bronck that he could bequeath a morsel of himself like dried venison."

"Mynheer Bronck was a very good man," asserted Antonia severely.

"But thou knowest in thy heart that I am a better one," laughed Van Corlaer.

"He was the best of husbands," she insisted, trembling with a woman's anxiety to be loyal to affection which she has not too well rewarded. "It was on my account that he had his hand cut off."

"I will outdo Bronck," declared Van Corlaer. "I will have myself skinned, at my death, and spread out as a rug to your feet. So good a house-keeper as Antonia will beat my pelt full often, and so be obliged to think on me."

Afloat in his large personality as she always was in his presence, she yet tried to resist him.

"The relic that you joke about, Myn-

heer Van Corlaer, I have done worse with: I have lost it."

"Bronck's hand?"

"Yes. It hath been stolen."

"Why, I commend the taste of the thief!"

"And misfortune is sure to follow."

"Well, let misfortune and the hand go together."

"It was not so said." She looked furtively at Bronck's powerful rival, loath to reveal to him the sick old man's prophecies.

"I have heard of the hearts of heroes being sealed in coffers and treasured in the cities from which they sprang," said Van Corlaer, taking his hat from the step and holding it to shield his eyes from the mounting light. "But Jonas was no hero. And I have heard of papists venerating little pieces of saints' bones. Father Jogues might do so, and I could behold him without smiling; but a Protestant woman should have no superstition for relics."

"What I cannot help dreading," confessed Antonia, moving her hands nervously in their wrapping, "is what may follow this loss."

"Nay, let the hand go! What should follow its loss?"

"Some trouble might befall the people who are kindest to me."

"Because Bronck's hand has been mislaid?" inquired Van Corlaer, with shrewd light in his eyes.

"Yes, mynheer," hesitated Antonia.

He burst into laughter, and Antonia looked at him as if he had spoken against religion. She sighed.

"It was my duty to open the box once every month."

Van Corlaer threw his hat down again on the step above.

"Are you cold, mynheer?" inquired Antonia considerably.

"No. I am fired like a man in mid-battle. Will nothing move you to show me a little love, madame? Why, look you, there were Frenchwomen among captives ransomed from the Mohawks

who shed tears on these hands of mine. Strangers and alien people have some movement of feeling, but you have none."

"Mynheer," pleaded Antonia, goaded to inconsistent and trembling asperity, "you make my case very hard. I could not tell you why I dare not wed again, but since you know, why do you cruelly blame me? A woman does not weep the night away without some movement of feeling. Yes, mynheer, you have taunted me, and I will tell you the worst. I have thought of you more than of any other person in the world, and felt such satisfaction in your presence that I could hardly forego it. Yet holding me thus bound to

you, you are by no means satisfied," sobbed Antonia.

Van Corlaer glowed over her a moment with some smiling compunction, and irresistibly took her in his arms. From the instant that Antonia found herself there unstartled, her point of view was changed. She looked at her limitations no longer alone, but through Van Corlaer's eyes, and beheld them disappearing. The sentinel, glancing down from time to time with a furtive cast of his eye, saw Antonia nodding or shaking her flaxen head in complete unison with Van Corlaer's nods and negations, and caught the sweet monotone of her voice repeating over and over, "Yes, mynheer. Yes, mynheer."

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

A DISPUTED CORRESPONDENCE

"LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA, a native of Cordova, disciple of Sotion the Stoic and uncle of the poet Lucan, was a man of most continent life. I should not, however, place him in the catalogue of the saints, were it not for those letters of Paul to Seneca, and Seneca to Paul, which many persons are now reading. In these letters, written when Seneca was Nero's tutor and the most powerful man of the time, he says that he would gladly hold the same place among his own people that Paul held among the Christians. Two years before Peter and Paul received the crown of martyrdom, Seneca was put to death by Nero."

So wrote St. Jerome in his notes on the ecclesiastical authors; and a little later, St. Augustine, when urging upon one Macedonius the duty of charity to sinners, appeals to a maxim of the Roman philosopher: "Rightly says Seneca, who lived in the time of the Apostles, and certain of whose letters to St. Paul are in circulation, 'He who hates evil-doers hates every one.'"

Certainly no imaginable correspondence in the Latin tongue could have a deeper interest than one in which these two men might be seen reasoning together. Fourteen letters purporting to have passed between them exist, but their authenticity, scarcely questioned in the church until near the time of the Reformation, has been warmly debated ever since. Before, however, recapitulating the arguments on either side, and before even referring to the text of the correspondence, it will be well briefly to review the events of Seneca's life up to the time when personal relations between him and St. Paul first became possible, — the year, that is to say, when the latter, having invoked his rights as a Roman citizen, was brought to Rome to stand trial.

L. Annæus Seneca was born very near the beginning of the Christian era, being the second of the three sons of Marcus Annæus Seneca and his wife Helvia. Of his two brothers, the elder, Marcus Novatus, received by adoption

the name of Junius Gallio, and the younger, Lucius Annæus Mela, became the father of the poet Lucan. The elder Seneca came to Rome in the time of Augustus, and made a considerable fortune there. His wife appears to have stayed behind in Cordova, where, however, he paid her frequent visits. He was of equestrian rank and Roman ancestry. She was of genuine Spanish stock, and seems to have been by far the more interesting character of the two. What we know of her early days is chiefly to be gleaned from a letter written by her son to console her for his own exile in the year 41.

The mother of Helvia having died in giving her birth, she and an elder sister grew up under a stepmother, "whom," says Seneca, "you constrained to become a true mother to you by showing her all the love and deference an own daughter could have done." Both of the girls married well, as the phrase goes, and both were left widows in early middle life. The husband of this aunt of Seneca's, "a good, brave, and most indulgent man," was prefect of Egypt for sixteen years, "during which time his wife was never seen in public, nor admitted to her house a single provincial; nor did she ever prefer a request to her husband, or suffer any favor to be sought through herself. And so that gossiping province, ever ingenious in the defamation of its prefects, where to avoid fault is by no means to escape slander, had the opportunity of beholding a unique example of purity of life, and even succeeded in preserving decency of speech (a very difficult thing in a society prone to unsavory jesting), and still desires, though it can scarcely hope, again to behold that lady's like."

Seneca's mother took him to Rome while he was still an infant, and he was educated in the schools of the rhetoricians and philosophers there. At one time he inclined to the legal profession, but relinquished it, some have

thought, through fear of the jealousy of Caligula, who piqued himself, as we know, upon his own eloquence. To philosophy, on the contrary, Seneca remained always faithful, making it a point, so long as he lived, to lose no chance of hearing the best instructors.

At first he called himself a Pythagorean, and, having embraced the doctrine that animals have souls, he adopted a vegetarian diet. "And after a year's time," he says in a letter to his friend Lucilius, "this habit had become not only easy, but pleasant, and I fancied that my mind was more alert, though I would not now venture to assert that this was so. Do you ask me why I gave up that regimen? The days of my youth fell in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, a time of great religious agitation and innovation, and the abstinence of certain persons from animal food was considered a proof of superstition.¹ So at the request of my father, who hated not philosophy, but greatly dreaded calumny, I resumed my former habits, easily resigning myself, after all, to better dinners."

During the prefecture of his uncle Seneca paid a visit to Egypt, and some of his biographers have attempted to show that he prolonged his travels as far as the extreme East. A treatise on India he certainly did compose, but it has not been preserved. What the upholders of the Oriental theory wish to prove is that Seneca visited Jerusalem (through which city he would naturally have passed, on his way from Egypt to India), and thus became acquainted with the dogmas of Christianity at their fountain head. There is really no evidence either way.

On his return to Rome he wrote a treatise on Egypt, and also a letter of consolation, which has become a classic, and which has often been compared with the beautiful letter written

¹ In the Roman code the crime of "superstition" was the same as the Jewish "turning unto strange gods."

by Sulpicius to Cicero at the time of Tullia's death, and that by Jerome to Paula on the loss of her daughter Blæ-silla. This epistle was addressed to a Roman matron of the *vieille souche*, named Marcia, whose father had been stoned to death, and his books burned in the Forum, for having called Brutus "the last of the Romans," and whose son, also, had just come to an untimely end.

Far less honorable to Seneca was the eulogy upon Messalina, which he seems to have composed at about this time, but which was afterwards suppressed. It is possible, indeed, that the scattered references in other authors to Seneca's laudation of the Empress may all refer to some composition of the time of his exile, and that this, in turn, may not have been a separate piece, but only the missing paragraphs of the Consolation to Polybius. Messalina, at all events, who probably detested his pragmatism, procured, in the year 41 or 42, when her influence over her husband, Claudius, was supreme, his disgrace and banishment to Corsica. Certain rhetorical hints of the philosopher's own, dropped in the Consolation to Polybius, would appear to show that the senate, of which he was a member, first condemned him to death, and that Claudius then commuted the sentence to one of exile.

The crime of which he was accused was adultery with Julia Livilla, the Emperor's niece, and the youngest child of Germanicus and Agrippina. She had passed almost the whole of her brother Caligula's reign in exile, and now she was put to death.

From Corsica Seneca dispatched that letter of consolation to his mother Helvia which has been already noted. In this, beside some interesting reminiscences of boyhood and items of family history, we find a clear outline of the writer's philosophy, which he afterwards amplified in the letters to Lucilius. It is the formal stoicism of the

man who proposes to be sufficient unto himself; who in prosperity foresees the coming of evil days, and when they are upon him finds comfort in the thought that change is one of the fundamental laws of the universe. "The needs of the body are insignificant," he says, — "food, drink, and shelter from the cold. For myself, what I miss is, not luxury, but occupation." A few sonorous paragraphs in praise of poverty follow, which, though ingenious, do not ring quite true. It was a state of life always recommended (theoretically) by the Stoics, and no doubt there was a certain satisfaction in thus being able publicly to prove one's self equal to its conditions; for the Roman who professed philosophy, in those days, was usually more or less a *poseur*. But Corsica must have been a depressing residence for a popular young Roman senator, of ambitious temper and active mind, and the problem of what to do with the long, long days a hard one to solve. "This country does not abound," he tells his mother, "either in fruit or shade trees. It is watered by no navigable rivers. In fact, it produces none of those things which the foreigner covets, but barely enough to support its own inhabitants. Nor are there any precious stones here, nor do veins of gold or silver anywhere crop out. But it is a narrow mind which finds pleasure in these things of earth; we ought rather to fix our thoughts on those which are everywhere present and illumine all places alike."

Further on he says that he whiles away a good deal of time by observing the stars and their motions, "in so far as a man may lawfully do." He evidently wished to divert any suspicion that he was dabbling in astrology, though it would surely have been pardonable, however futile, had he tried to ascertain in this fashion the probable term of his exile.

He must have written a good deal in Corsica, composing a portion, at least,

of his numerous tragedies, beside some ten epigrams where philosophical resignation is hardly the prevailing note. After reading these, one has little difficulty in accepting as genuine the Consolation to Polybius. This man was a freedman of Claudius, and stood high, during the early years of Seneca's exile, both in the Emperor's good graces and in the yet more compromising favor of Messalina; so that his correspondent, one fears, could have had but one motive in addressing him.

We have lost the first half of this document, but its tenor is easily surmised. Its ostensible occasion was the recent death of a brother of Polybius, and the changes are rung to a wearisome length on the text of *par nobile fratrum*. Polybius is officially told, like the young laureate in the hour of his great bereavement, "that other friends remain, that loss is common to the race," etc.; but, over and above all such trite and obvious considerations, he is reminded that he has a perpetual solace for whatever may befall him in the existence and government of Cæsar. "While he presides over human affairs, you surely need not be sensible of any lack. In him alone is all protection and consolation. Rouse yourself, and when your eyes fill with tears turn them upon Cæsar. At the sight of that august and most glorious divinity they will at once be dry. His dazzling splendor shall rivet your gaze, and render you blind to all meaner objects."

Seneca's panegyrists have endeavored to deny the authenticity of this groveling letter of condolence, but they certainly cannot quote for the defense the testimony of Dion Cassius. "Seneca," he says, "paid court to Messalina and the freedmen of Claudius even to the point of addressing them from his island a book filled with their praises, which book, from very shame, he afterwards suppressed."

In any case, it was not to Polybius, or Claudius, or Messalina that he

owed his recall from an exile which lasted until 49. The death of Polybius was contrived by Messalina, whose own shameful career ended in 48. Soon after her death Claudius took for a fourth wife his niece Agrippina, the daughter of Germanicus, and widow of Domitius Ahenobarbus, to whom she had borne one son, now eleven years old, destined long to be remembered under the name of Nero. This is the Agrippina whose majestic seated figure and refined, inscrutable, middle-aged face are known to all the world through the Capitoline statue and its reproductions. She soon contrived the betrothal of the son of her first marriage to Octavia, the daughter of Claudius and Messalina, and then began to scheme for the removal of Octavia's only brother Britannicus from the pathway of her boy. She also looked about her to find a suitable tutor for the prince; for she wanted a man of distinction, who should at the same time be devoted to herself, and she made a clever choice.

"Agrippina," says Tacitus, "got Annæus Seneca recalled from exile, and at the same time made prefect; for she thought he would be popular on account of the splendor of his attainments, and she desired to have Domitius" (Nero) "pass his boyhood under that sort of master, and get the benefit of his counsels in case he came into power. Seneca was also supposed to be bound to Agrippina by the memory of her kindness to himself, as well as incensed against Claudius by all he had suffered on account of the injurious accusation of the latter." The fact that Agrippina took Seneca's part from the first is indeed the best possible refutation of the malicious charge brought against him and her sister Julia.

Seneca entered upon his new duties with alacrity, though they involved a return to that costly and artificial mode of life against which he never ceased to protest upon parchment. A couple

of years later Agrippina gave him an associate in the person of Afranius Burrus, and Tacitus tells us how these two distributed their labors, and highly commends the harmony that reigned between them,—"a rare thing, indeed," as he truly remarks, "in a case of divided authority."

"Burrus instructed the imperial pupil in the art of war, at the same time setting him a high example by the strictness of his own life. Seneca taught him the elements of oratory and the principles of honor and courtesy."

It can never be certainly known whether or no Seneca was privy to the poisoning of Claudius. Agrippina was no doubt quite equal to managing the whole affair, but that her son's tutor was no mourner for the Emperor, whom he had flattered so outrageously, he has left us abundant proof in the savagely satirical piece which he composed concerning the death of Claudius and his reception in Olympus.¹ It is written partly in prose and partly in verse, and opens with a kind of jocularly official report of the circumstances attending the Emperor's translation.

"I propose to state what took place in heaven on the thirteenth day of October, in the consulate of Asinius Marcellus and Acilius Acciola, — otherwise the new or initial year of a most fortunate era. I shall nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice" (*nihil offensæ, nec gratiæ dabitur*), he says, in words which one would think that Othello must consciously or unconsciously have quoted. In the mock-heroic numbers which describe the miserable exit of Claudius from this life there is, naturally, no mention of poisoned mushrooms; the scene then changes to the council-hall of Jove. "Word was brought of the arrival of a big fellow with gray hair, who appeared very

much put out about something, for he kept wagging his head and scuffling with his right foot.² Questioned as to his nationality, he replied in a thick and agitated voice. Apparently he did not know his own language; he seemed to be neither a Greek nor a Roman, nor of any other race with which one is acquainted. Jupiter then commanded Hercules, on the strength of his having been so great a traveler and knowing all nations, to go and find out what manner of man this might be." Hercules was at first rather disgusted with the commission, but concluded to regard it in the light of a thirteenth labor, and, having questioned the newcomer in the plainest of Greek, he finally extracted an intelligible answer in that tongue, to the effect that this was Cæsar, and a descendant of those who fought at Troy. "And he might have made his story go down with Hercules," the narrative goes on to say, "had not the goddess Febris stepped up, who alone of all the divinities of Rome had left her temple upon the Palatine to accompany Claudius on high. 'This fellow is telling you a pack of lies,' she said. 'I can inform you — and I have lived with him long enough to know — that he was born at Lyons. You see before you a fellow-townsmen of Munatius. *He was born*, I tell you, sixteen miles from Vienne, and he is a German Gaul; and of course, being a Gaul, he captured Rome. Can't you understand? He was born, I say, at Lyons, where Licinius reigned for so many years. You, at least,' turning upon Hercules, 'who have tramped over more ground than any peripatetic mule-driver, ought to know Lyons, and how far it is from the Xanthus to the Rhone!'"

This is the style of Seneca's mocking *Trauerspiel*. Some of his jokes may be galvanized into a semblance of life

¹ He called this effusion the *Ἀποκολύντωσις*, or *gourdification*; that is to say, transfiguration into a gourd, — a burlesque on apotheosis.

² Claudius was lame and had shaking palsy; moreover, he stuttered.

by free translation, but not all. We need not follow minutely the animated debate which ensued among the Olympians on the merits of Claudius as a candidate for admission to their circle. At length the Emperor Augustus obtained the floor, and, for the first time, apparently, since his deification, arose to speak:—

"I appeal to you, Conscript Fathers, to whom I owe my promotion to divinity, to say whether I have not hitherto kept quiet and minded my own business. But I can no longer dissemble, nor, I may say, contain the sorrow, aggravated by shame, which I feel upon this occasion." He then proceeds to recite a catalogue of Claudius's crimes: "You killed Messalina, whose great-uncle I was,¹ as well as your own. Do you plead ignorance? Then I say—and may the gods confound you!—that such ignorance was worse than the crime itself. Why," again addressing the court,—"why, this fellow is a mere plagiarist of Caius Cæsar" (Caligula), "who is dead. The one killed his father-in-law, the other his son-in-law. Caius Cæsar denied the title of Great to the son of Crassus; this man restored him the title, but took away his head. The scoundrel has put to death in one family alone Crassus Magnus, Scribonia" (his mother), "Tristonia, and Assarion, all of noble blood, and Crassus, such a fool that he might almost have sat on a throne! Only consider, Conscript Fathers, what a monster of ugliness it is who has applied for admission among you. . . . Who would worship such a god as this, who believe in him? All I have to say is, that if you make gods of this kind you will get nobody to believe in your own divinity."

He then offers a resolution excluding Claudius from Olympus, which is unanimously carried, whereupon Mer-

cury gives the neck of the prisoner a twist, and promptly drags him off to Hades; allowing him, as they go, a glimpse of his own funeral procession in the Via Sacra. The occasion seemed to be one for the most part of uproarious merriment; only a few lawyers were shedding tears! But when Seneca goes on to give the words of the dirge which the professional mourners were singing, we experience a slight shock, so strikingly does it resemble some of the best known hymns of the mediæval church:—

"Fundite fletus,
Edite planetus,
Fingite luctus," etc.

The manner in which Messalina is mentioned in this satire may be thought to foreshadow the break which was soon to occur between the tutor of Nero and that *maitresse femme* his mother. Agrippina was the real head of the government, and such she intended to remain; but Seneca and Burrus could hardly have been faithful to their trust without endeavoring to counteract her influence over the mind of her son. Tacitus tells us that they interfered to prevent her putting to death certain of her private enemies; and a little later he relates how Seneca thwarted her resolve to receive an embassy, seated openly on the throne at Nero's side, instead of remaining discreetly hidden behind the hangings, as etiquette required.

In short, there was soon a declared rivalry between the Emperor's masters and his mother. But Agrippina was not easily beaten. She brought forward Claudius's son Britannicus, now fifteen years of age, and prepared to set up his claim to the throne. Nero discovered her plan, had Britannicus poisoned, and looked on at his last agony with cynical composure. Agrippina's next move was an unsuccessful attempt to bribe the senate. On the strength of this she was accused of con-

¹ Messalina's maternal grandmother was the daughter of Mark Antony and Augustus's sister Octavia.

spiracy and publicly disgraced, though still allowed to reside at Rome.

Seneca and Burrus managed the affairs of the empire ably, and the former appears to have been but moderately hampered in action by the dictates of his cherished philosophy.

"He was proved," says Dion Cassius, "to have followed in many respects a line of conduct wholly inconsistent with his maxims. He blamed tyranny, and educated a tyrant; he lifted up his voice against the hangers-on of princes, and he was perpetually about the palace. . . . He reviled the rich, and himself possessed a fortune of 7,500,000 drachmæ" (or, roughly speaking, a million and a half of our money). "He talked of the luxury of others, and had in his own house five hundred three-legged tables made of citron wood, with ivory feet, and all of the same size and shape; and he gave gorgeous banquets thereon."

It would be unfair, perhaps, to judge Seneca's system of education by its results upon his pupil. Nor need we consider, with Merivale, that the philosopher was privy to the murder of Britannicus. But we really cannot see what excuse he had for congratulating Nero, in the treatise *De Clementia*, which is dedicated to his imperial patron, on having been *no shedder of blood*.

Seneca was consul in 57, and probably never stood higher in the Emperor's favor than during this year, but with the ensuing one began a new era in the palace. Nero fell captive to the demure yet voluptuous beauty of Poppæa Sabina, and began to consider how best he might remove out of his way the various obstacles to their union. He dismissed his former mistress, the devoted freedwoman Acte;¹ he ordered off Poppæa's husband to a dis-

tant province; and then arose the question what was to be done with Agrippina. Many plans were suggested by officious counselors; but that of a certain Anicetus struck Nero as most ingenious. A ship was constructed, warranted to go to pieces at the touch of a spring, and the empress mother was induced, after a pretended reconciliation with her son, to go on board. The mechanism, however, failed to act perfectly, and Agrippina was able to escape by swimming. She saw through the whole plot, of course, but pretended not to do so, and merely sent a freedman to Nero with the significant message that, "by the grace of God and her own good luck, she had escaped a terrible danger."

However much or little Seneca and Burrus may have known or suspected up to this point, they had now to be taken into the Emperor's confidence and counsels. The former observed that it would be easy to order the soldiers to dispatch Agrippina. Burrus answered dryly that the prætorian guard, his own especial command, was too loyal to the house of Germanicus to obey such an order; and that he thought it would be better simply to require of Anicetus the fulfillment of his murderous contract. By Anicetus, therefore, and a band of marines Agrippina was eventually put to death.

"So far," says Tacitus, "all agree. As for Nero's having gazed on his dead mother and praised the beauty of her body, some deny and some affirm it. She was burned that same night on a dining-couch, with shabby trappings; nor, while Nero reigned, was the earth ever piled up into a barrow, or the spot inclosed."

Seneca, alas! composed the false account of the affair dispatched by the Emperor to the senate, and we are not

¹ Tacitus tells us that Nero's ashes were collected by Acte and the Emperor's two nurses Ecloge and Alexandrina, and deposited in that family tomb of the Domitii which is supposed

to have been discovered only the other day in the Vigna Nuova. It was a persistent tradition in the early church that Acte was one of the converts to Christianity in Caesar's household.

sorry to know that he incurred some obloquy thereby.

There remained but one more insignificant obstacle to the union of Nero and Poppæa, and that was the Emperor's neglected wife Octavia, one of the most truly pathetic figures of that cruel time.

The tragedy which bears her name, and which, in certain manuscripts, is included among the works of Seneca, is, however, certainly not by him; the very date of its composition has never been determined. It follows closely enough the lines of Tacitus, and is tolerably bad poetry. Justus Lipsius calls it a schoolboy imposition, yet there is a lifelike touch in the words with which Nero puts a stop to his old tutor's remonstrances against his proposed divorce and remarriage:—

“Desiste tandem, jam gravis nimium mihi
Instare; liceat facere quod Seneca impro-
bat,”—

which may be rendered:—

“You press me beyond bounds! Enough, let
be!

Seneca's maxims are no law for me.”

The divorce was unquestionably an unpopular measure with the Roman people, and for once Nero was compelled to let drop his machinations for bringing it about. The opposition of Burrus was bold and outspoken,¹ and the natural consequences followed. Suetonius remarks, with characteristic phlegm, that Nero, having promised Burrus a cure for his ailing throat, sent him poison; while Tacitus, after admitting that some supposed Burrus to have died a natural death, proceeds to give the following anecdote of the tough soldier upon his death-bed: “The prince came in to see him, but Burrus, who was perfectly cognizant of his crime, turned away his face, and merely replied to the assiduous questions of this visitor, ‘I am doing very well.’”

His death foreshadowed the ruin of

¹ Dion Cassius records that Burrus advised Nero at least to restore to Octavia, on divorcing

Seneca. Rufus and Tigellinus, two of the basest of the Emperor's creatures, became joint prefects of the prætorian guard in his stead. Octavia's divorce and murder, and the marriage of Nero and Poppæa, — who hated the philosopher as cordially as Messalina had done before her, — took place in the same year, and Seneca began to entreat for permission to retire from the court.

This is the time during which he is thought by the partisans of the Pauline correspondence not merely to have been himself in constant intercourse with the Apostle, but to have introduced him and his writings to the notice of his imperial master. He must have had enough to do in those days, one would think, to keep his own head on his shoulders, without appearing as the patron of a political prisoner; but let us see what reasons there are for supposing that these two men may have had some personal relations. They may be reduced to three: the great probability that Paul's case would have been brought to the notice of Seneca; a certain superficial similarity in their writings, which may have been due to Paul's influence over Seneca; and the letters as they stand.

A word must also be said concerning the date of Paul's first arrival in Rome. We know that when he was imprisoned at Cæsarea, nearly three years before, Felix, who had been appointed procurator of Judea early in 53, had held the post “many years.” That is, Paul could not well have arrived in Rome before 59, and it is even more certain that he cannot have come later than 61, because the Apostle was at once handed over to the prætorian *prefect*, and after the death of Burrus this office was held conjointly by two men.

On the whole, the most probable date is the spring of 61, when Burrus was still in command of the prætorian guard. What more likely than that her, the empire which he had received as her marriage portion.

he should have been struck by the aspect of his prisoner, and the crowd that flocked to receive him, and should have mentioned the circumstances to his friend and colleague, who may already have heard the name of the Apostle from his own brother? For it will be remembered that, during Paul's stay at Corinth, the chief Jews of the synagogue there, who were furious at his success as a proselyter, dragged him, upon a trumped-up accusation, into the court of the proconsul of Achaia. Now this high official was no other than the elder brother of our Seneca, adopted by Junius Gallio,—a man of whom we derive, even from the Acts of the Apostles, a decidedly favorable opinion. "Gallio, my brother, a man beloved by all who know him, however slightly," says Seneca to Lucilius, and dwells upon his "courtesy and inimitable dignity."

Some have thought that Gallio may have written to Seneca of the riot at Corinth, and given him his first conceptions of the Christian doctrine nearly ten years before the coming of Paul to Rome. There is not a word in the writings of Seneca as we possess them¹ to support such a theory, any more than there is in the familiar narrative in the Acts: "And when Paul was now about to open his mouth, Gallio said unto the Jews, If it were a matter of wrong or wicked lewdness, O ye Jews, reason would that I should bear with you: but if it be a question of words and names, and of your law, look ye to it; for I will be no judge of such matters. And he drave them from the judgment seat. Then all the Greeks took Sosthenes, the chief ruler of the synagogue, and beat him before the judgment seat. And Gallio cared for none of those things."

The Roman proconsul, sitting aloft upon his *βήμα*, declining with admira-

¹ In the time of Priscian, however, there did exist letters of Seneca to his brother, which have since disappeared.

ble *sang-froid* either to meddle with a case outside his jurisdiction, or to make too much of the disorderly proceeding whether of Greek or Hebrew mobs, is surely no apologist for the new faith. He is merely a foreign officer, who makes no distinction between Jews and Christians, but confounds them all—as did the average Roman of his class and day—in a common feeling of distrust and contempt.

In Rome, at the time of Paul's arrival, there seem to have been some fifteen thousand Jews in a total population of from two to three millions. Even then these aliens lived for the most part across the Tiber, in that historic Trastevere whose purlieus are at last being penetrated and its crooked ways made straight by the engines of modern improvement. Prisoners brought from the East to swell the triumph of the great Pompey had formed the nucleus of the colony, but it had been constantly recruited since his day, until now it contained a fair proportion of free men; and there was a good deal of wealth among them. Both Tiberius and Claudius had, however, issued oppressive edicts against the Hebrews, and Suetonius, in his history of the reign of the latter, makes the singular observation, "He expelled from Rome the Jews who were incessantly brawling under the instigation of Chrestus."

This would appear, on the face of it, to refer to clashing between Jews and Christians fierce enough to amount to a disturbance of the peace; and it also seems very likely that Paul owed to this very edict of expulsion his first acquaintance with some of the members of the infant church, for it was to them, after their return to Rome from their temporary exile, that he addressed the letter from Corinth which announced his own proposed voyage to the west. How his plans were thwarted and deferred, and under what circumstances he did finally visit the eter-

nal city, we all know. It was early spring, the perfect moment for southern Italy, when he landed at Pozzuoli; and what would not some of us give to see the prospect that met his view as he saw it! Across the purple bay lay sumptuous Baïæ, overshadowed by the fortified villas of Marius, Pompey, and Cæsar upon the heights. Bauli, the sinister scene of Agrippina's murder, was close at hand; the remains of Caligula's preposterous bridge were doubtless visible still. After a few days' rest at Pozzuoli, the Apostle turned his face northward, striking the Appian Way, in all probability, at Capua, which was then a flourishing city and a favorite residence of Nero. He crossed near its mouth the river Liris, flowing down from Cicero's birthplace at Arpinum, and passed through Formiæ, where the best Roman of his day had been murdered not quite a century before. He climbed the hill of Anxur above the modern Terracina, descended thence into the pontine marshes, and, eighteen miles further on, at Appii Forum, was met by a deputation of Roman Christians, while more were waiting for him at the post station of Tres Tabernas, where the cross-road from Antium fell in. At exquisite Aricia he got his first glimpse of Rome; and indeed the rich suburbs of the city must have seemed to begin at his very feet, so crowded was the Campagna at that time with hamlets, villas, and farms. Descending to the plain, he made the final stage of his journey between those pompous lines of tombs of which the very shells and skeletons are still so overpoweringly impressive, and upon his arrival was at once delivered to Burrus, the prætorian prefect.

The liberal treatment of the Apostle by that high officer, who permitted him to hire a house where he could see his friends and expound his doctrine, is, however, no proof that Burrus himself was interested in the new religion. Paul had committed no crime under the

Roman law. Agrippa himself had said that he might have been at once released, if he had not appealed to the Emperor. His prosecutors had not arrived in Rome, and there was no reason whatever for treating him with severity in the interval before their appearance. Moreover, there seems to have been no change in his position even in the following year, when Burrus was succeeded by that disreputable pair, Rufus and Tigellinus. The two years of Paul's residence in Rome were years of peace and prosperity for the empire at large, though marked in the moral slums of the imperial palace by the events already narrated. And all this time the Jew of Tarsus, with the Roman soldier to whom even the light terms of his imprisonment necessitated his being chained, was becoming a familiar figure in Rome, and his preaching had begun to make converts in the very house of Cæsar. Four of his authentic epistles—those to the Colossians, Ephesians, Philippians, and to Philemon—were dictated at this time; and to this time, also, if to any, must belong the correspondence with Seneca.

Of the fourteen letters, six are usually assigned to Paul, and eight to Seneca. The first is by the latter, and begins as follows:—

“MY DEAR PAUL, — No doubt you have been told that I had quite a discussion yesterday with my friend Lucilius concerning the mysteries of your doctrine and other kindred subjects. Several of the converts to your way of thinking were present. We had retired into the gardens of Sallust for another purpose of our own, when these of whom I have spoken met and joined us. We wished very much that you had been there, and I beg to assure you that, after a reading from your book,—that is to say, after a selection from the various epistles which you have addressed to provincial capitals and other cities,—we found ourselves remarkably refreshed by your precepts

concerning the conduct of this mortal life. Some of these reflections I regard as original with yourself; others as rather transmitted than originated by you. The sentiments are so majestic, they breathe such extraordinary nobility, that the life of man does not seem to me long enough to fathom and acquire them perfectly.

"With best wishes for your good health, I remain, my brother,

"Yours," etc.

By way of answer, we have:—

"MY DEAR SENECA, — I was very glad to receive your letter yesterday, and should have replied immediately if I had had a messenger at hand. You will understand that care has to be exercised concerning the person to whom letters are entrusted, and the when and the how. Pray do not think me insensible to your kindness, therefore, if I exercise some caution in selecting a messenger. As to your flattering remarks regarding the reception of my letters in a certain place, I can but congratulate myself on having won the approval of so distinguished a judge; for I do not think that you, censor, sophist, and master of a great prince, would say such things unless you believed them.

"May you live long and prosper."

Seneca to Paul:—

"I have arranged and classified a number of selections from certain volumes with special reference to their being read by Cæsar; and if I should be so happy as to secure his attention and interest, perhaps you also may be present. Otherwise I will appoint a day when you and I may go over this work together. Perhaps it would even be better for me to communicate with you, if I could do so safely, before bringing these writings to his notice, in order that you might be sure that you had been fairly represented.

"Believe me, my dearest Paul," etc.

Paul to Seneca:—

"Every time I peruse a letter from

you, it seems as if you yourself were present; in fact, I have the feeling that you are always with us. When you do begin to come, I trust we shall meet frequently.

"Hoping this will find you well, I remain," etc.

The next note, from Seneca, is supposed to refer to the relations of Paul with the chief rabbi of the synagogue at Rome:—

"I am distressed at your keeping so obstinately in the background. What makes you so reserved? If it be the indignation of the master at your having withdrawn from the old faith and ritual, and fixed your affections elsewhere, you will have an opportunity to claim that you did it, not lightly, but after mature deliberation."

The confused and feeble answer to this mysterious appeal purports to have been addressed by Paul to Seneca and his friend Lucilius conjointly:—

"Concerning the subject of your letter I cannot write with pen and ink, of which the former marks and emphasizes matters, and the latter blazons them abroad; the less since I know that there are certain persons of and among you who are with us and understand me perfectly. Respect must be paid to all, and the more scrupulously the more readily they take offense. If we can but be patient with them, we shall win them over at last, provided only they be capable of repentance.

"Greeting to you both."

Seneca then writes to Paul and Theophilus:—

"My reading of your epistles to the Galatians, Corinthians, and Achaïans was very well received; and now may we so live as to illustrate them to the glory of God. The indwelling Spirit is holier and mightier than you; it lifts you out of yourself, and enables you to give a new and loftier utterance to sublime ideas of antiquity. I could wish, therefore, since your matter is so fine, that the dignity of your style were on

a level with it. To be perfectly candid with you, my brother, and also conscientious with myself, I must tell you that the Augustus was greatly struck by your ideas, but that he exclaimed, when he had heard your exordium to virtue, 'It is a marvelous thing that a man who has never been properly instructed can think and speak like this!' I reminded him that the gods are wont to speak by the mouths of 'innocents,' or even of those who are capable of misrepresenting their doctrine, and I cited the example of a simple rustic, Vaticanus of Reate, to whom they who were in fact Castor and Pollux appeared as two men, which seems to have convinced him. Farewell."

Paul to Seneca:—

"However satisfactory it may be to know that Cæsar is interested in our doctrines, I beg that you will not be dismayed, but simply put upon your guard, if, hereafter, he should become less friendly. You took, as I think, a very grave step in merely bringing to his notice a mode of worship so contrary to that in which he was brought up; for even if he does worship the gods of the Gentiles, I do not see why you should force the fact on his attention,—unless, indeed, you do it out of excessive attachment to me. For the future I beg you to desist. You must not allow your partiality for myself to compromise you with your master."

After this insult to the memory of the intrepid Apostle, the reader will perhaps feel that he has had enough. But let us run over rapidly the remaining numbers of this correspondence. They are few and short. Seneca replies with vague assurances that he will be more careful in future, and Paul then offers a sort of apology, in his turn, for having written with a freedom hardly consistent with the principles of humility inculcated by his own religion.

Then follow three letters from Seneca to Paul, of which the order of pre-

cedence has been much disputed, but it really makes very little difference which one we take first. Two of them are chiefly complimentary: one containing the passage quoted by St. Jerome about Paul's predominance in his own sect; the other expressing great admiration for the allegorical and interior sense to be detected in so many of the Apostle's writings, but also suggesting once again that he would do well to improve his style. The third letter of this group looks, at first sight, especially interesting. It begins with a profession of deep concern for Paul's personal safety, and a general exhortation, *à la mode stoïque*, to constancy in misfortune. It then alludes to extensive fires in Rome, for which it more than hints at Nero's own responsibility, and to the dangers encompassing the whole Christian community. Supposing the letter to be genuine, this could not refer to the great conflagration; for the details which follow concerning the amount of ground burned over and the number of dwellings destroyed are inconsistent with those given by the unimpeachable chroniclers of the time; and, moreover, the tenor of the letter implies that it was addressed to Paul *in Rome*, whereas the great fire occurred in 64, when we know he was not there.

The fourteenth and last letter of the correspondence purports to be from Paul to Seneca, and runs as follows:—

"There have been revealed to your meditative spirit such things as the Divinity has disclosed to few. I therefore sow good seed in a fertile field; speaking not in a material sense, of that which is corruptible, but of the stable word which cometh forth from God, who liveth and increaseth [!] forever. The fruit of your wisdom can never fail you, provided only you give no heed to the objections whether of Jews or Gentiles. A new career will be open to you as an author when you begin to set forth with the refinements

of rhetoric the irreproachable wisdom of Jesus Christ. It will be yours to recommend your new attainment to the king of the world, his friends and attendants; but their conversion will be no smooth nor easy task, for the greater part will resist arguments instinct with that vital essence of God's truth which bringeth forth a man freed from corruption, and a soul ever ready for the coming of the Lord.

"Farewell, my best beloved Seneca."

Such are the letters which were held by that one of the four great fathers of the church who was best versed in the pagan classics to give Seneca some claim to a place among the holy. One wonders how he could have thought so,—how he, of all men, should have failed to suspect an imposture. To us it seems as if no warm admirer of either correspondent could ever have wished to believe them genuine; and indeed St. Jerome's use of the present tense, *quæ leguntur a plurimis*,—which are (now) read by very many people,—appears in itself to point to the fact that they had been put forth as a recent discovery some time in the fourth century. St. Augustine uses almost precisely the same language; nor has it ever been customary to include the correspondence among the undisputed works either of the Apostle or the philosopher, except for that short period immediately succeeding the revival of learning,—from 1475, say, to 1550, when sacred and profane lore were so wildly and uncritically confounded, in the first glow of humanistic enthusiasm. Erasmus, indeed, who inserted the letters in his edition of the works of Seneca, printed at Bâle in 1529, clears himself conclusively, in his trenchant commentary, from the imputation of accepting them as genuine. He denounces them roundly as a forgery "both frigid and inept;" permits himself even to say that "the divine Hieronymus, who must have seen through

the cheat, abused the credulity of the simple by according them such notice as he did;" explodes in righteous wrath at the *chétif* and shuffling figure which "the bravest of gospel warriors" is made to cut in these lines; and apologizes to the reader, at the end of his diatribe, for having said "*nimis multa de re nihili*."

Modern Catholic writers, on the other hand, have usually rather yearned to establish the orthodoxy of Seneca. One does not quite see why; for, as Erasmus points out, he was surely a more striking moralist, and may be read with more profit, as a pagan than as a Christian. Amédée Fleury, who has consecrated two laborious volumes to the relations of this eminent pair, and who thinks that there have been two sets of spurious letters, and that the one which we possess is not even the same which was read by SS. Jerome and Augustine, sums up his own position by saying that he is by no means as fully convinced of any interchange of letters between Paul and Seneca as he is of the reality of their friendship; while that gloriously overbearing idealist, Count Joseph de Maistre, has seldom given himself a more delightful *démenti* than on this very subject:—

" 'Do you believe,' the senator asks him, in the ninth of the Petersburg 'evenings,' 'in the Christianity of Seneca, and his epistolary correspondence with St. Paul?'

" 'I should be very unwilling,' replies the count, 'to speak positively one way or the other, but I believe that there is a foundation of truth in both suppositions; and I am just as sure that Seneca heard Paul preach as that you hear me at this moment.' "

Considering that the senator was an imaginary interlocutor, this does not appear greatly to strengthen the case in favor of Seneca's Christian privileges.

Fifty years after De Maistre, and

fifteen or so after Fleury, Charles Aubertin, in his *Étude sur les Rapports Supposés* between St. Paul and Seneca, disposed with little ceremony of the theory of a second false correspondence, and, after an exceedingly minute and learned inquiry into the source of those expressions in the philosophical writings of Seneca which have been thought to savor most of Christian influence, announced it as his conclusion that if Seneca were a Christian, so were Cicero, Zeno, and the entire Porch; even Menander, in his *New Comedy*, might lay some claim to the title, and Plato was more Christian than they all.¹

Paul left Rome in the year 63, not returning until 68,—whether voluntarily or under a second arrest we do not know,—to meet, in the serene spirit of the grand passage, “I am now ready to be offered,” etc., the death of a Christian martyr. Seneca lived on for two years from the time of Paul’s departure, in the semi-retirement which he courted ever after the death of Burrus. During this interval he composed the treatises *De Otio*, *De Providentia*, and the *Quæstiones Naturales*, a few tragedies, and also, it is thought, almost all of those Letters to Lucilius which contain a full exposition of his philosophy. The singular poverty of these last in personal details, or illustrations of the life of the time, will excite no wonder when we find how superciliously Seneca regarded the gossiping propensities of Cicero.

“I am never at a loss,” he says, “for the wherewithal to fill my letters, without having recourse to such matters as abound in the epistles of Cicero, such as: who is going to stand for office; who trusts to his own powers, and who to another’s; who expects to get the consulate through Cæsar’s in-

fluence, and who through that of Pompey; what a skinflint Cæcilius is, and how his very relatives cannot get money from him at less than twelve per cent.”

In 65, Nero, now perfectly enslaved to the whims of Poppæa, made use of the discovery of Piso’s conspiracy to charge his old tutor with complicity in the plot, and so rid himself of a silent but none the less inconvenient censor. Seneca was respectfully permitted to be his own executioner, and to choose the manner of his death; and he followed the example of Thræsea, and so many more of the best Romans of that bitter epoch, in electing to open his veins in the presence of his weeping friends, and of the centurion who had been sent to him, probably in his villa on the Via Nomentana, a few miles from Rome, “to announce,” as Tacitus says, “the last necessity.” He died like a brave pagan, encouraging his attendants, and endeavoring to console his beloved wife Paulina, whom, with true consideration, he besought to leave the room, that she might not witness his lingering agony. As a pagan we find him honorable and admirable in his end; while the aphorisms which follow, and which are selected almost at random from his grave and sententious letters, may be read, as Erasmus says, with all the more profit, if we regard them as the independent utterances of unassisted pagan wisdom.

“All that we have, dear Lucilius, belongs to others. There is but one thing which is truly our own, and that is time.”

“’T is not the man who has little that is poor, but he who desires to have more.”

“There is a tricky element even in misfortune. It may come; it may

¹ As a specimen of those “echoes” of Christianity which the enthusiastic supporters of the theory of Seneca’s conversion have detected in his works, we may give the following. It is possible, he says, to avert danger from

lightning by an appeal to the gods, “whom we ought always to implore to accord us good and deliver us from evil.” The last clause has actually been cited as borrowed from the Lord’s Prayer.

not. Meanwhile, let us hope for the best."

"Philosophy teaches us to act, not to talk."

"What is wisdom? It is always to choose the same thing, and always to refuse the same. And we need not even add the small proviso that the thing chosen be the right thing, for no one can, by any possibility, find a lasting pleasure in that which is not right."

"The pang which I can bear is light; that which I cannot bear is brief."

"My friend Demetrius says that a perfectly safe life, and one exempt from all reverses, would be a Dead Sea."

"Leisure without letters is death; or, rather, it is being buried alive."

"What am I to do? Life flies from me, and death pursues. Is there no remedy? Yes. If I do not fly from death, life will not fly from me."

"I enjoy life because I am ready to leave it."

"Long time we have been scattering. Now, surely, in our old age, we may begin without reproach to gather in. We have lived at sea; let us die in port."

"That death which we so dread and shun interrupts life, does not destroy it. A day is coming which will restore us to the light."

Harriet Waters Preston.

Louise Dodge.

NOTES FROM THE WILD GARDEN.

I.

THE latest word in botany will have it that flowers are but modified leaves; that their colors, markings, and even honey-sweets are but so many lures to obtain the service of insects as pollen distributors. Be it so. Still unimpaired is the lovely mystery of flowers. Their household economies the poet will not despise, their diplomacies towards the insect world the poet will not arraign. Their value to the imagination and the heart is not lessened, that they know and pursue their own affairs unaware of our delectation. Recently a lady told me of her wonder, and how she of her "wonder made religion," in finding among the grass of a city park a flower so small (speedwell?) that its perfect symmetry and purple pansy-like beauty were fully revealed only by the microscope. The sum of her wonder seemed to be: What was this flower doing there in the grass, invisible, or so minute as to contribute nothing to the human observer at large? What

was it doing? Leading its own life, a world of pleasure and enterprise within itself; *incidentally* a joy to the chance discoverer.

The last time I saw our earliest and commonest of violets blooming in the grass, its flowers were touched with a strange ethereality, to my eye suggesting so many gleams of purple light shot from a prism into the more earthly and opaque greenness of the surrounding grass. Contemplation of this appearance (subjective and of mood as it may have been) caught back a subtle half memory, half-visionary effect, treasured, doubtless, in farthest childhood: a plot of tender April grass, seen as through a moist depth of various colors, — ineffable blue, violet, mauve, and green, — such as would have been produced had a rainbow been wrecked, and there poured out in aerial liquid suffusion! Violets amid the grass, and all blended in a spring rain, may have been the genesis of this dream-memory. Indeed, if there is any flower dear to Mnemosyne and suitable for her emblem, the violet would

plead to be her first choice. So much, at least, did my seasonable thoughts unconsciously turn in its direction, one springtime when I was a city dweller, that, in walking by a dear ragged pur-lieu of Washington Square, where the plantain had been allowed to grow, and where its broad leaves caught bluish half lights under the shadowing trees, I seemed to see an indefinite bloom of violets in the mass; yet there were no violets save those of fancy's wistful cultivation.

Is it merely through association that the flowers of the young year affect us as being childlike? Does not this impression arise rather from their delicacy of coloring, their fragility and evanescence? They are the flowers, too, that are especially dear to childhood. Year by year their little lovers come with full hands bringing them from their chosen places. The generations of children change, but these vernal blossoms might be the selfsame ones that appealed to our own lost childhood. Yet the glad juvenescence of wood and field, and the return of these juvenile flowers, give us who are far gone in the prose of our unrelenting years a sense of something miraculous and even anachronistic in nature. Two poets, in opposite mood, drop a word of testimony regarding the ministration which the natural world, through the medium of reminiscence, offers to the heart of man:—

“He did not stir
His eyes from the dead leaves, or one small
pulse
Of joy he might have felt. The spirit culls
Unfaded amaranth, when wild it strays
Through the old garden-ground of boyish
days.”

So might comfort have reached the shepherd Endymion, had he but lifted his eyes from that “hazel cirque of shedded leaves” whereon they dwelt. But nature volunteers no such anæsthetic through memory, if we listen to the witness embodied in these lines:—

“I touch this flower of silken leaf
That once my childhood knew;
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief
Whose balsam never grew.”

Very lately, borne rapidly past a rich woodland, as I looked from the car window I beheld along the fence border and ditches a waving and fleeting mosaic of bloom. By sympathetic intuition, rather than of visual certainty, I knew the component parts of that mosaic,—sea-shell tints of the anemone and cress, violets white and blue, pale mystical azure of the wild phlox, wan purple-pink of cranesbill,—all so many flakes of fading memory and elusive sentiment. It was enough to know that they were faithful to their trysting places and hours. I did not wish to stand among those darlings of the spring, or to take them in my hands, being so sure that each had acquired the poignant magic of the “flower of silken leaf.” I cannot learn that the flowers of the ripper season make a like pathetic appeal, though a fellow-rambler testifies that the hillside goldenrod, in the long series of autumns, has come to seem the reflected sunshine of years far past, and that all places under its sway are invested with a kind of luminous melancholy. So the language of this flower interpreted might be “the-pleasure-of-being-sad.”

Every flower has its day, when it sits in state in the fields and receives the homage of the heedful and patient courier. It may be but a brief day, and the small flower sovereign may be attended by no great pomp and circumstance; but for the time being no congener disputes its right to the favors of our eye. There is one minim of June time when even so insignificant a blossom as the sorrel lords it in dry upland meadows, during which time its burnt-sienna flame asserts itself over the snow of the daisies and the rosy purple of the clover. I shall not forget how, one summer morning, as I went through the fields, among other various and more

conspicuous blooms the small vivid star of the blue-eyed grass, for its multiplied numbers, held ascendancy in the flowery perspective. Besides, it is to be noticed that each year, in any given spot, nature insists upon some special bloom which in another season would have a qualitative rather than a quantitative value. Sometimes the zeal and partiality of the rambler's eye for a particular plant will lead to the idea that the plant is ubiquitous and abundant above other growths of the place and season. Of one autumn's apparent extravagance in "purple grasses" Thoreau observes: "I may say that I never saw them before, though, when I came to look them face to face, there did come down to me a purple gleam from previous years. Now, wherever I go, I see hardly anything else." To me it happened, after bringing home from a distance roots of the flower by some called innocence, by others bluets, that I found it less than a mile away, in a thriftless poor pasture, blooming in such grasslike luxuriance there was no standing-room left in the whole field for any other flowering stalk. A word in praise of the trooping legions of

INNOCENCE.

Sweetly their rugged lot they can endure,
The bright-eyed, thankful children of the
poor.

Other days brought other flowers, which,
as they also demanded recognition from
their lover, accordingly received some
brief ascription.

COLUMBINE.

Along the airy ledge they start in line,
Gay scarlet bugles of the columbine.

CLEMATIS.

Through thickets and by banks the Beauty
runs,
And flings her snow-wreaths to midsummer
suns.

MILKWEED (SUMMER).

These coral horns hold milk of Paradise,
Yet will detain poor gauze-wings in a vise!

SILKWEED (AUTUMN).

The silkweed's brood still perch about the
stem,
Until the west wind comes and fledges them.

HAY.

'T is winter's keepsake from the summer day;
The garner's satchet of sweet-scented hay.

In popular acceptance, the soul of the flower resides in its perfume. But certain loveliest flower-souls sometimes exercise singular repellences for individuals of the human family. There have been those, even, who could not endure the fragrance of the rose. To my knowledge, one observer finds in the scent of lilacs an unpleasant reminder of the odor of escaping gas. Another makes no distinction between the breath of mignonette and the smell of fresh corn meal. To me the scent of the thistle is identical with that of the bumble-bee sprawling luxuriously among its purple filaments; and the first time the delicate, feathery flowers of the beach plum were brought me, surely their odor was the same I had noted in downy chicks and nestling birds!

Beside the gratification which flowers provide for the sense of sight and the sense of smell, there is another and quite distinct pleasure, — that which is conveyed in the contact of a flower; as in a subtle spray of lilacs brushing against your face, the dabbling touches of the snowball, the tender coolness of apple blossoms dashed with rain, the refined sleekness of the lily, which gave an old-time poet countenance in describing his lady's hand: so smooth, so white, so soft it was, "as it had worn a lily for a glove." Further tactile differentiation is to be found in the warm, vital, and airy touch of the rose (so unlike the quality of the lily petal), in the viscid sultriness of the poppy and the petunia, in the tissue thinness and dryness of the larkspur blossom.

If flowers might but speak, — as the intent and listening looks of certain

flowers almost suggest they might, — or if one might but speak to a flower, calling it by name, and it would recognize the voice, like a pet bird, how such a touch of conscious intelligence would further endear the precious vanishers! Yet I sympathize with the lady who told me that she left a metropolitan orchid show somewhat abruptly because too closely followed by the elfin eyes and mischievous innuendoes of these curious lovely exotics. Nor is it difficult to understand the haunted feeling of reproach experienced by my little neighbor, a child who had stolen some roguish pansies, and who was heard to cry out as she threw them away, "There! will you stop calling me 'thief'?" Some plants are born sorcerers, and require no Medea to release their potencies. Such, to my fancy, is the blood-root, with its innocent-faced milk-white blossom and its red-bleeding root. Such is the Indian pipe (*monotropa*), ever a moonlight spirit, with not a drop of green blood in its veins. Also of this necromantic order is the mandrake, and I have spent many a fascinated quarter of an hour over a woodside knoll where this plant appeared in all stages of vernal development: first, pale green waxen cones just pushing through the mould; next, with the appearing of the round flower-bud, little musing acolytes, with bowed shaven heads and mantles drawn tightly over their shoulders; and last, the deeply notched leaf now loosened from the stem about which it had been folded, diminutive mandarins, with their umbrellas half or fully spread to the warm sun. I have, however, at times known the most familiar, homely, and serviceable plants to exercise spells of the enchanter. One summer, having my study in an old house through whose broken window entered a weak, pallid, yard-long spray of grapevine, it seemed to me, as I sat by my little table at work, that this branch strove with all its feeble powers to reach me and peti-

tion for support. I even fancied a slight oscillation moved it (when there was no stir of the air), and that if I would patiently hold out to it my little finger the vine-branch might in a few hours clasp it with grateful tendrils. Had it done so, who knows whether its spell might ever have been reversed, and I released from durance?

II.

How certain plants, affording as they do a link between regions widely separated, take the fancy voyaging to distant lands! Inevitably, one standing among ranks of luxuriant fern is flattered into a vision of tropic palm groves. When I learned that a variety of beach pea common along the margins of the Great Lakes thrived also in the more ancient sea sands, my interest in the little straggler was very greatly enhanced, for it seemed eloquent with the tales of a traveler. After reading Dr. Kane's account of meeting in north Greenland the "white star of the chickweed," I could not but pay homage to *Stellaria* when I again saw its blossom in our cold fields, drowsily peeping out at the uncertain sun on a late autumn day. Scandinavia and Odin sent runic messages in the sighings of a grove of seacoast pines; or they appeared to me as so many bearded Charons, *jam senior*, yet green with the immortal youth of the gods, as they stood stanchly together, clothed along their stems with fluttering thready mosses.

Coming from the midland and its usually ranker growth of plants common to the interior and the coast, and observing that such plants, though dwarfed as they approached the sea, had there a tougher fibre, I was impressed that their flower-tints were of a deeper dye and that their fragrance was increased. This impression may be due merely to the mind's impulse to ascribe equivalence, — deeper color for less luxuriant growth; yet it has been asserted that the flowers

met along the path in the ascent of mountains are ever smaller and brighter with the increase of altitude. May not exposure to the rigor of sea winds produce relative effects similar to those resulting from increased altitude?

It was once a besetting temptation (which, however, was resisted) to traffic in a novel way between the tame and the wild garden; not merely to bring home wood and field plants to naturalize with familiar horticultural citizens, but to open the garden gate and call to the home-staying ones to follow me out into the waste places. I did not desire to sow tares in my neighbor's wheat, but I should have been glad to prove whether the poppy of the English cornfields would flourish under the American Ceres. It would have been so easy to blow a little papaverous dust here and there over the emerald plain, and to ascribe the next year's crimson riot to the pranks of the Wild Sower. I did not do this; but I continued to dream of lily-of-the-valley plots, oases of daffodils, and troops of larkspur, which, through a little vagrant and eccentric industry, might arise in unusual places, to the mystery and delight of rambling children, and perhaps to the confusion of amateur botanists.

In botanical descriptions, certain plants not actually indigenous, but gradually becoming wayside and field acquisitions, are designated "Escaped from gardens." I venture upon a parody, "Escaped from the wild garden," and under this designation select and bring together from the notebook of several summers sundry specimens from the wild garden of my rambles, — this free tract one way touching the fresh lips of Erie, and another way running down to meet the salt kisses of the Atlantic. If, in this gathering, a certain grotesquery in flowers, rather than their loveliness, seems to be given emphasis, I can only say that, beside those flowers first notable for their beauty, there are others more conspicuously suggesting pathos, dignity or flip-

pancy of character, shyness, audacity, hauteur, curiosity, humility, and vain-glory. Why not also amiable loquacity and lively comradery? Most of the flowers I met in the wild garden were willing to talk to me, or at least to allow me to record the communications that passed among themselves, conveyed by such pantomime and subtle intimations as only flowers know how to use, and sometimes, indeed, by mere facial expression. First in my notebook I find this souvenir of a wild violet, perhaps more common in Ohio than elsewhere; I believe the botanists call it *Viola rostrata*, but I called it

THE WORRIED VIOLET.

By woodside ways, in moist green nooks,
A small pale violet keeps its place;
Three lines are in its tender face, —
How careworn and how sad it looks!

While every other violet
Blooms lightly in the shade or sun,
What trouble clouds this little one,
What sorrow it cannot forget?

Some leaves of the book being turned, and some seasons come and gone, I find myself taking the testimony of a curious floral albino, whose descendants may be this very summer blooming where I found it, along the sea road leading from New London town.

A WHITE THISTLE.

The snowy thistle, sole in all the land,
Thorn-lodged, sat musing of her lonely fate:

"I cannot understand —
Since purple pomp and show
And empery I forego —

Why still I wear the badge of cruel state.
Yet, ah, too well I know
That, if my flower of snow
Might win a gentle love,
It cannot be denied

The hand that would caress must wear a glove,
I am so panoplied with arms of feudal pride!"

It was in this very neighborhood of the white thistle that a famous contest was witnessed between the goddess Feronia and one who had no love for the wild

garden. This contest, I am glad to say, resulted in

THE RESURRECTION OF THE WILD ROSES.

There was a garden of the Lord
Within the old Sea's watch and ward.
It was a blissful dimpled ground,
With morning-colored roses crowned.
The angel Dew did wait on them,
And nightly bathed both leaf and stem;
Warm spices Uriel mingled up
To make the rapture in their cup;
And subtle Air did through them glide,
And drew their spirits when they died.

There came a churl, who saw them not,
But in their stead a dapper plot
With lawn and garden-row precise.
He groped about my Paradise;
He reached his dark and crooked hand,
With flame and harrow scourged the land.
Like Proserpine, the roses fled,
Awile to dwell among the dead;
Like Proserpine, they could not stay.
Forever closed from airy day;
For when another season came,
Up leaped the roses' living flame.
So all that fire could do was this,—
Deepen their blushes with its kiss;
And what was meant for killing heat
Made them more passionate and sweet.

On the other hand, Cultivation, once smiled upon by the Lares and Penates, holds its own, how tenaciously, how lovingly! I did not have to go far for an illustration of this truth, for I found it in the green and living text that encircled an empty and decaying farmhouse, whose hollow window-eyes looked unspeakable desolation.

THE OLD GARDEN.

These still remember, though they are forgot!
The pensile lilacs still their favors throw;
Some star of lilies, plenteous long ago,
Waits on the summer dusk, and faileth not;
The legions of the grass in vain would blot
The spicy box that marks the garden row.
Let but the ground some human tendance
know,
It long remaineth an engentled spot.

Nor is it otherwise in that still place
The pleasance of thine heart, where thy loves
grew.

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Not wholly the rank years despoil its grace;
Strong roots shall evermore some flower renew;
Such constancy to thee did fate allot
The wild shall not reclaim the gardened plot!

Any Rambler who has observed the still writhings of a Laocoön group of plants entwined by a certain wily serpent of the fields will justify the moral of the subjoined fable.

DODDER.

A PROTEST FROM MANY CITIZENS OF THE WILD GARDEN.

The bitter goldthread, day by day,
Resistless keeps its stealthy way
By thicket, bank, or crumbling wall;
The bitter goldthread binds us all.

Within its path may none go free,
It marries low with high degree;
Or if it climb, or if it fall,
The bitter goldthread binds us all.

Such hatred with forced union goes,
Whoso it ties wax sullen foes,
And honeyed peace is changed to gall;
The bitter goldthread binds us all!

From a swamp in Cotuit (Cape Cod) came the truculent creature — plant though it be — whose unsparing reprisal I knew not how to meet; but listen!

THE SUNDEW SPEAKS.

A prying creature bore me from my place,
Me much admired, but started back apace
When one who trimmed a *hortus siccus* said,
"Observe how this same tender plant is fed."

For when some few trapped midges were
espied,
Straightway my ruddy filaments were dyed
As rank on rank of sanguinary spears, —
Hypocrisy lurked in my jeweled tears!

And why, forsooth, my table do you chide?
No vegetarian you, flesh food denied,
Who now call down with lead the winged kind,
Now bid the field, the stream, your diet find!

Moreover (still the Sundew urged the case),
It were but fair the chased at length gave
chase,
And, since so long my compeers have fed flesh,
Some plant should tangle yours in cunning
mesh!

WHITE AZALEAS IN THE WINDOW.

Silent evangels of pure joy and peace,
 Soft-lipped, elysium-breathing, take ye lease
 Of mortal language for a moment's space,
 To tell me of your blessed birth and race;
 Broach the still melody that waketh when
 Those lute-strings white (your gold-tipped
 stamens ten)
 Tremble to dimness, as the evening wind
 Tenderly woos you through the half-shut
 blind.

Azalea? Nay, ye own no earthly name:
 From Paradise, from Paradise ye came,—
 Such as the martyr-maid sent back to Rome,
 To speak of heav'n and her sweet coming
 home!

So dear a pleading that the pagan knight
 Who slew her turned his soul toward light.

Wild indeed are those we call wild
 flowers, utterly refusing to let us bring
 them away from their haunts alive.
 Most true is this of the wood flowers,
 that most palely resent the touch of the
 hand. Their generic name might well
 be

ELUSION.

This is the trillium flower that grew in the
 twilight glade:
 White is the chalice thereof, faint touched
 with the violet's shade.

Thou findest no flaw, no lack,—the form of
 beauty possessed,—
 But I, since I bring not its spirit, but lightly
 esteem the poor rest;

For I saw the soul of the flower as out through
 the petals it flew,
 There in the twilight of leaves when the stem
 was broken in two!

But most elusive of all was the flower I
 espied, hastily coming through the ivory
 gate. Within I learned its name only,
 but since I have ventured upon its in-
 terpretation.

HONEYTROPE.

The bee from the hive, and the lone wild bee,
 And the bee from the cave of the blasted tree,
 And the leaf-winged moth, and the butterfly
 Whose wings are flecked with the blue of the
 sky,

I met all going one way together.

"What taketh you forth in the cool spring
 weather,
 And what will you earn for your morning
 labor?"

"Honeytrope, neighbor,
 Honeytrope,—
 Honeytrope there on the slope!"

I laughed them to scorn, for I deemed that I
 knew

No flower with this name on earth ever grew;
 But they all hurried on in despite of me,—
 The butterfly, moth, the notable bee;
 And I followed, and came to a hillside
 sunny,—

'T was swimming in purple, 't was dripping
 with honey;
 And, humming, they fell to their morning
 labor;

"Honeytrope, neighbor,
 Honeytrope,—
 Honeytrope, otherwise Hope!"

Edith M. Thomas.

TWO LITTLE DRUMMERS.

LAST summer I made the acquaint-
 ance of an outlaw; an unfortunate fel-
 low-creature under the ban of condem-
 nation, burdened with an opprobrious
 name, and by general consent given over
 to the tender mercies of any vagabond
 who chooses to torture him or take his
 life. One would naturally sympathize
 with the "under dog," but when, in-

stead of one of his peers as opponent,
 a poor little fellow, eight inches long,
 has arrayed against him the whole hu-
 man race, with all its devices for catch-
 ing and killing, his chances for life and
 the pursuit of happiness are so small
 that any lover of justice must be roused
 to his defense, if defense be possible.

The individual of whom I speak is,

properly, the yellow-bellied woodpecker, though he is more commonly known as the sap-sucker, in some places the squealing sap-sucker; and I hailed with joy his presence in a certain protected bit of woods, a little paradise for birds and bird lovers, where, if anywhere, he could be studied. There is some propriety in applying to him the strange epithet "squealing," I must allow, for the bird has a peculiar voice, nasal enough for the conventional Brother Jonathan; but "sap-sucker" is, in the opinion of many who have studied his ways, undeserved. Dr. Merriam, even while admitting that the birds do taste the sap, says positively, "It is my firm belief that their chief object in making these holes is to secure the insects which gather about them."

My introduction to the subject of my study took place just after sundown on a beautiful June evening. We were riding up from the railway station, three miles away. The horses had climbed to the top of the last hill, and trotted gayly through a belt of fragrant woods which reached like an arm around from the forest behind, as if lovingly inclosing the attractive scene, — a pleasant, old-fashioned homestead, with ample lawn sloping down toward the valley we had left, and looking away over low hills to the apparently unbroken forests of the Adirondacks.

At this moment there arose a loud, strange cry, of distress it seemed, and I turned hastily to see a black and white bird, with bright red crown and throat, bounding straight up the trunk of an elm-tree, throwing back his head at every jerk with a comical suggestion of Jack's "Hitchety! hatchety! up I go!" as he joyously mounted his beanstalk, in the old nursery story. There was surely nothing amiss with this little fellow, and, knowing almost nothing of the

I eagerly demanded his name, and was delighted to hear in answer, "The sap-sucker." I was delighted because I hoped to see for myself whether the bird merited the offensive name bestowed upon him, or was the victim of hasty generalization from careless observation or insufficient data, like others of his race. The close investigations of scientific men have reversed many popular decisions. They have proved the crow to be the farmer's friend, most of the hawks and owls to be laborers in his interest, the king-bird to fare almost entirely upon destructive insects rather than bees, and other birds to be more sinned against than sinning.

The first thing noted was the sap-sucker's peculiar food-seeking habit. One bird made the lawn a daily haunt, and we, nearly living on the veranda, saw him before us at all hours, from dawn to dusk, and thus had the best possible chance to catch him in mischief, if to mischief he inclined. He generally made his appearance flying in bounding, wavelike fashion, uttering his loud mournful cry, which, though an apparent wail, was evidently not inspired by sadness. Alighting near the foot of a tree trunk, with many repetitions of his complaining note, he gayly bobbed his way up the bark highway as if it were a ladder. When he reached the branches, he flew to another tree. This bird's custom of delivering his striking call as he approached and mounted a tree not far from his "food tree" may be a newly acquired habit; for Dr. Merriam, who observed this species ten years ago on the same place, says that he "never heard a note of any description from them, either while in the neighborhood of these trees, or in flying to and fro between them and the forests." On his own trees the sap-sucker was not in such haste, but lingered about the prepared rings, evidently taking his pick of the insects attracted there.

"Greys, whites, and reds,
Of pranked woodpeckers that ne'er gossip out,
But always tap at doors and gad about,"

The array of traps prepared for the woodpecker's use was most curious, and readily explained how he came by his name. The clever little workman had selected for his purpose two trees. One was a large elm, and around its trunk, about fifteen feet from the ground, he had laboriously cut with his sharp beak several rings of cups. These receptacles were somewhat less than half an inch in diameter, and nearly their own width apart, and the rings encircled the trunk as regularly as though laid out with mechanical instruments. His second depot of supplies was one of a close group of mountain ashes, which seemed to spring from one root, and were thickly shaded by leaves to the ground. The elm would naturally attract the high-flying insects, and the ash those which stay nearer the earth, though I do not presume to say that was the bird's intention in so arranging them. The mountain-ash trunk was perforated in a different way from the elm, the holes being in lines up and down, and the whole trunk covered five or six feet above the root. These places were not at all moist or sticky on the several occasions when I examined them, and both trees were in a flourishing condition.

The habit of the author of this elaborate arrangement was to fly from one tree to the other almost constantly. It appeared to lookers-on that he visited the traps on one and secured whatever was caught or lingered there, then went to the other for the same purpose; thus allowing insects a chance to settle on each while he was absent. At almost any hour of the day he could be found vigorously carrying on his insect hunt in this singular fashion.

It was too late in the season to see the sap-sucker in his most frolicsome humor, although occasionally we met in the woods two of them in a lively mood, eagerly discussing in garrulous tones their own private affairs, or chasing each other with droll, taunting

cries, some of which resembled the boy's yell, "oy-ee," but others defied description. During courtship, observes Dr. Merriam, they are inexpressibly comical, with queer rollicking ways and eccentric pranks, making the woods ring with their extraordinary voices. At this time — early in June — the season of woodpecker wooing was past. Each little couple had built a castle in the air, and set up a household of its own, somewhere in the woods surrounding the house.

The two storehouses on the lawn seemed to belong to one family, whose labor alone had prepared them; certainly they were the property of the sap-suckers. But the bird world, like the human, has its spoilers. A frequent visitor to the elm, on poaching bent, was a humming-bird, who treated the beguiling cups like so many flowers, hovering lightly before them, and testing one after another in regular order. The owner naturally objected, and if present flew at the dainty robber; but the elusive birdling simply moved to another place, not in the least awed by his comparatively clumsy assailant. Large flies, perhaps bees also, buzzed around the tempting bait, and doubtless many paid with their lives for their folly.

The most unexpected plunderer of the sap-sucker stores was a gray squirrel, who lay spread out flat against the trunk as though glued there, body, arms, legs, and even tail, with head down and closely pressed against the bark. I cannot positively affirm that he was sucking the sap or feeding upon the insects attracted to it, but it is a fact that his mouth rested exactly over one of the rings of holes; and his position seemed very satisfactory, for some reason, for he hung there motionless so long that I began to fear he was dead. All these petty pilferers may possibly have regarded the treasure as nature's own provision, like the flowers, but one visitor to his neighbor's

magazine certainly knew better. This was the brilliant cousin of the sap-sucker, the red-headed woodpecker, whose vagaries I shall speak of a little later.

Nothing about the tri-colored family is more interesting than its habit of drumming.

“The ceaseless rap
Of the yellow-hammer’s tap,
Tip-tap, tip-tap, tip-tap-tip.
’Tis the merry pitter-patter
Of the yellow-hammer’s tap.”

Whether or not it is mere play is perhaps yet an open question. The drumming of the sap-sucker, one of the most common sounds of the woods and lawn, seemed sometimes simply for amusement, but again it appeared exceedingly like a signal. A bird frequently settled himself in plain sight of us, on one of the trespass notices in the woods, and spent several minutes in that occupation, changing his place now and then, and thus producing different sounds, whether with that intention or not. Now he would tap on top of the board, again down one side, and then on a corner, but always on the edge. Nor was it a regular and monotonous rapping; it was curiously varied. One performance that I carefully noted down at the moment reminded me of the click of a telegraph instrument. It was “rat-tat-tat-t-t-t-t-rat-tat,” — the first three notes rather quick and sharp, the next four very rapid, and the last two quite slow. After tapping, the bird always seemed to listen. Often while I was watching one at his hammering, a signal of the same sort would come from a distance. Sometimes my bird replied; sometimes he instantly flew in the direction from which it came. Around the house the woodpeckers selected particular spots to use as drums, generally a bit of tin on a roof, or an eave-gutter of the same metal. A favorite place was the hindquarters of a gorgeous gilded deer that swung with the wind on the roof of the barn.

So closely were they watched that the sap-suckers themselves were like old acquaintances before the babes in the woods began to make themselves heard. No sooner had these little folk found their voices than they made the woods fairly echo. Cry-babies in feathers I thought I knew before, but the young woodpecker outdoes anything in my experience. No wonder the woodpecker mamma sets up her nursery out of the reach of prowlers of all sorts; so loud and so persistent are the demands of her nestlings that they would not be safe an hour, if they could be got at. The tone, too, must always arrest attention, for it is of the nasal quality I have mentioned. The first baby whisper, hardly heard at the foot of the tree, has a squeaky twang, which strengthens with the infant’s strength, and the grown-up murmurs of love and screams of war are of the same order.

It was during the nest-feeding days that we discovered most of the sap-sucker homesteads; for, having many nests nearer our own level to study, we never sought them, and noticed them only when the baby voices attracted our attention. The home that apparently belonged to our bird of the lawn was beautifully placed in a beech-tree heavy with foliage. At first we thought the owner an eccentric personage, who had violated all sap-sucker traditions by building in a living tree; but, on looking closely, it was evident that the top of the tree had been blown off, and from that break the trunk was dead two or three feet down. In that part was the opening, and the foliage that nearly hid it grew on the large branches below. Most of the nests, however, were in the customary dead trunks, on which we could gently rap, and bring out whoever was at home to answer our call.

Young woodpeckers are somewhat precocious; or, to speak more correctly, they stay in the nest till almost mature. We see in this family no half-

fledged youngster wandering aimlessly about, unable to fly or to help itself, a sight very common among the feathered folk whose homes are nearer the ground. One morning, a young bird, not yet familiar with the mysteries of the world about him, flew into the open window of a room in the house, and for an hour we had a fine opportunity to study him near at hand. The moment he entered he went to the cornice, and although he flew around freely, he did not descend so low as the top of the window, wide open for his benefit. He was not in the least afraid or embarrassed by his staring audience, nor did he beat himself against the wall and the furniture, as would many birds in his position; in fact, he showed unusual self-possession and self-reliance. He was exceedingly curious about his surroundings: tapped the wall, tested the top of picture frames, drummed on the curtain cornice, and closely examined the ceiling. He was beautifully dressed in soft gray all mottled and spotted and barred with white, but he had not as yet put on the red cap of his fathers. While we watched him, he heard outside a sap-sucker cry, to which he listened eagerly; then he drummed quite vigorously on the cornice, as if in reply. It was not till he must have been very hungry that he blundered out of the window, as he had doubtless blundered in.

The beauty of the drumming family, at least in that part of the country, is the red-headed woodpecker, which it happened I did not know. The first time I saw one, he was out for an airing with his mate, one lovely evening in June. The pair were scrambling about, as if in play, on the trunk of a tall maple-tree across the lane. They did not welcome our visit, nor our perhaps rather rude way of gazing at them; for one flew away, and the other perched on the topmost dead branch of a tree a little farther off, and proceeded to express his mind by a scolding "kr-r-r,"

accompanied by violent bows toward us. Finding his demonstration unavailing, he soon followed his mate, and weeks passed before we saw him again, although we often walked down the lane with the hope of doing so.

One beautiful morning, after the hay had been cut from the meadow, and all the hidden nests we had looked at and longed for while grass was growing were opened to us, I had taken my comfortable folding-chair to a specially delightful nook between a clump of evergreens, which screened it from the house, and a row of maples, elms, and other trees, much frequented by birds. Close before me was a beautiful hawthorn-tree, in which a pair of kingbirds had long ago built their nest. On one side I could look over to an impenetrable, somewhat swampy thicket, where song sparrows and indigo birds nested; on the other, past the picturesque old-fashioned arbor, half buried under vines and untrimmed trees, far down the pretty carriage-drive between young elms and flowering shrubs, where the bobolink had raised her brood, and the meadow lark had chanted his vesper hymn for us all through June. Many winged strangers came to feast on the treasures uncovered by the hay-cutter, and then the shy red-head showed himself on our grounds. To my surprise, he was searching the freshly cut stubble not at all like a woodpecker, but hobbling about most awkwardly, half flying, half hopping, seeking some delectable morsel, which, when found, he carried to the side of a tree trunk, thrust into a crack, and ate at his leisure. The object I saw him treat in this way was as large as a bee, and he was some time in disposing of it, even after it was anchored in the crack. Then, observing that, although a long way off, I was interested in his doings, he slipped around behind the trunk, and peered at me first from one side, then in an instant from the other.

The next performance with which

this bird entertained me was poaching upon his cousin's preserves. Sitting one evening on the veranda, looking over the meadow, I heard his low "kr-r-r," and saw him alight upon the sap-sucker's elm. Whether he stumbled upon the feast or went with malice aforethought, he was not slow to appreciate the charms of his position. It may have been the nectar from the tree, or the minute victims of its attractions, — I could not tell which, — but something pleased him, for he devoted himself to the task of exploring the tiny cups his industrious relative had carved, driving away one of the younger members of the family already in possession. The young bird could not refuse to go before the big beak and determined manner of the stranger, but he did refuse to stay away; and every time he was ousted he returned to the tree, though he settled on a different place. Before the red-head had shown any signs of exhausting his find, the sap-sucker himself appeared, and at once fell upon his bigger cousin with savage cries. Disturbed so rudely from his pleasing occupation, the intruder retired before the attack, though he protested vigorously; and so great was the fascination of the spot that he returned again and again, every time to go through the same process of being driven away.

The raspberry hedge before my windows was the decoy that gave me my best chance to study the red-headed woodpecker. Day after day, as the berries ripened, I watched the dwellers of wood and meadow drawn to the rich feast, and at last, one morning, to my great joy, I saw the interesting drummer alight on a post overlooking the loaded vines. He plainly felt himself a stranger, and not certain of his reception by the residents of the neighborhood, for he crouched close to the fence, and looked warily about on every side. He had been there but a few moments when a robin, self-constituted

dictator of that particular corner of the premises, came down a few feet from him, as if to inquire his business. The woodpecker acknowledged the courtesy by drawing himself up very straight and bowing. The bow impressed, not to say awed, the native bird. He stood staring blankly, till the new-comer proclaimed his errand by dropping into the bushes, helping himself to a berry, and returning to the fence to dispose of his plunder. This was too much; the outraged redbreast dashed suddenly over the head of the impertinent visitor, almost touching it as he passed. The woodpecker kept his ground in spite of this demonstration, and I learned how a bird accustomed to rest, and even to work, hanging to the trunk of a tree would manage to pluck and eat fruit from a bush. He first sidled along the top of the board fence, looking down, till he had selected his berry. Then he half dropped, half flew, into the bushes, and sometimes seized the ripe morsel instantly, without alighting, but generally hung, back down, on a stalk which bent and swayed with his weight, while he deliberately gathered the fruit. He then returned to the fence, laid his prize down, and pecked it apart, making three or four bites of it. After some practice he learned to swallow a berry whole, though it often required three or four attempts, and seemed almost more than he could manage. When he had accomplished this feat, he sat with his head drawn down into his shoulders, as though he found himself uncomfortably stuffed. Having eaten two or three raspberries, our distinguished visitor always picked another, with which he flew away, — doubtless for the babies growing up in some dead tree across the lane.

The little difficulty with the robin was easily settled by the stranger. Somewhat later in that first day, he took his revenge for the insulting dash over him by turning the tables and sweeping over the lofty head of the

astonished robin, who ducked ingloriously, in his surprise, and called out, "Tut! tut!" as who should say, "Can such things be?" After that Master Bobby undertook a closer surveillance of that highway the fence, and might be seen at all hours perched on the tall gatepost, looking out for callers in brilliant array, or running along its whole length to see that no wily woodpecker was hiding in the bushes. He could not be on guard every moment, for his nursery up under the eaves of the barn was full of clamorous babies, and he was obliged to give some attention to them; but the red-head was not afraid of him, and, finding the fruit to his taste, he soon became a daily guest.

Sometimes the spouse of the gay little fellow came also. She was always greeted by a low-whispered "kr-r-r," and the husky-toned conversation between the two was kept up so long as both were there. Now, too, as the male began to feel at home, I saw more of his odd ways. His attitudes were especially comical. Sometimes he clung to the edge of the top board, his tail pressed against it, his wings drooped and spread a little, exposing his whole back, and thus remained for perhaps ten minutes. Again he flattened himself out on top of a post for a sun bath. He sprawled and spread himself, every feather standing independent of its neighbor, till he looked as if he had been smashed flat, and more like some of the feather monstrosities with which milliners disfigure their hats than a living bird.

Another curious habit of my versatile guest was his fly-catching. It is already notorious that the golden-wing is giving up the profession of woodpecker and becoming a ground bird; it is equally patent to one who observes him that the red-head is learning the trade of fly-catching. Frequently, during the weeks that I had him under observation, I saw him fly up in the air and

return to the fence, exactly like the kingbird.

All the time I had been making this pleasing acquaintance I had longed in vain to find the red-head's nest. It was probably in the pasture in which we had first met him, where the somewhat spirited cattle in possession prevented my explorations. I hoped at least to see his young family; but July days passed away, and though the bonny couple spent much time among the raspberries, they always carried off the nestlings' share.

In the very last hours of my stay, after trunks were packed, fate relented, and I spent nearly the whole day studying the "tricks and manners" of a red-headed baby. I had returned from my last morning's walk in the woods, and was seated by my window, thinking half sadly that my summer was ended, when I saw the woodpecker come to the raspberries, gather one, and fly away with it. Instead, however, of heading, as usual, for the woods across the pasture, he alighted on a fence near by. A small dark head rose above the edge of a board, opened a bill, and received the berry in it. Instantly I turned my glass upon that meek-looking head. So soon as the old bird disappeared the young one came up in sight, and in a few moments flew over to the nearer fence, beside the bushes. Then one of the parents returned, fed him two or three times, apparently to show him that berries grew on bushes, and not in the beak, and then departed with an air that said, "There, my son, are the berries; help yourself!"

Left now to his own devices, the little woodpecker was my study for hours. He was like his parents, except that he was gray where they were red, and the white on the wings was barred off with a dark color which on theirs did not appear. Like young creatures the world over, he at once began to amuse himself, working at a hole in the top of a post, digging into it vehemently,

and at last, after violent effort, bringing out a stick nearly as long as himself. This he brandished about as a child flourishes a whip, and presently laid it down, worried it, flung it about, and had a rare frolic with it. Tiring of that, he closely examined the fence, going over it inch by inch, and pecking every mark and stain on it. When startled by a bird flying over or alighting near him, he sprang back instantly, slipped over behind the fence or post, and hung on by his claws, leaving only his head in sight. He was a true woodpecker in his manners; bowing to strangers who appeared, driving away one of his sap-sucker cousins who came about, and keeping up a low cry of "kr-r-r" almost exactly like his parents. He showed also great interest in a party of goldfinches, who seemed to have gone mad that morning.

Finally the thought of berries struck the young red-head. He began to consider going for them. One could fairly see the idea grow in his mind. He leaned over and peered into the

bushes; he hitched along the fence, a little nearer, bent over again, then came down on the side of the board, and hung there, with body inclined toward the fruit. After many such feints, he actually did drop to the second board, and a little later secured a berry, which he took to the top of the post to eat. In spite of the fact that he was amply able to help himself, as he proved, he still demanded food when his parents came near, bowing and calling eagerly, but not fluttering his wings, as do most young birds.

Nearly all day the little fellow entertained himself; working industriously on the fence, hammering the posts as if to keep in practice, as children play at their parents' life work, and varying these occupations with occasional excursions into the bushes for berries. The notion of flying away from where he had been left never appeared to enter his head. He seemed to be an unusually well-balanced young person, and intelligent beyond his years, — days, I should say.

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE PEA FIELDS.

THESE are the fields of light, and laughing air,
 And yellow butterflies, and foraging bees,
 And whitish wayward blossoms winged as these,
 And pale green tangles like a sea-maid's hair.
 Pale, pale the blue, but pure beyond compare,
 And pale the sparkle of the far-off seas
 A-shimmer like these fluttering slopes of peas,
 And pale the open landscape everywhere.

From fence to fence a perfumed breath exhales
 O'er the bright pallor of the well-loved fields,—
 My fields of Tantramar in summer time;
 And scorning the poor feed their pasture yields,
 Up from the bushy lots the cattle climb,
 To gaze with longing through the gray-mossed rails.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

A COLONIAL INQUISITOR.

OF the various causes which contributed to the decadence of the great Spanish Monarchy, not the least efficient was the preponderance obtained by the Church. Through popular fanaticism carefully stimulated, it was enabled to maintain in many ways the claims put forward during the Middle Ages, and in some directions to develop them almost into the ideal of ecclesiastical supremacy, with the result of disintegrating the powers of the State. The immunity from subjection to secular law which the Church had secured for its members during the anarchy consequent upon the breaking up of the Carolingian empire was zealously upheld, rendering churchmen of all ranks exempt from responsibility to the royal courts. When to this the Inquisition was superadded by Ferdinand and Isabella, the piety of the sovereigns granted it exclusive jurisdiction, not only over its own members, but also over its numerous lay officials and dependents. Thus there grew up three independent and competing jurisdictions, whose unseemly quarrels filled the land with confusion, exposed to contempt the administration of justice, and undermined the respect for the laws which is essential to the development of a well-ordered state.

In the perpetual struggles of this rivalry, the royal jurisdiction commonly had to succumb. The ecclesiastics had the enormous advantage of wielding the dreaded weapon of excommunication, which paralyzed its victim, deprived him of his functions, no matter how exalted was his office, and left him scarce an alternative but submission. To some extent the bishops were restricted in the use of this weapon, and there was a process of appeal from their arbitrary acts to the royal court, but the inquisitor was untrammelled.

His authority was derived directly from the Pope, and was popularly regarded as far more formidable than that of the bishops; all attempts to limit him in its exercise were stigmatized as an assault upon the faith, and the only appeal from him lay through the inquisitor-general to the king or the pope. He was, therefore, in a position to make good whatever claims he saw fit to advance, and the internal history of Spain during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is a history of constant encroachments, bitterly resisted by the other departments of the State.

In the colonies, distance from the central authority diminished what little restraint existed at home, and the violence thence arising coöperated with the insane commercial policy of the mother country to render its American possessions a source of weakness rather than of strength. Details happen to be preserved of one of the frequent conflicts of authority occurring at the close of the seventeenth century, which may serve as a typical illustration of the mutually destructive passions always lying latent, and ready to be aroused at any moment.

The city of Cartagena de las Indias enjoyed a complete organization, secular and ecclesiastical. It had a royal governor, subject to the president or captain-general of New Granada, and also a bishop, suffragan to the Archbishop of Santa Fé. In addition it was the seat of a tribunal of the Inquisition, which had an extensive jurisdiction, including the Antilles, and which, in 1692, attempted without success to establish a subordinate inquisition in Florida. These various authorities were almost always at odds with one another, and carried on their quarrels with a ready recourse to the most violent methods. In 1681 we hear of a dispute

between the President Castillo and the Archbishop Sanz Lozano, in the course of which the former banished the latter and seized his temporalities, while the archbishop responded by excommunicating the president and proclaiming a general interdict.

Hardly had this been settled, when, in 1683, a still more vicious struggle broke out in Cartagena. The nuns of the convent of Santa Clara desired to withdraw themselves from obedience to the Franciscan friars, who were accused of too great an intimacy with some of the sisters, and to place themselves under the direction of the episcopal provisor. In the interest of morality, the bishop, Miguel Antonio Benavides y Piedrola, seconded the wishes of the nuns. The Franciscans resisted; passions on both sides grew hot, till the president of New Granada espoused the cause of the friars and issued a sentence of banishment on the bishop, who left the city after casting an interdict over it. The population took so lively an interest in the question that it became divided into two factions, between which riots were frequent, and civil war seemed imminent. At this conjuncture there arrived a new inquisitor, Doctor Don Francisco Varela, who speedily ranged himself with the friars, because the bishop refused him the privilege of celebrating mass in his own house during the interdict. In defiance of the prohibition he continued to celebrate, thus giving great encouragement to the anti-episcopal party; for, although some of them had already disregarded the interdict, the authority of the inquisitor was conclusive. Thus emboldened, the secular authorities sent a party of armed men to break into the cathedral, where three ecclesiastics were seized, whom the governor threw into prison, in violation of their sacred immunities. Then President Castillo prevailed on the neighboring Bishop of Santamarta to come to Cartagena and remove the interdict. There was a

lively interchange of excommunications between the bishops, and the quarrel grew fiercer and more intricate than ever when Bishop Benavides cast his censures over the president and some of his officials. It chanced that one of these, the advocate Jerónimo Isabal, was likewise advocate of the Inquisition, and this afforded Valera the opportunity to intervene again. He denounced the excommunication as an infringement of his jurisdiction, as he alone had cognizance of the offenses of his subordinates; he prohibited the bishop from further action, and demanded the surrender of all the papers in the case. To this Bishop Benavides responded by excommunicating the inquisitor, and announcing that, to prevent injury to the interests of religion from the disability thus inflicted on the Inquisition, he would assume its functions himself, in the exercise of his episcopal jurisdiction over heresy. He caused placards to this effect to be posted throughout the city, whereupon the alguazil of the Inquisition arrested and threw into prison all who were concerned in the publication.

In an effort to procure the release of his ecclesiastics, the bishop had a personal altercation with the governor, Don Rafael Capcir, which resulted in fresh excommunications and a renewal of the interdict; this was speedily declared null by the Bishop of Santamarta, and the inquisitor issued notices that he had removed it. The confusion was at its height when the royal court of Santa Fé declared the see vacant; the cathedral doors were broken open; the chapter was ordered to obey the decree, and, on its refusal, the officials of the church were arrested. The anti-episcopal faction was now supreme, and the friends of the bishop were persecuted, imprisoned, and banished, and their property was confiscated. The bishop himself was kept a prisoner in his house, with guards in his bedroom. The nuns of Santa Clara, after endur-

ing a virtual siege for six months, were overpowered; their convent was forced June 4, 1684. Some of them were beaten and others ironed, and all were imprisoned on bread and water. The archbishop sent an order to the Bishop of Santamarta to leave the city, but the document was declared to be forged, and all who professed belief in it were prosecuted.

Thus far the inquisitor and governor were triumphant, but the situation was suddenly reversed by the receipt of a papal brief, approved by the Council of the Indies. Although issued in response to an appeal from the hostile secular authorities, it pronounced in favor of the bishop, and placed the nuns of Santa Clara under his care. For a time this reduced to peace the warring factions. Benavides was reinstated in his episcopal seat, but he was unable to obtain the return of his ecclesiastics and servants who had been banished by the inquisitor. The sentences of the tribunal could be reversed only by itself.

Permanent peace, however, was impossible when passions had grown so vehement and so unrestrained. A new president, Don Gil de Cabrera y Davilos, replaced Castillo, and endeavored without success to effect a reconciliation. Another inquisitor, Juan Martinez de Zárate, came to join Varela, and shared his indignation at the rebuff which the tribunal had experienced. Nothing but an excuse was lacking for a fresh outbreak, and it was readily found. The inquisitors and governor placed chairs in the cathedral; the bishop ordered them removed, in consequence of the disturbance to divine service caused by the *tertulia* to which they gave rise. The quarrel over this rapidly became envenomed; the inquisitors excommunicated the bishop, and forbade the mention of his name in the mass; and when the dean and prior of San Augustin disobeyed the command, the inquisitors excommunicated, fined,

and banished them. Having thus asserted their power over the city, they proceeded to abuse it, until even the governor was alarmed and sought reconciliation with the bishop, who rejected his advances. The inquisitors were virtually absolute, and disorder reigned unchecked; the majority of the people favored the bishop, but terror kept them quiet, and most of the better clergy fled. Then the judge of Santa Fé came, bearing a royal commission to heal the troubles, which he sought to do by dismissing the governor, and replacing him with Don Francisco Castro; but the latter promptly formed an alliance with the inquisitors, and matters were no better than before. Then came a royal order, drawn in accordance with the papal brief, commanding the bishop to be obeyed and respected; but it was wholly disregarded. When the bishop preached in Holy Week, the inquisitors again declared him excommunicate; and when so abusive a sermon against him was delivered by Fray Laureano Salvador that the preacher's superiors suspended him, the inquisitors interposed and restored him.

Yet so long as the bishop was at liberty he was an obstacle, and the inquisitors asked the governor for an armed force to arrest him. Fearing the consequences, the governor applied to the central authority at Santa Fé, and was told that the bishop was to be respected. In spite of this a guard was set around his palace, and the chapter was assembled, with instructions to declare the see vacant; but all the canons save two voted in the negative and left the room, when the remaining two deposed the bishop and appointed provisors to govern the diocese. Then there arrived vessels from Spain. The dispatches which they brought were not made public; but it was observed that the guards at the episcopal palace were silently withdrawn, and the bishop was liberated after a confinement which had lasted from April 13 to August 22,

1687. Still more significant was the fact that the fleet brought another inquisitor, Don Gomez Suarez de Figueroa, with orders transferring Inquisitor Valera to Lima.

Figueroa proved to be a worthy successor to Valera. He commenced by requiring all who had communicated with the bishop to seek absolution at his hands for having disregarded the excommunication of the Inquisition. It was in vain that the bishop published a new papal brief, declaring valid the excommunications which he had issued, and those of the inquisitors to be null, and requiring them to seek absolution from him. This was repudiated as a forgery; the prisons were filled with his friends, and a Franciscan friar named Francisco Ramirez was garroted in the public square, the governor himself performing the office of executioner. Then a new governor arrived, — Don Martin Ceballos y la Cerda, — bringing a royal order commanding the restitution of the bishop to his full rights and jurisdiction. This was greeted with immense popular rejoicings, and was published amid general enthusiasm at the prospect of deliverance from inquisitorial tyranny. Yet one clause of the order, requiring the return of all confiscated property, could not be enforced; for the sentences of the Inquisition were subject to revision, not by the king, but by the Supreme Council of the Holy Office. Governor Ceballos soon found that it was better to take sides with the Inquisition, and he speedily quarreled with the bishop. The inquisitors were encouraged to make fresh trouble, and in 1688 Benavides gladly obeyed an order summoning him to the court. The last we hear of him is in 1696, thirteen years after the outbreak of the disturbances, when he was still at work in Rome vainly seeking to obtain the enforcement of the papal brief which had never been obeyed. At this time Inquisitor Valera was comfortably settled at Lima,

where he seems to have profited by experience and to have conducted himself peaceably. The proverbial delays of Spanish procedure postponed his punishment for many years, and he eluded it at last. Inquisitors were treated with too much consideration to be dismissed for malfeasance; they were merely *jubilado*, or consigned to honorable retirement on half pay, when the Supreme Council could no longer protect them. In 1703 an order reached Lima that Valera should be thus jubilado, and that the half of his salary should be assigned to the cathedral of Cartagena in reparation of his misdeeds. To this his colleagues replied that they would obey the command with all exactitude, but that Valera had died on August 2, 1702.

Governor Ceballos had not much reason to congratulate himself on the support which he had given to Inquisitor Figueroa. In a dispatch of January 16, 1693, to the Council of the Indies, he complains piteously of Figueroa's high-handed proceedings. It appears that the butcher of the public shambles, in serving meat, refused to give preference to a negro slave of the inquisitor, whereupon the latter promptly sent his alcayde with orders to bring the offender, securely bound, to the inquisitorial prison, or, if he could not be found, one of the *regidores*, or magistrates of the city. The unlucky butcher was captured, manacled, and cast into prison, where he was still lying. Imprisonment by the Inquisition was one of the heaviest misfortunes that could befall a man; it inferred suspicion of heresy, and left an ineffaceable stigma not only on him, but on his family and his descendants for several generations; for the fact of his imprisonment remained, while its cause was forgotten, and the burden of disproof was thrown upon children and grandchildren who might aspire to public employment or ecclesiastical benefices, for which they were disqualified if they had a heretic

ancestor. The governor says he was afraid to take proper steps for the liberation of the unfortunate man, and contented himself with a courteous request to the inquisitor, which was disregarded. Then he endeavored to collect legal evidence to send to Madrid, but such was the terror inspired by the Inquisition that, though there were plenty of witnesses, no one dared to make a deposition. The fact of his seeking to obtain evidence leaked out, and on January 13 his residence was invaded by a mob, headed by the secretary of the Inquisition, who, with much insolence, required him, under threat of major excommunication and other censures, to sign a declaration that he abandoned the case to the Inquisition, to which its jurisdiction belonged, and also that all reference to the matter should be removed from the books of the municipality, and all papers concerning it be delivered to the inquisitor. In his perplexity the governor consulted Don Francisco Garrechategui, the highest judicial officer of New Granada, and Don Fernando de la Riva Agnera, judge of the royal court of Panama; but they could give him no comfort, and for the sake of peace he meekly obeyed.

When such was the internal condition of the Spanish colonies, a career like that of Sir Henry Morgan becomes intelligible, and we can understand the easy capture of Cartagena in 1697 by the French and the buccaneers, in spite of the valor of the governor, Don Sancho Jimeno. We can also understand the deplorable state of New Granada as described in 1772 in a report by Francisco Antonio Moreno y Escandon. The frontier territories, he tells us, were "missions," under the charge of friars, whose expenses were defrayed and who were furnished with a guard of soldiers by the government, entailing heavy outlays with little result, owing to the lack of the missionary spirit in the friars,

who sought the position only in order to enjoy a life of ease and sloth. These missions had been established for a hundred years, but had accomplished nothing for the propagation of the faith, because, when the Indians were apparently converted and collected into pueblos, they would escape and take to the mountains. The lower class of the so-called civilized population consisted largely of mixed breeds. Every one of Spanish blood sought to live on the government by obtaining some little office, and when obtained its duties were discharged with the utmost negligence. Poverty reigned everywhere; trade was almost extinct; capital was lacking, and had it existed there would have been no opportunity for its employment. The only industry was gold-mining, and, though the mines were as rich as ever, the product was constantly decreasing; those of the province of Choco could be made to yield well, but they could only be approached by way of the river Atrato, and since 1730 the navigation of this had been forbidden, under pain of death. It may be added that, in 1772, the Viceroy Megia obtained permission to send two vessels a year up the stream, but the permits were held at so high a price that they proved virtually prohibitive. The only foreign commerce allowed was with Spain, and this consisted of one or two ships a year from Cadiz to Cartagena; but the goods they brought were so burdened with duties and expenses that no profit could be made on them. The country was rich in resources, — in cocoa, tobacco, and precious woods; but the restrictions on trade were such that they could not be cultivated and exported. Moreno y Escandon can find no comfort in the present and can see no hope in the future. Such was the condition to which mistaken policy and priestly misrule had reduced one of the fairest portions of God's earth.

Henry Charles Lea.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

PROBABLY no general in the Union army has been more honored and appreciated, at least in the Northern States, than General Sherman. His achievements in the war were perhaps, on the whole, more striking and brilliant than those performed by any other officer, Federal or Confederate. They were of a kind calculated powerfully to excite the imagination, and they were crowned by complete and dazzling success. Then he was a man of most marked and individual traits of character. He was bold in action and in speech. He possessed all the peculiarly American characteristics. He was not only enterprising, full of resources, aggressive, but he was all this in a way distinctively his own; he was the type of the American general in these respects. More than this, he took the public into his confidence to a degree that no other general ever thought of doing. Not that he sought popularity by any unfair methods, but that he could not help stating to the world his views and conclusions, proclaiming his likes and his dislikes, as he went along. And although he was always a very plain-spoken man, and his opinions frequently ran counter to the popular notions, his evident honesty and sincerity took wonderfully with the people. There has been nobody in our time like General Sherman.

It may be too soon properly to estimate his military abilities. We are perhaps too near to the war, too familiar with the actors themselves, and with the local and temporary tradition about their doings; we are perhaps too much interested in them to be able to be thoroughly impartial. Yet the contemporary generation possesses certain manifest advantages for coming to a correct judgment of the men and affairs of its day which cannot, in the nature of things, be

possessed by the generations that come after. The men of the time cannot easily be grossly deceived or greatly mistaken. They have not gained all their knowledge from books. When they do read about the events through which they have passed, they know something about the writers of the books and their qualifications, and something about the events themselves from sources independent of the books. Eye-witnesses and direct testimony count, and ought to count, for a good deal. Let us then try to state in a very brief way what we, in this generation, know and think of the great soldier who has so recently left us.

General Sherman was appointed to the Military Academy at West Point from the State of Ohio in 1836, and graduated in 1840, sixth in his class. Although, during the Mexican war, he was employed in the expedition to California, and therefore missed the opportunities for distinction in the field which the campaigns of Scott and Taylor so liberally afforded, and although he subsequently left the service, his appointment in the regular army as colonel of one of the new regiments of infantry, and also as brigadier-general of volunteers in May, 1861, shows how highly his abilities were rated by his contemporaries and superiors. After the first battle of Bull Run, where he commanded a brigade, he was sent to Kentucky to serve under General Robert Anderson. The latter's health, however, soon failing him, Sherman assumed command of the department of the Cumberland.

General Sherman's connection with the Army of the Cumberland did not long continue, for, superseded at his own request by General Buell, he was transferred to General Halleck's department of the Mississippi. Here began his connection with the troops which were after-

wards organized into the Army of the Tennessee. The history of these two famous commands is virtually the history of the war in the Mississippi Valley. Grant, Sherman, and McPherson are the heroes of the Army of the Tennessee; Buell, Rosecrans, and Thomas of the Army of the Cumberland.

Halleck's forces opened the campaign of 1862 with a brilliant stroke. The capture of Forts Henry and Donelson by the troops under Grant and the fleet under Foote in February caused the immediate fall of Nashville and the evacuation by the enemy of the greater part of the States of Kentucky and Tennessee. It was determined to push forward on the line of the Tennessee River as large a force as could be collected. Grant, with the confidence born of his recent victory, established his army at Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh, on the western side of the river, having his headquarters at Savannah, some eight miles further down the river, — that is, to the northward, — and on the opposite or eastern bank. Sherman commanded a division in this army. Buell, now under Halleck's orders, had been directed to march with all his disposable forces from Nashville to Savannah, thence to be transferred to Pittsburg Landing, from which point the whole command was to advance southwestwardly to Corinth, a town on the great railroad which, running from west to east, connected Memphis with Chattanooga, intersecting the railroad from Mobile to the Ohio River, and constituted one of the most important avenues of communication for the enemy in that region. It was supposed at the time that the Confederate troops had been thoroughly discouraged by their recent heavy losses in men, material, and territory, and that we should have no serious difficulty in attaining our objective point, and thus opening the way for further operations.

Everybody knows what happened: how Albert Sidney Johnston and Beau-

regard saw their opportunity in the exposed situation of Grant's army; how they rapidly and secretly gathered their forces together; how they were delayed by bad weather and frightful roads, but how, on Sunday morning, the 6th of April, they struck the unsuspecting army of Grant a terrible blow; how stubbornly and bravely Grant and his lieutenants resisted and held out, fighting to the last, Sherman especially distinguishing himself not only for gallantry, but for readiness and skill in making his dispositions; how, nevertheless, they were pressed back in disorder; how at the close of the day the advance guard of Buell's army arrived just in time to check the last assaults of the exhausted Confederates; and how the battle was renewed the next day, and resulted in a great success for the Union arms.

Grant and Sherman have always persistently maintained that they were not surprised at Shiloh; but the world has never been able to take their statements seriously. Grant wrote to Halleck, the day before the battle, that he had scarcely the faintest idea of a general attack being made upon him. Sherman, the same day, wrote from Pittsburg Landing to Grant at Savannah that he did not apprehend anything like an attack upon his position. They unquestionably said what they thought at the time. The battle began at half past five o'clock in the morning. Grant did not reach the field till after nine. It stands to reason that such tardiness on the part of an army commander to arrive on the field of battle is susceptible of no more natural, and assuredly of no more honorable explanation than that he was expecting no battle to occur. Surprised, however, as was the Federal commander, he was not thrown off his balance. Never did Grant display to better advantage the firmness and steadfast courage which he possessed in so unusual a degree. Sherman's conduct, too, after the fighting began, was above all praise. His division was made

up of troops perfectly new, who had never been under fire; but he handled them with such skill and ability that he made a reputation on that disastrous field.

As a subordinate commander, Sherman had the rare good fortune of serving under a man whom he greatly admired and in whom he fully trusted; and General Grant returned the confidence which his lieutenant reposed in him. The perfect understanding between these two eminent men was not only one of the most interesting facts of the war, but it was productive of great good to the public service. It showed in many ways how wise it is for the superior, whenever it is possible to do so, to rely confidently on the subordinate; to refrain from undertaking to regulate his decisions as to matters under his own eye; not to attempt to prescribe the details of his action or to criticise his dispositions in the spirit of a taskmaster. Cordial coöperation in their work was the fruit of this unique relation between Sherman and Grant.

While it cannot be said that this part of Sherman's life was marked by any brilliant successes in the field, his reputation with the army, with Grant, his immediate superior, and with Halleck, the general-in-chief at Washington, steadily increased. He was seen to be a careful, energetic, and trustworthy corps commander. But that was all. The army that reduced Vicksburg had no great battles to fight like those of Stone River and Chickamauga. The Vicksburg campaign was won by superior strategy. Therefore Sherman, when summoned by Grant to join him at Chattanooga, in October, 1863, after the latter had been assigned to the command of all the forces in the West, brought with him no such reputation as a brilliant fighter as Longstreet bore when he came to add his veteran Virginians to the army of Bragg.

On the other hand, Thomas, who had succeeded Rosecrans in command of the

Army of the Cumberland, had just won great distinction by his extremely able and courageous conduct on the bloody field of Chickamauga, where he stopped the rout, rallied the fugitives, and maintained his position with entire and splendid success against the desperate assaults of the Confederates, flushed with their victory over the right of the line led by Rosecrans in person. There was no denying that Thomas had proved himself not only equal to the situation, but superior to it. It would have been only just to have entrusted to him the supreme conduct of affairs in that region, and to have reinforced him with all the troops that were available. But General Grant's great success at Vicksburg induced the government to give to him the chief command in the Mississippi Valley; and he at once ordered Sherman to march at the head of the Army of the Tennessee to the assistance of the Army of the Cumberland. Moreover, Grant determined to give to Sherman the principal part in the forthcoming battle, by which he expected to raise the siege of Chattanooga. Sherman, with five divisions, was to attack the enemy's right and completely turn his position; when this should have been done, Thomas was to attack the centre; Hooker, meanwhile, was to operate against his extreme left. Owing, however, to the unexpectedly difficult nature of the ground, Sherman failed to make any impression. To create a diversion for him, Grant ordered Thomas's command, consisting of four divisions, to carry the rifle-pits at the foot of the enemy's position. In an incredibly short time his troops had executed this task. But they could not stay in the works they had won. Yet they had no orders to go forward. They took the matter into their own hands. Without orders, and to the amazement of the commanding general, they clambered up the slopes of Missionary Ridge, and after a brief and brilliant fight they stood victorious on its summit.

It must be confessed that in their accounts of this great battle, as of Shiloh, Grant and Sherman have allowed their personal feelings to color, if not to distort, the narrative. Sherman has stated that the object of the attacks made upon the flanks of Bragg's position by General Hooker and himself "was to disturb him [Bragg] to such an extent that he would naturally detach from his centre as against us, so that Thomas's army could break through his centre." And Grant, in his Memoirs, obviously intends to convey the impression that this was his plan of battle, and that the battle was fought and won as he had planned it. Yet the dispatches and reports prove conclusively that the movement which Grant ordered was intended merely to relieve Sherman by distracting the enemy's attention; and that it was limited to the capture of the rifle-pits at the foot of the Ridge. General Grant's original orders to both Sherman and Thomas show that he intended a joint attack to be made by their united commands, when Sherman should have carried the north end of the Ridge. Instead of this, Sherman failed, owing to unforeseen difficulties, to accomplish his part of the programme. Grant, thinking him hard pressed, ordered an advance to carry the rifle-pits at the foot of the Ridge, in order to relieve the pressure on him; this diversion was all that was intended by this move. But the gallantry of the troops and the fortune of war turned this incidental operation into a brilliant success, which resembled in its execution and consequences the famous assault on the heights of Pratzen which decided the battle of Austerlitz. The glory of this unexpected victory belongs mainly to the troops themselves, and specially to the men of Sheridan's and Wood's divisions, and cannot properly be claimed by either Grant or his lieutenants.

To Sherman, however, as Grant's favorite officer, was given the chief com-

mand in the West, when, in the spring of 1864, the new lieutenant-general was placed in control of all the armies of the United States. In May of that year a new career opened for General Sherman, that of commander of a large army, and the famous Atlanta campaign began. At the same time, General Grant, accompanying the Army of the Potomac, under General Meade, crossed the Rappahannock and advanced against General Lee.

The objects of both commanders were similar. They were laid down clearly by Grant himself. On the 4th of April he wrote to Sherman: "You I propose to move against Johnston's army, to break it up, and to get into the interior of the enemy's country as far as you can, inflicting all the damage you can against their war resources." To the same effect, substantially, he wrote to Meade on the 9th: "Lee's army will be your objective point. Wherever Lee goes, there you will go also." That Sherman clearly understood his chief's intention is certain. He says in his Memoirs: "Neither Atlanta, nor Augusta, nor Savannah was the objective, but the 'army of Jos. Johnston' [*sic*], go where it might."

There can be no doubt as to the soundness of General Grant's view. If the two armies of Lee and Johnston could be destroyed, there would be an end of the war. If these armies should not be destroyed, the occupation of the Southern cities would avail little. New York and Philadelphia, Charleston and Savannah, were held by the British in the war of the Revolution; but so long as Washington and Greene were at the head of armies in New Jersey and the Carolinas the rebellion was not put down. Grant's idea of the true objects to be accomplished by himself and Sherman was unquestionably sound and clearly stated. It is, therefore, rather remarkable that neither he nor Sherman succeeded, in the campaigns which they began in May, 1864, in accomplishing

these objects. At the close of that year the main army of Lee lay in its lines in front of Petersburg and Richmond; only that part of Lee's army which he had sent into the Shenandoah Valley had been destroyed. This certainly had been effected by Sheridan. Sherman, also, reached, occupied, demolished, and left Atlanta without destroying the army of Johnston and Hood. That task he finally abandoned to Thomas, who executed it in the memorable and decisive victory of Nashville. Let us briefly examine Sherman's movements.

Sherman undoubtedly started out with the intention of fighting, and if possible overwhelming, Johnston's army. He had with him about a hundred thousand men, under Thomas, McPherson, and Schofield, three very able commanders. His opponent, General Joseph E. Johnston, was, next to Lee, the best general in the Southern army. His army was probably about sixty thousand strong. It was well intrenched at Dalton.

We cannot, of course, follow this most interesting campaign in detail. Sherman lost, at the very outset, the best and perhaps the only chance he had during the whole summer of inflicting a decisive defeat upon his antagonist. Had he followed Thomas's advice, had he marched immediately, with the great bulk of his army, through Snake Creek Gap and seized the railroad in Johnston's rear at Resaca, instead of sending McPherson through the Gap with a comparatively small force, he might have ended the campaign with a sudden and brilliant victory. But he missed this opportunity, and his wary and skillful opponent presented him with no other. Sherman was compelled to turn his adversary's positions and force him to fall back without ever being able to bring him to bay in a situation where the superior numbers of the Union army would tell. Sometimes, in his endeavor to find the weak places in the enemy's

positions, Sherman lost more men than he need have lost; and it must be said that his assaults at Kenesaw Mountain did not do credit to his tactical judgment. In his desire to bring matters to a crisis, he failed to recognize that his orders could not be carried out, and that his losses would not only be severe, but fruitless. Nevertheless, on the whole, he husbanded his army. He cannot be charged with having adopted the wasteful policy of "attrition," which Grant tried during May and June, 1864, and which cost the Army of the Potomac so many thousands of valuable lives, with such meagre results. And in point of caring for stores, supplies, ammunition, and subsistence, Sherman was a marvelous provider. No one could march a large army through an unproductive country more successfully than he. But so long as Johnston remained in command of the Confederate army Sherman could not get at it. When Johnston was superseded by Hood, Sherman had indeed to repel the latter's fierce attacks upon him, but, from one cause or another, he could not or did not force Hood to a general battle; and when he had, by another turning movement, caused the evacuation of Atlanta, the Confederate army was still intact and still formidable.

General Sherman thus found himself in a very difficult position. He had, it is true, possession of Atlanta, which the public undoubtedly considered to have been the objective point of his campaign; certainly its capture effected a great change in the minds of the Northern people in respect to their expectation of final success in the war. But Sherman knew that the capture of Atlanta of itself signified little. He knew perfectly well that he had not set out from Dalton with the object of getting possession of Atlanta, but with the object of destroying the main Confederate army in the West; and he knew also that he had done practically nothing towards

carrying out his intention. He recognized, in fact, that he was in most respects far less favorably situated for destroying that army than he had been on the 1st of May; for, difficult as he had found it to be to obtain supplies in his march to Atlanta, — drawing them, as he was obliged to do, from Nashville and Chattanooga, — he had yet successfully accomplished this task; he had carried his army as far south as Atlanta, and he had had a chance to strike the Confederate army in his front all the time. But now he knew he must stop. His line of communication was already dangerously long. He could not follow up Hood's army into the interior of the country, relying on his existing arrangements, and transport with him all the stores, equipment, and ammunition that, in a serious pursuit of such a powerful force as the Confederate army was, are necessarily required. Moreover, he had by no means as large an army as that with which he had moved upon Dalton at the outset of the campaign. Nearly one third of his men and many of his best officers had to be employed in guarding the railroad, and in garrisoning the subsidiary depots of subsistence and ammunition. Diminished, then, as his active army was to two thirds its original size, and arrived as he was at the end of his line of supply, what was there for him to do?

For nearly a month after the fall of Atlanta, which took place on the 2d of September, 1864, the situation in Georgia was substantially as described above. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that General Sherman felt himself to be at the end of his resources. He applied to the problem before him a mind exceptionally active and ingenious, and full of enterprise and industry. He was constantly devising new plans by which the prestige which the Federal army had won in capturing Atlanta could be utilized, and by which, in some way, by combinations with other com-

mands which were to operate either from the Gulf of Mexico or from the Atlantic Ocean, the initiative, with all its inestimable advantages, could be maintained. To read his correspondence at this period with Grant and Halleck is most interesting, albeit at times rather puzzling. He proposes plan after plan; and some of his suggestions strike the reader as wild enough. But they were merely suggestions; they did not in any way commit him to action. It is true that no man was ever more fertile in expedients than General Sherman; but then no man was ever more particular than he in arranging the details of a military operation. No general ever lived who realized more fully than General Sherman the importance of knowing just where every pound of beef and every ounce of ammunition was to come from; and it is quite safe to say that he had not the slightest intention of changing his base until he had settled all these and all other important details to his own complete satisfaction. Therefore, when we find him speaking of a movement to be made from Mobile, utilizing the Alabama and Chattahoochee rivers as lines of supply, or the capture of Savannah by troops to be sent by Grant from Virginia, and then the establishment of a new base on the upper part of the Savannah River, we may admire the fertility of the mind which could find such ways of escape from an enforced inaction, and at the same time feel entire confidence that, before any important step should be taken, matters would be arranged with the utmost care and precaution, so far, at any rate, as General Sherman's own movements were concerned.

Nothing, however, came of these suggestions, for the very good reason that, considerably to Sherman's surprise, General Hood was the one to take the initiative. His cavalry, under two able leaders, Forrest and Wheeler, had during

September been threatening the railroad from Atlanta to Chattanooga, and also the railroads running south from Nashville, and in some places cutting the line for a time; but in the last week of September Hood's main army broke camp and marched north. The most famous episode of this movement of Hood's was the resolute and successful defense made on October 5th by General Corse of our post at Allatoona Pass, — one of the most memorable occurrences in the whole war. But we cannot go into details here. Suffice it to say that Hood struck the railroad in several places, broke up the communication for a time, but finally drew off his army, towards the end of October, to Gadsden, in the northern part of Alabama, without a serious engagement. Sherman then reestablished the railroad service to Atlanta, and, concentrating the greater part of his army at Gaylesville, Alabama, waited to see what his adversary, whose army was lying not many miles to the southwest, would do next.

Sherman had been convinced by this raid of Hood's that Atlanta was not permanently tenable, so long, at least, as the Confederate army of the West remained substantially intact, nor was it worth the cost of holding it. What was the good of remaining at such an advanced post as Atlanta, where every mile of the only railway by which the army could be supplied offered a temptation to an enemy's army substantially in good order and condition? For, unless he should cut loose from his base at Chattanooga and march south, giving up his hold on the railroad, or else should retreat to Tennessee, Sherman must remain at Atlanta, since the railroad communication could be extended no further. A large Federal army stalemated at Atlanta, if we may use an expression borrowed from the chess-board, and whose long line of communications temptingly invited attack, was certainly a lame and impotent conclusion

of the campaign so bravely and hopefully begun on the 4th of May. Some issue must be found from this unsatisfactory state of affairs.

The natural thing to do, and the thing which at this time General Sherman undoubtedly wanted to do, was to resume the original plan; that is, to make the destruction of the Confederate army the sole object of the campaign. There is abundant evidence that when Hood's movements against the railroad forced Sherman not only to send Thomas to Chattanooga, but to go north himself with the bulk of the army, leaving only one corps at Atlanta, he greatly desired to bring Hood to battle. But Hood was too wary to accommodate him. He saw perfectly the great advantage to the Confederates in prolonging the existing state of things; to his mind, nothing could well be more gratifying than to see the main Federal army of the West flying from point to point on the Chattanooga and Atlanta railroad, — here repairing a burnt trestle, there rebuilding a blockhouse, here, again, relaying a few miles of railroad track; and all this time suffering occasional panics whenever Forrest's cavalry approached dangerously near the railroads south of Nashville. Hood kept well to the west of the Chattanooga and Atlanta railroad; and he knew that he could, in case Sherman should move against him, lead him a chase through a difficult country, across considerable rivers, and put him to great trouble to obtain his subsistence and forage. For, in moving against Hood's army with the intention of engaging and in the hope of destroying it, Sherman could not afford to use the light equipment which sufficed for the unopposed march to the sea; nor would it do to scatter his army in order to obtain provisions, as he then so freely did. If he was to make Hood's army his objective, he must arrange his dispositions accordingly; he must carry with him abundance of artillery, of ammunition,

of supplies of all sorts, and be prepared to fight battles. This Hood calculated Sherman did not wish to do, situated as he then was.

And in this calculation Hood was quite right. The Federal commander was indeed prepared, and in fact anxious, to move against Hood, if Hood should be so unwise as to cross the Tennessee River, on his northward march, within a short distance of Gaylesville, where Sherman's army lay. Not to operate against an army which should thus recklessly expose its communications would indeed be unpardonable. But Hood had no intention of committing such a blunder as this. He moved westward as far as Florence, Alabama, some hundred and fifty miles west of Chattanooga, and there concentrated his troops and supplies. Here he was on the 1st of November. Here he and Beauregard, who was advising with him, had fixed their base of operations for their proposed advance on Nashville. Now, for Sherman to march across the country from Gaylesville towards Florence with a large army was not only not an easy task, but it involved the abandonment — so Sherman thought — of Atlanta, and an entire rearrangement of bases and lines of supply. On the other hand, to retire the army to Tennessee, and there repel an invasion of the enemy, seemed like a confession of defeat, or at least of having entirely failed to carry out the true objects of the spring campaign, — a thing, as Sherman thought, certainly to be avoided, if possible. There remained another course, — and it was one which fascinated the Federal commander alike by its originality and its startling audacity, — and that was to reinforce Thomas so as to make him equal to the task of repelling the invasion, if one should be undertaken, while the main army, under Sherman in person, should march across the State of Georgia to Savannah and the sea.

Bearing now in mind the great attraction which this project possessed for General Sherman, as appears from his correspondence with the Washington authorities, we must not be surprised to find in Sherman's letters to Grant and Halleck evidences of an unwillingness on his part to look the matter in all its bearings squarely in the face, and of a strong desire to dwell only on the more favorable conditions of the problem, and especially to present the scheme so that only its most attractive features should be displayed. The idea of a march to the sea, which should demonstrate the hollowness of the Confederacy, which should amaze and delight the world by its novelty and its audacity, and which should yet involve no risk to the sixty thousand picked veterans who were to perform the feat, took manifest possession of General Sherman's mind. But Grant, whose imagination, if he ever had any, was not excited beyond bounds even by this brilliant proposal of his favorite lieutenant, urged, in a letter dated November 1st, upon Sherman that he had better "entirely ruin" Hood before starting on his proposed campaign; that, "with Hood's army destroyed," he could go where he pleased "with impunity." "If you can see the chance for destroying Hood's army, attend to that first, and make your other move secondary."

This was unquestionably sound advice; the destruction of Hood's army would, as Grant said, make everything possible in the West. The Confederacy had no other army but Lee's east of the Mississippi; and if Hood's army should be broken up, the Gulf and the Southern Atlantic States must fall before the forces of the Union. But Sherman was not to be dissuaded from his project. He convinced himself, and so represented to Grant and Halleck, that Thomas was not only able to "hold the line of the Tennessee" River, but would "very shortly be able to assume the offensive," — even talking about ordering him to

move on Selma, Alabama, before long. How far these representations were from giving Grant a correct notion of the actual state of things appears from the fact that it was not until November 30th, the day of the battle of Franklin, that Thomas could be said to have had at Nashville a force large enough to be called an army. On that day, General A. J. Smith's corps of twelve thousand men arrived there from Missouri; and on the next day, Schofield, whose little army had been obliged to fall back from the Tennessee River to Franklin, where it had desperately and successfully defended itself against the determined onslaught of Hood, made good his retreat to the same place.

General Sherman succeeded, however, in convincing Grant, who wrote to him on November 2d: "With the force you have left with General Thomas, he must be able to take care of Hood and destroy him. . . . I say, then, go on as you propose." Sherman thus obtained the assent of his superior to his startling project of leaving to Thomas the accomplishment of the task which had originally been assigned to Sherman himself, — the destruction of the main Confederate army in the West. Grant at last yielded to Sherman's persistent representations, and consented to assume that this task, for which in the spring the whole Federal army of the West was deemed no more than adequate, might in the fall safely be entrusted to a congeries of commands then widely separated, soon, to be sure, to be brought together, but which could not be properly called an army at all until its scattered parts should be assembled. And this, too, when there was no pretense of any exigency demanding the presence of the bulk and flower of the Federal army of the West on the Atlantic seaboard. In view of such a decision as this, it is impossible not to say that those who made it trusted largely in their good luck. To transport the greater part of the Federal

army of the West far from the theatre of war, while the Confederate army in that region was still a large, well-organized, well-commanded, and formidable force, was certainly a most amazing step to take. It turned out all right, indeed; but no one can read the story of Hood's invasion of Tennessee in November and December, 1864, without at times holding his breath. It seems almost as if the goddess known as the Fortune of War from time to time visibly interfered to hinder and derange the operations of Hood and his lieutenants, and to further the combinations and movements of Thomas and his subordinates. No one familiar with this campaign can honestly say that he thinks that such luck could fairly have been counted on by Grant and Sherman. It is a clear case where the maxim *Exitus acta probat* is applicable, if that maxim ever is applicable.

For his great march, however, Sherman, his mind now relieved by Grant's tardy assent from all anxiety about the situation in Tennessee, made his most careful preparations. Sixty-two thousand of the best troops in the army, well organized, well officered, every detail of equipment most carefully attended to, full of ardor, elation, enterprise, and courage, began on the 15th of November, 1864, one of the most unexpected and startling military movements on record. They met no foe until they reached the sea. The North was electrified, the South dismayed. And while Sherman's army was besieging Savannah, Hood had made his invasion; had forced back Schofield from the Tennessee to the Harpeth; had furiously assaulted him at Franklin, only to be repelled with unheard-of loss; had pursued him to Nashville; had then sat down before that city as if on purpose to give the cool and resolute commander of the Union forces all the time he needed to equip and consolidate his heterogeneous command; and had, on December 15th,

succumbed utterly to the well-conceived and well-delivered blows of General Thomas. The battle of Nashville, unlike nearly all our battles, well-nigh destroyed the beaten army.

Hence, when Savannah surrendered, the country was already in a state of exultation at Thomas's glorious and decisive victory; and men's minds, as always in such cases, welcomed with almost frantic excitement the novel sight of the other great Western general now arriving on the Atlantic coast. Savannah was presented by the victor as a Christmas present to President Lincoln; and together with the destruction of the Confederate army in the West by Thomas, and the addition of this splendid Western army under Sherman to the Union forces east of the Alleghanies, it was evident to the dullest understanding that the end was rapidly drawing nigh.

And in truth the "March to the Sea," as Sherman had calculated it would do, absorbed public attention to the exclusion of everything else. Its novelty and audacity, the ease with which it had been conducted, the demonstration which it afforded of the superior power of the North, filled the public mind with exultation and hope. The imagination of the people was captivated. Sherman became the hero of the day.

Yet the propriety of the withdrawal of this army from the seat of war in the West can be defended only by the event. To have imperiled the hold of the Union government on the States of Tennessee and Kentucky; to have exposed all the posts from Chattanooga to Nashville, to say nothing of Louisville, to assault and capture by the Confederate army under Hood; in short, to have left so much to chance when everything might so easily have been made secure, was to count unwarrantably upon the favors of fortune. No margin was left for accidents. It is not easy to see why fifty thousand men would not

have served Sherman's purpose as well as sixty-two thousand men; and assuredly twelve thousand good troops would have added greatly to Thomas's scanty resources, and contributed largely to insure the destruction of Hood's army, which alone could give to the strategy which sanctioned the withdrawal of so many troops to the Atlantic coast the possibility of leading to useful results. It is true that Thomas's victory practically attained this end. In the march of his army through the Carolinas, Sherman had to encounter only the remnants of Hood's defeated and discouraged troops added to the insignificant garrisons of the Atlantic cities; and with these forces he was abundantly able to cope. But Thomas's success was really unprecedented. It could not fairly have been anticipated. And it would have been an entirely different matter for Sherman if Hood's whole army, or the greater part of it, had confronted him at the marshes and rivers over which his toilsome and difficult route lay.

Sherman used his advantages with the greatest skill. His hold on his army was perfect; there was nothing that the men would not do at his bidding. The labors of the march northward from Savannah were enormous, the weather was terrible, but everything was cheerfully borne. Sherman's masterly manoeuvres deceived and confused his adversaries. He aimed to reach a new base, where he should find supplies and reinforcements, at Goldsboro', North Carolina; he recalled the fate of Cornwallis, who, in the interior of North Carolina, was obliged to give battle to Greene, and, although remaining master of the field, was forced by his losses in men and ammunition to retire to Wilmington. Sherman turned off at Columbia to the northeast, though feigning with a part of his force to keep on moving north. Hence the enemy were unable to strike him until he was close upon Goldsboro'. At Averysboro' he

had a brisk and successful engagement ; at Bentonville the action was more severe, but we held our own at the end of the day. Once arrived at Goldsboro' the task was easy. Here Schofield, with the twenty-third corps, joined the army ; and from Goldsboro' as a new base the march was resumed, until on April 13, 1865, a flag of truce was received from General Johnston, opening negotiations for the surrender of the Confederate forces.

It would not be right to close a review of General Sherman's character and services without referring to his often-announced policy of devastation. It can hardly be doubted that a desire to inflict punishment on the people of the South for their course in breaking up the Union was a strong element in favor of his project of marching across the country. Thus, on October 9, 1864, he telegraphs to General Grant : —

"Until we can repopulate Georgia it is useless for us to occupy it ; but the utter destruction of its roads, houses, and people will cripple their military resources. . . . I can make this march, and can make Georgia howl !"

October 17th, to General Schofield :

"I will . . . make the interior of Georgia feel the weight of war."

October 19th, to General Beckwith :

"I propose to abandon Atlanta and the railroad back to Chattanooga, to sally forth to ruin Georgia, and bring up on the seashore."

So, when he arrived before Savannah, he wrote to the Confederate General Hardee as follows : —

"Should I be forced to assault, or the slower and surer process of starvation, I shall then feel justified in resorting to the harshest measures, and shall make little effort to restrain my army, burning to avenge the national wrong which they attach to Savannah and other large cities which have been so prominent in dragging our country into civil war."

To General Grant, December 18th :

"With Savannah in our possession, at some future time, if not now, we can punish South Carolina as she deserves, and as thousands of the people in Georgia hoped we would do. I do sincerely believe that the whole United States, North and South, would rejoice to have this army turned loose on South Carolina, to devastate that State in the manner we have done in Georgia, and it would have a direct and immediate bearing on your campaign in Virginia."

To General Halleck, December 24th :

"I attach more importance to these deep incursions into the enemy's country because this war differs from European wars in this particular : we are not only fighting hostile armies, but a hostile people, and must make old and young, rich and poor, feel the hard hand of war, as well as their organized armies. I know that this recent movement of mine through Georgia has had a wonderful effect in this respect. . . . The truth is, the whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance upon South Carolina. I almost tremble for her, but feel she deserves all that seems in store for her. . . .

"I look upon Columbia as quite as bad as Charleston, and I doubt if we shall spare the public buildings there as we did at Milledgeville."

From the above citations, — and they might easily be multiplied, — it seems clear that General Sherman conceived that he was justified in causing loss and damage to private and public property as a punishment for political conduct. It can hardly be pretended that the devastation spoken of is that which follows naturally and inevitably in the wake of an invading army. If that is all that is referred to, then the language employed is a great deal too strong to convey the meaning of the writer. It is true that the orders issued to his army for its conduct on the great march are, though by no means strict, yet not in

principle objectionable. Foraging was to be confined to regular foraging parties; soldiers were not to enter houses or commit any trespass. Corps commanders only could destroy mills, houses, and like property; and then solely in districts and neighborhoods where the inhabitants had burnt bridges, obstructed roads, or otherwise manifested hostility.

It may well be believed, certainly, that there was much greater license exercised than was warranted by the terms of these orders. But granting that this was so, it was due in great measure to the unavoidable circumstance that the army had to live off the country; and acts of this nature do not tend to settle the question whether devastation for the sake of punishment was ordered or allowed by General Sherman. It seems to us that General Sherman, in the passages cited above, did enunciate in distinct terms the principle that the infliction of such punishment by a general commanding an army is within his rights; that is, that it is sanctioned by the laws of modern civilized warfare.

If we are correct in attributing this position to Sherman, we cannot lose the opportunity of pointing out that the authorities are against him. Military operations are not carried on for the purpose of inflicting punishment for political offenses. The desolation and destruction inseparable from them are not the result of acts done for the purpose of producing suffering, but are to be considered as merely incidental to the military movements; and the object of military movements is to overcome armed resistance. The amount of such suffering cannot be unnecessarily increased without a violation of the humane rules of modern war. The true principle is stated with sufficient accuracy in Sherman's orders at the commencement of his great march. If he transgressed these rules, as it would appear from his own letters and dis-

patches that he did, he cannot be defended. Whatever the Georgians and South Carolinians suffered by having to supply provisions, forage, fuel, horses, or military stores of any kind to Sherman's invading army, whether more or less in amount, was a mere incident of a state of war, for which neither General Sherman nor his army was to blame. But if Sherman purposely destroyed, or connived at the destruction of, property which was not needed for the supply of his army or of the enemy's army, he violated one of the fundamental canons of modern warfare; and just so far as he directed or permitted this, he conducted war on obsolete and barbarous principles. As to the facts, they are not perfectly easy to ascertain. In his official report, Sherman estimated the entire damage done to the State of Georgia at one hundred millions of dollars, of which only twenty millions "inured to our advantage," the remainder being "simple waste and destruction." Still, much of this may have been inevitable. We have no space here to review the evidence, and must content ourselves with stating the rule as we understand it.

We cannot, in this connection, avoid remarking that General Sherman was proved by the event to have been entirely mistaken in thinking that "to devastate" the State of South Carolina "would have a direct and immediate bearing on" Grant's "campaign in Virginia." This is clearly a case of seeking far afield for a reason for a thing which a man has made up his mind to do. As a matter of fact, General Lee remained in his lines at Petersburg and Richmond until the season was sufficiently advanced for Grant to commence operations; and it was not until the battle of Five Forks had been lost that Lee evacuated his works and began his disastrous retreat.

Much the same criticism may be passed upon General Sherman's state-

ment, above cited, of the importance which he attached to "these deep incursions into the enemy's country," namely, that we were not only fighting hostile armies, but a hostile people, and must make everybody "feel the hard hand of war." There is a sort of *ad captandum* semblance of logic about this remark that no doubt made it popular at the time. But surely it needs but a moment's reflection to see that nothing is gained by adding anything to the task of the soldier, which is to defeat and destroy the hostile force. To infuriate needlessly a population already known to be unfriendly assuredly cannot make the soldier's task easier; on the contrary, it must rather multiply his difficulties, and tend to render success less certain, besides making the population, when conquered, more hostile than ever before.

There is, it must be confessed, in many of these utterances of General Sherman's a good deal that will not stand the test of careful examination. They show that Sherman's mind was not occupied solely in the work which alone it was his duty to attend to, that is in the endeavor to solve the military problem before him; in other words, that he concerned himself more or less all the time with the popular and political questions connected with the war, — in this respect presenting a great contrast to Grant and Thomas. Evidences of this are to be found everywhere in his dispatches and correspondence, — notably in his letters to General Hood and to the mayor and city government of Atlanta, in September, 1864, and in the Memorandum or Basis of Agreement between him and General J. E. Johnston, in April, 1865. At the same time, Sherman never for an instant pretermitted his active attention to the welfare of his army, or his study of the military problems which his masterly manœuvres were constantly presenting for his solution.

In truth, it is far from easy to draw the portrait of General Sherman. Here is an officer of high rank, who began his service in the war at the first battle of Bull Run; who received the surrender of the last of the Confederate generals; who was at the head of one of the finest armies in the country, but who never commanded in a great, still less a decisive battle; whose most famous exploit consisted in marching a large and well-appointed force almost unopposed through the enemy's country; and whose reputation nevertheless stands as high, at least with the Northern public, as that of any of the generals of the Union. Such a sketch as the above certainly leaves much to be accounted for. Yet it is true so far as it goes. What is not stated in it contains, however, the solution of the apparent paradox. General Sherman's military abilities, though not exhibited conspicuously on the battlefield, were confessedly of a very high order. His Atlanta campaign proves this by universal admission. If we are surprised at his leaving to Thomas the task of resisting, and if possible destroying, the principal Confederate army in the West; if we fail, as we fairly may, to see in what respect Sherman gained anything in not following Grant's advice to "entirely ruin" Hood before "starting" on his "proposed campaign," we must at the same time admit that no operation in the war was more skillfully carried out than that "proposed campaign." It accomplished all that Sherman had expected or hoped from it. It won not only the assent, but the admiration, of Grant and Lincoln. It captivated the popular mind. Closing as it did with the surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston, it virtually ended the war. And as Thomas's skill, endurance, courage, and good fortune enabled him to win the great victory which was the indispensable condition of success for the whole undertaking, the world has naturally not been over-curious to search for

defects in arrangements which yielded such wonderfully complete results.

It is nevertheless to be remembered that if Sherman had followed up Hood, as the Washington authorities originally intended and desired him to do, before marching to the sea, the destruction of the Confederate army could hardly have failed to be more thorough than it was. The Southwestern and South Atlantic States would have been almost absolutely without defense; and the result of the campaign could hardly have been other than decisive. A certain amount of risk, on the other hand, it cannot be denied, attended the transfer of the greater part of Sherman's command to the Atlantic coast before Hood's army had been disposed of. Grant—who was easily converted to any project of his favorite lieutenant—and Sherman have sometimes shown a disposition to minimize this risk, and hence to consider the victory of Nashville a very ordinary affair; but it must not be forgotten that when Thomas's campaign was being fought Grant was terribly

anxious. He did not know at the time, nor was he afterwards quite willing to admit, the existence of the difficulties under which Thomas labored, and which induced the delay on Thomas's part which Grant thought so unnecessary and so perilous to the retention of our hold on the States of Kentucky and Tennessee. But there were real and potent causes for Grant's anxiety; and of course the action of General Sherman in carrying off sixty thousand men to the seacoast before the campaign in the West had been brought to a successful termination was the underlying cause of it all. Thomas, however, was equal to the occasion. He scored a magnificent success at Nashville. Sherman at the same time captured Savannah. Everything turned out marvelously well. Both officers showed themselves at their best. The risk having passed by, the North reaped the full advantage of the daring march. The task then before Sherman was one to which he was by nature wonderfully adapted, and which he soon brought to a triumphant end.

John C. Ropes.

HAREBELL.

A REPARATION.

"GRANT him," I said, "a well-earned name,

The stage's knight, the keen essayer

Of parts whence all save greatness came,

But — not a player.

"Strange, as of fate's perverseness, this

Proud, eager soul, this fine-strung creature,

Should seem forever just to miss

That touch of nature;

"The instinct she so lightly gives

Some fellow at his rivals snarling,

Some churl who gains the boards, and lives

Transformed — her darling!"

"You think so?" he replied — "Well, I
Thought likewise, mangre Lanciotto,
And Yorick, — though his Cassius nigh
Won Hamlet's motto.

"But would you learn, as I, his clue
To nature's heart, and judge him fairly, —
Go see his rustic bard, go view
His Man o' Airlie.

"See that defenseless minstrel brought
From hope to wan despair, from laughter
To frenzy's moan: — the image wrought
Will haunt you after.

"Then see him crowned at last! If such
A guerdon waits the stricken poet,
'T were well, you 'll own, to bear as much —
Even die, to know it."

"Bravo!" cried I, — "I too the thrill
Must feel, which thus your blood can waken."
And once I saw upon the bill
That part retaken;

But leagues of travel stretched between
Me and that idyl played so rarely:
And then — his death! nor had I seen
"The Man o' Airlie."

My failure; not the actor's, loved
By all to art and nature loyal;
Not his, whom Harebell's passion proved
Of the blood royal.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

XLI.

MISS LANISTON.

AT eight o'clock that evening I was
at the house of Miss Laniston. The
lady was at home, and received me.
She advanced with both hands ex-
tended.

"Truly," she exclaimed, "this is the
most charming instance of masculine
forgiveness I have ever witnessed."

I took one of her hands; this much
for the sake of policy. "Madam," I
said, "I am not thinking of forgive-
ness or unforgiveness. I am here to
ask a favor; and if you grant it, I
am willing that it shall counterbalance

everything between us which suggests forgiveness."

"Dear me!" she cried, leading the way to a sofa. "Sit down, and let me know my opportunities."

I did not want to sit down, but, as I said before, I felt that I must be politic, and so took a seat on the other end of the sofa.

"My errand is a very simple one," I said. "I merely want to know the address of Mother Anastasia in Washington."

The lady folded her hands in her lap, and looked at me steadily.

"Very simple indeed," she assented. "Why do you come to me for this address? Would not the sisters give it to you?"

"For various reasons I did not care to ask them," I replied.

"One of them being, I suppose, that you knew you would not get it."

I did not reply to this remark.

"If you know the address," I inquired, "will you kindly give it to me? It is necessary that I should have it at once."

"To telegraph?" she asked.

"No, I am going to her."

"Oh!" ejaculated the lady, and there was a pause in the conversation. "It does not strike me," she said presently, "that I have any authority to tell gentlemen where to find Mother Anastasia, but I can telegraph and ask her if she is willing that I shall send you to her."

This proposition did not suit me at all. I was quite sure that the Mother Superior would not consider it advisable that I should come to her, and would ask me to postpone my communication until she should return to Arden. But Arden, as I had found, would be a very poor place for the long and earnest interview which I desired.

"That would not do," I answered; "she would not understand. I wish to see her on an important matter, which

can be explained only in a personal interview."

"You excite my curiosity," said Miss Laniston. "Why don't you make me your confidante? In that case, I might decide whether or not it would be proper to give you the address."

"Impossible," I said,—"that would be impossible."

Miss Laniston's eyes were of a blue gray, and very fine ones, and she fixed them upon me with a lively intentness.

"Do you still hope," she asked, "to marry Sylvia Raynor? Surely you must know that is impossible. She is now a member for life of the sisterhood."

"I know all that," I replied impatiently. "It is not about that matter that I wish to see the Mother Superior."

"Is it then about Mother Anastasia herself? Do you wish to marry her?"

I sprang to my feet in my excitement. "Why do you speak to me in that way," I exclaimed, "and about a woman who is at the head of a religious institution, and whose earthly existence is devoted to it?"

"Not at all," quietly answered the lady. "Mother Anastasia is not a life member of the sisterhood of the House of Martha."

At these words my blood began to boil within me in a manner which I could not comprehend. My eyeballs seemed to burn, as I stood and gazed speechlessly at my companion.

"You take such an interest in these sisters," she said, "that I supposed you knew that Mother Anastasia joined the sisterhood only for a term of years, now nearly expired. She was made Mother Superior because those who helped form the institution knew that no one else could so well fill the place, especially during its first years. I was one of those persons."

I do not remember a time when my mind was in such a state of ungovernable emotion. Not only was I unable

to control my feelings, but I did not know what they were. One thing only could I comprehend: I must remove this impression from the mind of Miss Laniston, and I could think of no other way of doing it than to confide to her the business on which I wished to see Mother Anastasia. I reseated myself on the sofa, and without delay or preface I laid before her my plan of collaboration with the sisters of the House of Martha; explaining how much better a man could attend to certain outside business than the sisters could do it, and showing how, in a manner, I proposed to become a brother of the House of Martha. Thus only could I defend myself against her irrational and agitating suppositions.

She heard me to the end, and then she leaned back on the sofa and laughed, — laughed until I thought the people in the street must hear her. I was hurt, but said nothing.

"You must excuse me," she said, when she was able to speak, "but this is so sudden my mind is not prepared for it. And so you wish to become a brother of the House of Martha? I would be solemn about it if I could, but really I cannot," and again she laughed.

I was about to retire, but she checked me.

"Do not go," she said; "do not be angry. Forget that I laughed. Now perhaps I can help you. I will make you a promise. If you will agree faithfully to tell me how Mother Anastasia receives your proposition, I will give you her address."

"Promise?" I said severely. "You may remember that this is not the first time you have made me a promise."

"Don't bring up that old affair!" she exclaimed. "What I did then could not be helped. When we had our talk about the sister with whom you had fallen in love, I had no idea she was Sylvia Raynor, the daughter of my hostess. When I discovered the truth,

I had to drop the whole affair. Any person of honor would have done that. I could not help its being funny, you know."

I had become calmer, and was able to be politic again.

"If Mother Anastasia will allow me," I said, "I am willing to promise to tell you what she thinks of my plan."

"Very good," was the reply, "it is a bargain. She is stopping with a friend, Mrs. Gardley, at 906 Alaska Avenue. I address her as 'Miss Raynor,' — I always do when I have a chance, — but I think it will be well for you to ask for 'Mother Anastasia.'"

I arose, and she followed my example.

"Now, then," said she, "we are friends," and her sparkling eyes seemed to have communicated their merriment to the gems upon the white hand which she held out to me.

I took the hand, and as I did so a politic idea flashed up within me. If I must be friends with this woman, why not make use of her? This was a moment when she was well disposed to serve me.

"If you are willing to consider me a friend," I replied, still holding her hand, "you will not refuse to tell me something which I have long wanted to know, and which I ought to know."

"What is it?" she asked.

"What was the trouble which caused Sylvia Raynor to enter the House of Martha?"

She withdrew her hand, and reflected for a moment.

"Man is an inquisitive animal," she answered; "but we cannot alter his nature, and there is some excuse for your wanting to know all about Sylvia. She is out of your reach, of course, but you have certainly taken as much interest in her as a man can take in a woman. The matter is not a close secret, and I suppose I may as well tell you that the cause of her entering the sisterhood was nothing at all out of the

common. It was simply a thwarted love affair. You don't like that, I can see by your face."

"No, I do not like it, and I am very sorry to hear it."

"My dear sir," said she, "you must be early on hand and prompt in action to be Number One with a girl like Sylvia; but then, you know, a Number One seldom counts. In this case, however, he did count, for he made a Number Two impossible."

"Not so!" I cried hotly. "I am Number Two, and shall always continue so."

She laughed. "I am afraid," she said, "that it will be necessary for a brother of the House of Martha to get rid of that sort of feeling."

"How was she thwarted?" I asked quickly.

"The story is briefly this," replied Miss Laniston: "A certain gentleman courted Sylvia's cousin, and everybody supposed they would be married; but in some way or other he treated her badly, and the match was broken off. Then, a few years later, this same person fell in love with Sylvia, who knew nothing of the previous affair. The young girl found him a most attractive lover, and he surely would have won her had not her mother stepped in and put an extinguisher upon the whole affair. She knew what had happened before, and would not have the man in her family. Then it was that Sylvia found the world a blank, and concluded to enter the sisterhood."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that the cousin with whom the man was first in love was Marcia Raynor, Mother Anastasia?"

"Yes," answered Miss Laniston, "it was she. You do not like that?"

Like it! A cold and tingling pain ran through my body, and there sprang up in me an emotion of the intensest hatred for a person whom I had never seen.

My feelings were such as I could

not express; the situation was one which I could not discuss. I took leave of Miss Laniston without giving sufficient consideration to her expression of countenance and to her final words now to be able to say whether they indicated amusement or sympathy.

XLII.

THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.

Seldom, I think, has a berth in a sleeping-car held a more turbulent-minded man than I was during my journey from New York to Washington. The revelation that the same man had loved and been loved by Mother Anastasia and Sylvia had disquieted me in a manner not easily to be explained; but I knew that I was being torn by jealousy, and jealousy is a passion which it is sometimes impossible to explain.

An idea which came into my mind in the night increased the storm within me. I imagined that the wretch who had made suit to Marcia and Sylvia was Walkirk. He knew a good deal about these women; sometimes I was surprised to discover how much he knew. Perhaps now, acting in a base disguise, he was endeavoring to make of me a stepping-stone to his ultimate success with one or the other. Hound! I would crush him!

My thoughts ran rapidly backward. I remembered how zealous Walkirk had been in following Mrs. Raynor's yacht. He had told me of his conversations with Sylvia, but what reason had I to believe he spoke the truth? That any man should have loved these two women filled me with rage. That that man should be Walkirk was an insupportable thought. I was not only jealous, but I felt myself the victim of a treacherous insult.

It was seven o'clock when I reached Washington, but, although I had ar-

rived at my destination, I could give no thought to the object of my journey until I had discovered the truth about Walkirk. That was all-important.

But of whom should I inquire? I could think of no one but Miss Laniston. I had been a fool not to ask her the name of the man when I was with her; but I would telegraph to her now and ask for it. She might be asleep at this hour, but I believed she was a woman who would awake and answer my question and then go to sleep again.

I immediately went to the telegraph office, and sent this message: "What is the name of the man of whom we spoke last evening? It is necessary that I know it. Please answer at once." She would understand this. We had spoken of but one man.

For nearly an hour I walked the floor and tossed over the morning papers, and then came the answer to my message. It was this: "Brownson. He is dead."

There is a quality in the air of Washington which is always delightful to me, but I think it has never affected me as it did that morning. As I breathed it, it exhilarated me; it cheered and elated me; it rose-tinted my emotions; it gave me an appetite for my breakfast; it made me feel ready for any enterprise.

As soon as I thought it proper to make a morning call I went to number 906 Alaska Avenue. There I found a large and handsome house, of that independent and highly commendable style of architecture which characterizes many of the houses of Washington. I had not yet made up my mind whether I should inquire for "Mother Anastasia" or "Miss Raynor." I did not know the custom of Mother Superiors when traveling or visiting, and I determined, as I ascended the steps, to be guided in this matter by the aspect of the person who opened the door.

It has always been interesting to me to study the character, as well as I can

do so in the brief opportunity generally afforded, of the servants who open to me the doors of houses. To a certain degree, although of course it does not do to apply this rule too rigidly, these persons indicate the characters of the dwellers in the house. My friends have disputed this point with me, and have asserted that they do not wish to be so represented, but nevertheless I have frequently found my position correct.

I prefer to visit those houses whose door service is performed by a neat, good-looking, intelligent, bright-witted, kindly-tempered, conscientious, and sympathetic maid-servant. A man is generally very unsatisfactory. He performs his duty in a perfunctory manner. His heart is not in it. He fears to say a word more than he thinks absolutely necessary, lest you should imagine him so new in service that he had not lost his interest in answering questions.

But even if the person you ask for be not at home, it is sometimes a pleasure to be told so by an intelligent maid such as I have described above. Your subsequent action is frequently influenced by her counsel and information. Frequently she is able to indicate to you your true relation with the household; sometimes she assists in establishing it.

When the door before me opened, I saw a colored woman. I was utterly discomfited. None of my rules applied to a middle-aged colored woman, who gazed upon me as if she recognized me as one whom she carried in her arms when an infant. Actuated by impulse only, I inquired for "Miss Raynor."

"I reckon," said she, "you's got to de wrong house. Dat lady doan' live hyar."

"Well, then," I asked quickly, "is there a lady here named 'Mother Anastasia'?"

The woman showed thirty-two perfectly developed teeth.

"Oh, dat's she? You means de sister. She's hyar; yes, sah. Want to see her?"

I stated that I certainly desired to see her.

"She's gone out now, sah, an' dere's no tellin' when dey'll git back. Dey ginerally all gits back 'bout dark. Commonly jist a little arter dark."

"Not return before dark!" I cried. "That is bad. Can you give me any idea where I might find Mother Anastasia?"

"I 'spects you kin fin' her mighty easy. Mos' likely she's at de Patent Office, or at de Army and Navy Buildin', or de White House, or de Treasury, or de Smifsonian, or de Navy Yard, or de new 'Servatory, or on de avenue shoppin', or gone to de Capitol to de Senate or de House, one; or perhaps she druv out to Arlin'ton, or else she's gone to de 'Gressional Lib'r'y. Mos' likely she's at one or de odder of dem places; an' about one o'clock she an' Mis' Gardley is mighty sure to eat der luncheon somewhar, an' arter dat I reckon dey'll go to 'bout four arternoon teas. I doan' know 'xactly whar de teas'll be dis arternoon, but ye kin tell de houses whar dar is a tea inside by de carriages a-waitin',—an' ef it ain't a tea, it's a fun'ral,—an' all yer's got to do is to go inside an' see if she's dar."

I could not refrain from smiling, but I was greatly discouraged. How could I wait until evening for the desired interview?

"If you is kin to de sister," said the woman,—"an' I reckon you is, for I see de likeness powerful strong,—she'll be mighty glad to see ye, sah. Want me to tell her ye'll come back dis evening, if ye doan' fin' her before dat?"

I desired her to give such a message, and went away well pleased that the woman had not asked my name. It was desirable that Mother Anastasia

should not know who was coming to call on her.

I am, as I have said before, much given to the consideration of motives and all that sort of thing, and in the course of the day I found myself wondering why I should have taken the trouble to walk through the Patent Office and half a dozen other public buildings, continually gazing about me, not at the objects of interest therein, but at the visitors; that is, if they were ladies. Why this uneasy desire to find the Mother Superior, when by quietly waiting until evening I was almost certain to see her? But in the midst of my self-questionings I went on looking for Mother Anastasia.

I finished my long ramble by a visit to the gallery of the House of Representatives. A member was making a speech on a bill to establish a national medical college for women. The speech and the subject may have interested some people, but I did not care for either, and I am afraid I was a little drowsy. After a time I took a cab and went to my hotel. At all events, the long day of waiting was nearly over.

Early in the evening I called again at Mrs. Gardley's house, and, to my delight, was informed that the lady I desired to see was at home.

When Mother Anastasia came into the drawing-room, where I awaited her, she wore the gray gown of her sisterhood, but no head covering. I had before discovered that a woman could be beautiful in a Martha gown, but at this moment the fact asserted itself with peculiar force. She greeted me with a smile and an extended hand.

"You do not seem surprised to see me," I said.

"Why should I be?" she answered. "I saw you in the House of Representatives, and wondered why you should doze when such an interesting matter was being discussed; and when I came home, and heard that a gentleman an-

swering your description intended to call on me this evening, I declined to go out to the theatre, wishing to be here to receive you."

I was disgusted to think that she had caught me napping, and that she had been near me in the House and I had not known it, but I said nothing of this.

"You are very good," I remarked, "to give up the theatre" —

"Oh, don't thank me," she interrupted; "perhaps you will not think I am good. Before we say anything more, I want you to tell me whether or not you have come here to talk about Sylvia Raynor."

Here was a blunt question, but from the bottom of my heart I believed that I answered truly when I said I had not come for that purpose.

"Very good," said Mother Anastasia, leaning back in her chair. "Now I can freely say that I am glad to see you. I was dreadfully afraid you had come to talk to me on that forbidden subject, and I must admit that this fear had a very powerful influence in keeping me at home this evening. If you had come to talk to me of her, I should have had something very important to say to you; but I am delighted that my fears were groundless. And now tell me how you could help being interested in that grand scheme for a woman's college."

"I have never given it any thought. Do you care for it?"

"Care for it!" she exclaimed. "I am enlisted in the cause hand and heart. I came down here because the bill was to be brought before the House. If the college is established, — and I believe it will be, — I expect to be one of the faculty."

"You are not a physician?" said I.

"Oh, I have studied and practiced medicine," she answered, "and expect to do a great deal more of it before we begin operations. The physician's art is my true vocation."

"And you will leave the House of Martha?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied. "The period for which I entered it has nearly expired. I do not regret the time I have spent there, but I must admit I shall be glad to leave the sisterhood. That life is too narrow for me, and perhaps too shallow. I say nothing against it in a general way; I only speak of it as it relates to myself. The very manner in which I rejoice in the prospect of freedom proves to me that I ought to be free, and that I did a wise thing in limiting the term of my sisterhood."

As Mother Anastasia spoke there was a glow of earnest pleasure upon her face. She was truly very happy to be able to talk of her approaching freedom.

I am a prudent man and a cautious one. This frank enthusiasm alarmed me. How deftly she had put Sylvia out of sight! How skillfully she had brought herself into full view, free and untrammelled by vows and rules, — a woman as other women!

The more I saw of Mother Anastasia the better I liked her, but I perceived that she was a woman with whom it was very necessary to be cautious. She was apt, I thought, to make convictions of her presumptions. If she presumed that my love for Sylvia was an utterly hopeless affection, to be given up and forgotten, I did not like it. It might be that it was hopeless, but I did not care to have any one else settle the matter for me in that way, — not even Mother Anastasia.

"Of course," I remarked, "I am glad that you have concluded to withdraw from a vocation which I am sure is not suited to you, and yet I feel a little disappointed to hear that you will not continue at the head of the House of Martha, for I came to Washington on purpose to make you a proposition in regard to that institution."

"Came to Washington on purpose to see me and to make a proposition! What can it possibly be?"

I now laid before her, with considerable attention to detail, my plan for working in coöperation with the House of Martha. I showed her the advantages of the scheme as they had suggested themselves to me, and as an example of what could be done I mentioned Sylvia's fancy for typewriting, and demonstrated how easily I could undertake the outside management of this very lucrative and pleasant occupation. I warmed up as I talked, and spoke quite strongly about what I — and perhaps in time other men — might do for the benefit of the sisterhood, if my proposition were accepted.

She listened to me attentively, her face growing paler and harder as I proceeded. When I had finished she said: —

"It is not at all necessary for me to discuss this utterly preposterous scheme, nor even to refer to it, except to say that I plainly see its object. Whatever you may have persuaded yourself to think of your plan, I know that its real object is to reëstablish a connection with Sylvia. You would know, if you would allow yourself to think about it, that your absurd and even wicked scheme of typewriting, companionship in work, and all that stuff could only result in making the girl miserable, and perhaps breaking her heart. You know that she loves you, and that it has been a terrible trial to her to yield to her conscience and do what she has done; and you know, furthermore, — and this more than anything else darkens your intention, — that Sylvia's artless, ingenuous, and impulsive nature would give you advantages which would not be afforded by one who did not love you, and who better understood the world and you."

"Madam," I exclaimed, "you do me an injustice!"

She paid no attention to this remark, and proceeded: "And now let me tell you that what you have said to me to-night has changed my plans, my

life. I shall not leave Sylvia exposed to your cruel attacks, — attacks which I believe will come in every practical form that your ingenuity can devise. It was my example that brought that girl into the House of Martha, and now that she has vowed to devote her life and her work to its service I shall not desert her. I will not have her pure purpose shaken and weakened, little by little, day by day, until it falls listless and deadened, with nothing to take its place. Therefore, until I know that you are no longer a source of danger to her, I shall remain Mother Superior of the House of Martha; and rest assured that while I am in that position Sylvia shall be safe from you." And with that she rose and walked out of the room.

XLIII.

WAS HIS HEART TRUE TO POLL?

Never before had any one spoken to me as Mother Anastasia had just done. Never before had I felt as I felt in leaving the house where she had so treated me. I did not admit all that she had said; and yet, not even to myself could I gainsay her statements. I was not convinced that I had been wrong, but I could not help feeling that she was right. I was angry, I was mortified, I was grieved. The world seemed cold and dark, and the coldest and darkest thing in it was the figure of Mother Anastasia as she rose to leave me.

When I reached New York, I bethought myself of my promise to Miss Laniston. It tortured my soul to think of what had happened; I knew it would torture it still more to talk of these things. But I am a man who keeps his promises; besides, I wanted to see Miss Laniston. I did not like her very much, but the people whom I did like seemed to be falling away from me, and she was a woman of vigorous

spirit, to whom one in my plight would naturally turn. That she could give me any encouragement was not likely, but she might offer me an enheartening sympathy; and, moreover, she was well acquainted with Mother Anastasia, and there were a good many questions I wanted to ask about that lady.

I found Miss Laniston at home, but I was obliged to wait a good while before she made her appearance.

"If you were any other man in this world," she said, "I should have felt obliged to excuse myself from seeing you, for I am engaged on most important business with a modiste who is designing a gown for me; but I am perfectly wild to hear about your interview with Mother Anastasia, and I was afraid, if I sent you away, that you would not come back again; so tell me about it, I pray you. I know you have seen her, for you look so uncommonly glum. I am afraid that you have not yet become a brother of the House of Martha."

There was nothing inspiring about this badinage, but I braced myself to the work, and told her what had happened in Washington.

"This is truly dreadful," she declared. "Of course I had no idea that Mother Anastasia would consider your plan as anything more than the wild outreachings of a baffled lover, but I did not imagine that she would take it in this way. This is very bad."

"It is," I answered. "Everything is knocked from under me."

"Oh, bless you," said the lady, "I was n't thinking of you, but of Mother Anastasia. It was the happiest news I can remember when I heard that she was soon to drop that name and all that belonged to it, and to begin a life in which she would be a woman among her peers, no matter with what sex they happen to be classed. But if she stops short and remains in that miserable House of Martha, the result is bound to be disastrous. If she believes

it is necessary to spend her life in protecting Sylvia from your assaults, she is the woman to spend her life in that way."

"What her friends should do," said I, "is to convince her that it is not necessary."

Miss Laniston gazed upon me fixedly. "You think it would be a great pity for a beautiful woman—a remarkably fine woman like Mother Anastasia—to hide herself away in that make-believe convent?"

"Indeed I do," I answered, with animation.

"And since one fine woman is shut up for life in that prison, you think it a shame that another one should remain within its walls?"

I assented warmly.

"Now, then," remarked Miss Laniston, rising, "it is absolutely necessary for me to go to the Frenchwoman, who I know is fuming for me, and whose time is very precious. I shall be with you again in about twenty minutes, and during that time I wish you would make up your mind with whom you are in love, Mother Anastasia or Sylvia Raynor. When that point is settled, we will see what can be done."

It was a man of a bewildered mind who was left alone in that drawing-room. I did not understand what had been said to me, but now that ideas of this kind had been put into words there seemed to be a certain familiarity about them. How dared she speak to me in that way? What ground had she for such words? And yet—Sylvia was shut up for life in the House of Martha. I could not gainsay that.

I could not put my thoughts into form, and, with my mind in chaos, I strode up and down the room until Miss Laniston returned.

"What an uneasy person you are!" she said. "Have you settled that little point?"

"Settled it! There is nothing to settle."

She laughed. "I am not so sure about that. I thought I saw a change in the wind when you were here last, and it is natural enough that it should change. What is the good of its blowing steadfastly from the north, when the north is nothing but ice?"

"You have no right to talk in that way!" I exclaimed angrily. "I utterly repudiate your supposition."

"Come, come," she said, "let us be practical. I really take an interest in you, you know, and, besides that, I take an interest in my friends; and it is quite plain to me that you must not be allowed to wander about in a detached way, making all sorts of trouble. You have made a good deal already. So if we must consider Sylvia Raynor as really out of the race, on account of being tied up by her sisterhood obligations, we must turn our attention to Mother Anastasia, who probably has not yet done anything definite in regard to retaining her position in the House of Martha. If anything can be done in this direction, it will be quite satisfactory, because, if you get the ex-Mother Superior, of course you will be content to leave the young sister alone."

"Madam, you insult me!" I cried, springing to my feet.

"By which, I suppose," she answered, "you wish me to understand that your heart is true to Poll,—by Poll meaning Sylvia Raynor."

"You know that as well as I do," I replied. "I have taken you into my confidence; I have told you that I love her, that I shall always love her; and it is unwomanly in you"—

"That will do," she interrupted,—"that will do; don't say hard words to one of your best friends. If you will continue to be true to Poll, not as the sailor was in the song, but constant and steadfast in all sorts of weather, and without any regard to that mere material point of eventually getting her

for your own, why then I am your fast friend to the end, and will do everything that I can to soften your woes and lighten your pathway; and all the reward I desire for my labors is the pleasure of knowing that there is at least one man in the world who can love truly and unchangeably without seeing any chance ahead of him of winning the woman he loves. Do you think you can fill that position?"

I looked at her sternly, and answered: "I have said all upon that point that it is necessary to say. When I love a woman, I love her forever."

"Very good," said Miss Laniston,— "very good; and I dare say your little side flights did n't mean anything at all. And now I shall talk with Mother Anastasia as soon as possible, and make her understand that she has no right to sacrifice herself to Sylvia or any one else. If I can get her started off on the right road, I will see what I can do with the new Mother Superior, whoever she may be. Perhaps you may yet be able to establish that delightful brotherhood of the House of Martha. Any way, I promise you, you shall have something. It may not be much and it may not be often, but it shall be enough to keep your love alive; and that, you see, is my great object. I want to make of you a monument of masculine constancy."

As I took leave of her, Miss Laniston gave my hand a vigorous pressure, which seemed to me to indicate that her intentions were better than her words. As I went away my mind was quieter, though not cheered. There was in it a certain void and emptiness, but this was compensated for by a sense of self-approbation which was strengthening and comforting. I was even able to smile at the notion of the interview between Miss Laniston and Sister Sarah, when the former should propose my plan of the brotherhood.

Frank R. Stockton.

THE QUEEN'S CLOSET OPENED.

THERE lies before me a leather-bound, time-stained, dingy little quarto of four hundred and fifty pages that was printed in the year 1656. Its contents comprise three parts or books. First, "The Queens Closet Opened, or The Pearl of Practise : Accurate, Physical, and Chirurgical Receipts." Second, "A Queens Delight, or The Art of Preserving, Conserving, and Candyng, as also a Right Knowledge of Making Perfumes and Distilling the most Excellent Waters." Third, "The Compleat Cook, Expertly Prescribing the most ready wayes, whether Italian, Spanish, or French, For Dressing of Flesh and Fish, Ordering of Sauces, or Making of PASTRY," — "pastry" in capitals, as is due so distinguished an article and art.

This conjunction of medicine and cooking was far from being considered demeaning to the healing art. A great number of the cook-books of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were written by physicians. Dr. Lister, physician to Queen Anne, wrote plainly, "I do not consider myself as hazarding anything when I say no man can be a good physician who has not a competent knowledge of cookery."

This book contains a long, pompous preface, in which it is asserted that these receipts had been collected originally for "her distress'd Sovereigne Majesty the Queen," Henrietta Maria; that they had been "laid at her feet by Persons of Honour and Quality;" and that, since false and poor copies had been circulated during the queen's banishment, the compiler — who "fell with the Court," not being able to render his beloved queen any further service — felt that he could "prevent all disservices" by giving in print to her friends these true rules. Thus could he keep the absent queen in their minds; and also he

could give a fair copy to her, since she had lost her receipts in her flight. He complains, however, that some are "altered and corrupted by the failing of printing, some disordered, others false Printed: which kind of dealing I must impute to the most unfortunate customes of Printers, whose triviall excuses cannot free me from the highest misfortune that may befall me on this earthe should my Royall Mistress be displeased."

The preface is signed with initials only, W. M. Do they stand for the "little Vill Murray" of the queen's letters, the Will Murray so often mentioned in Evelyn's Diary as a faithful friend and letter-carrier for the king and queen? Or was W. M. Walter Montagu, the queen's almoner, who wrote for her pleasure *The Queen's Pastoral*, and remained her true follower through all her adversity? Though W. M. blamed the printer, I cannot. Clear and black is the type and firm the paper; and as for the bookbinder, let me, though rather late in the day, sound the praises of Nathaniel Brook at The Angel in Cornhill. Securely sewed, firmly glued, strongly backed, his work has stood the hard wear and tear of two centuries, and is still in good condition. The portrait of the queen, on the first page of the book, is said by Agnes Strickland to be a good likeness. It shows the royal widow in a black gown, a black veil with a triangular frontlet, a straight white cape, and one jewel, a cross. Doubtless the book was published with the hope of endearing the queen to the middle classes, who would care more for her skill in medicine and cooking than for her courage and magnanimity; especially would the book interest the people since it stated that she had practiced these receipts personally in her leisure hours.

As I open this old book, there runs across the yellow, time-stained pages, zigzagging sideways and backwards, crab fashion, on his ugly crooked legs, a pigmy brown book-spider, — one of those little insect bibliophiles that seem flatter even than the close-pressed pages that form their home. Skinny and active is this special spider who has chosen my drug-scented volume to live in; eager is he to hide in the old binding, where he can inhale the healing medicinal aroma, and rear in undisturbed quiet his hideous little progeny.

Two or three names are carefully written on the inside of the cover of this book, — names of past owners, without doubt. "Edward Talbot, his Book" is in the most faded ink. In a different handwriting is this rhyme: —

"When land is Gone and money Spent
then Learning is Most Axelant.
When I am gone & Rotton
If these you se Remember me,
When Others is Forgotton.

"Edward Reynolds, his Book, 1704."

In still another chirography is a rival effusion: —

"Dont steal this Book
for fear of Shame,
for underneathe you see
the oners name.
The first is J by
all mens site,
the second is R
if you spell Right.

"John Russel, His Book, in the year 1733."

A musty, leathery smell pervades and exhales from the pages, and is mingled with whiffs of an equally ancient and more penetrating odor, that of old drugs and medicines. For this book was not fated to dwell always among "persons of honour and quality" in Old England; it crossed the waters to the new land, and was for many years the pocket-companion of an old New England physician. Many a journey over bleak hills and lonely dales has it made, safely reposing at the bottom of its owner's pocket, or

lying cheek by jowl with the box of drugs and medicines and case of lancets in his ample saddle-bags. This country doctor had not studied deeply in college and in hospital; nor had he taken any long courses of instruction in foreign schools and universities. When he had decided to become a doctor, he had simply ridden with an old-established physician — ridden literally — in a half-menial, half-medical capacity. He had cared for the doctor's horse, swept the doctor's office, run the doctor's errands, pounded drugs, gathered herbs, and mixed plasters, until he was fitted to "ride" for himself. Then he had applied to the court and received a license to practice, — that was all. I doubt not that this book of mine and a few Latin treatises that he could hardly decipher formed his entire pharmacopœia. As he had chanced to inherit a small fortune from a relative, he became quite a physician; for in colonial days wealth and position were as essential as were learning and experience to enable one to become a good doctor.

I like to think of the rich and pompous old doctor a-riding out to see his patients, clad in his suit of sober brown or claret color with great shining buttons made of silver coins. The full-skirted coat had great pockets and flaps, as did the long waistcoat that reached well over the hips. Rather short were the sleeves of the coat, to show the white ruffles and frills at the wrist; but the forearm was well protected in cold weather by the long gauntlets of his riding-gloves and by his muffedettes. Full kneebreeches dressed his shapely legs, while fine silk stockings and buckled shoes displayed his well-turned calves and ankles. But in muddy weather high leather boots took the place of the fine hose and shoes, and his handsome breeches were covered with long tow overalls, or "tongs," as they were called. On his head the doctor wore a cocked hat and wig. He owned and wore in

turn wigs of different sizes and dignity, — ties, bags, periwigs, and bobs. His portrait was painted in a full-bottomed wig that rivaled the Lord Chancellor's in size ; but his every-day riding-wig was a rather commonplace horsehair affair with a stiff eelskin cue. One wig he lost by a mysterious accident, one day while he was attending a patient who was lying ill of a fever, of which the crisis seemed at hand. The doctor decided to remain all night, and sat down by the side of a table in the sick man's room. The hours passed slowly away. Physician and nurse and goodwife talked and droned on ; the sick man moaned and tossed in his bed, and begged fruitlessly for water. At last the room grew silent ; the tired watchers dozed in their chairs ; the doctor nodded and nodded, bringing his eelskin cue dangerously near the flame of the candle that stood on the table. Suddenly there was heard a violent explosion, a hiss, a sizzle ; and when the smoke cleared, and the terrified occupants of the room collected their senses, the nurse and wife were discovered under the valance of the bed ; the doctor stood, scorched and bare-headed, looking for his wig ; while the sick man, who had jumped out of bed, in the confusion, and captured a pitcher of water, drunk half the contents and thrown the remainder over the doctor's head, was lying behind the bed-curtains laughing hysterically at the ridiculous appearance of the man of medicine. Instant death was predicted for the invalid, who, strange to say, either from the laughter or the water, began to recover from that moment. The terrified physician was uncertain whether he ought to attribute the explosion and conflagration of his wig to a violent demonstration of the devil in his effort to obtain possession of the sick man's soul, or to the powerful influence of some conjunction of the planets, or to the new-fangled power of electricity which Dr. Franklin had just discovered, and

was making so much talk about, and was so recklessly tinkering with in Philadelphia at that very time. The doctor had strongly disapproved of Franklin's reprehensible and meddlesome boldness, but he felt that it was best, nevertheless, to write and obtain the philosopher's advice as to the feasibility, advisability, and best convenience of having one of the new lightning-rods rigged upon his medical back, and running thence up through his wig, thus warding off further alarming accident. Ere this was done the mystery of the explosion was solved. When the doctor's new wig arrived from Boston, he ordered his Indian servant to powder it well ere it was worn. He was horrified to see Noantum give the wig a liberal sprinkling of gunpowder from the powder-horn, instead of starch from the dredging-box. So the explosion of the old wig was no longer assigned to diabolical, thaumaturgical, or meteorological influences.

But I must turn from the doctor and the wig to the book ; let us see what he did when he singed his head and burnt his face. He whipped my little book out of his pocket and turned to page 77 : there he was told to make "Oyl of Eggs. Take twelve yolks of eggs and put them in a pot over the fire, and let them stand till you percieve them to turn black ; then put them in a press and press out the Oyl." Or he could make "Oyl of Fennel," if he preferred it. But probably the goodwife had on hand one of the dozen astounding salves described in the book, that the doctor had ere this instructed her to make, and in which I trust he found due relief.

One cannot wonder that the sick man craved water, when we read what he had had to drink. He had been given, a spoonful at a time, this "Comfortable Juleb for a Feaver," made of "Barley water & VVhite VVine each one pint, VVhey one quart, two ounces of Conserves of Barberries, and the Juyces of two limmons and 2 Oranges." The

doctor had also taken (if he followed his Pearl of Practise) "two Salt white her-rings & slit them down the back and bound them to the soles of the feet" of his patient; and I doubt not he had bled the sufferer at once, for he always did that on every possible occasion.

The "Water of Life" was also given for fevers, a few drops at a time, and as a tonic in health doubtless it proved strengthening.

"Take Balm leaves and stalks, Betony leaves and flowers, Rosemary, red sage, Taragon, Tormentil leaves, Rossolis and Roses, Carnation, Hyssop, Thyme, red strings that grow upon Savory, red Fennel leaves and root, red Mints, of each a handful; bruise these hearbs and put them in a great earthen pot, & pour on them enough VVhite VVine as wil cover them, stop them close, and let them steep for eight or nine days; then put to it Cinnamon, Ginger, Angelica-seeds, Cloves, and Nutmegs, of each an ounce, a little Saffron, Sugar one pound, Ray-sins solis stoned one pound, Dates stoned and sliced half a pound, the loyns and legs of an old Coney, a fleshy running Capon, the red flesh of the sinews of a leg of Mutton, four young Chickens, twelve larks, the yolks of twelve Eggs, a Loaf of VVhite-bread cut in sops, and two or three ounces of Mithridate or Treacle & as much Muscadine as will cover them all. Distil al with a moderate fire, and keep the first and second waters by themselves; and when there comes no more by Distilling put more VVine into the pot upon the same stufte and distil it again, and you shal have another good water. This water strengtheneth the Spirit, Brain, Heart, Liver and stomack. Take when need is by itself, or with Ale, Beer, or VVine mingled with Sugar."

Who could doubt that it strengthened the spirit? Plainly here do we see the need of a doctor being a good cook. But what pot would hold all that flesh and fowl, that blooming flower garden

of herbs and posies, that assorted lot of fruits and spices, to say nothing of the muscadine?

Surely our ancestors spared no pains to prepare these medicines. They did not, shifting all responsibility, run to a chemist or apothecary with a little slip of paper; with their own hands they picked, pulled, pounded, stamped, shredded, dropped, powdered, and distilled, regardless of expense, or trouble, or hard work. Truly they deserved to be cured.

Of course the remedies given in this book were largely for the diseases of the day. Physicians and parsons, lords and ladies, combined to furnish complex and elaborate prescriptions and perfumes to cure and avert the plague; and the list includes one plague-cure that "the Lord-Mayor had from the Queen;" and I may add that it is a particularly unpleasant and revolting one. But all these "sure cures" were of little avail; the whole score could not stop the terrible course of that terrible disease when, nine years later, it swept throughout England, killing in London alone one hundred thousand persons. Many a one of that great army of dead men took confidently and faithfully medicines such as are given in this little book of mine: the king's feeble and much-vaunted dose of "VVhite VVine, Ginger Treacle, and Sage;" the celebrated Dr. Butler and Dr. Read's ineffectual preservatives of wood sorrel and sugar; Dr. Butler's cordial-water "to drive al venome from the heart," composed of a few herbs, rose water, and Venice treacle; "Dr. Atkinson's excellent perfume against the Plague," of "Angelica roots and VVine Vinegar, that if taken fasting, your breath would kill the Plague" (it must have been a fearful dose); "Mr. Fenton's the Chirurgion's Posset and his Sedour Root;" and the Countess of Arundel's drink of malmsey, grain, and Jean treacle, that "saved 38 commons of Windsor the last great Plague of 1593, and was proved upon many poor people

and they recovered." Alas, alas! the great bells tolled, the death-carts rumbled, and the deep trenches were filled, in spite of all this printed wisdom of great chirurgeons and doctors that I find in my Pearl of Practise.

Cures for smallpox and for gout are many. Varied are the lotions for the "pin and web in the eye;" so many are there of these that it makes me suspect that our English forefathers were sadly sore-eyed.

One very prevalent ail that our ancestors had to endure (if we can judge from the number of prescriptions for its relief) was a "cold stomach;" literally cold, one might think, since most of the cures were by external application. Lady Spencer used a plebeian "green turfe of grasse" to warm her stomach, with the green side, not the dirt side, placed next the skin. She could scarcely have worn this turf when she was up and around the house, could she? She must have had it placed upon her while she was in bed. The Countess of Mount-eagle gave her remedy for a "cold stomach" as periwinkle and rosemary tops made hot. A "Restorative Bag" of herbs and spices heated in "boyld Vinegar" is asserted to be "comfortable." "It must be as hot as can be endured, and keep yourself from studying and musing and it will comfort you much." So it seems that you ought not to study or muse if your stomach be cold.

Many and manifold are the remedies to "cheer the heart," to "drive melancholy," to "cure one pensive," "for a grief," and without doubt the queen often needed them. We know, too, that "things ill for the heart" were "beans, pease, sadness, onions, anger, evil-tidings, and loss of friends," — a very arbitrary and unjust classification. Melancholy was evidently regarded as a disease, and a much-to-be-lamented one. External applications were made to "drive the worms out of the Brain as well as Dross

out of the Stomack." Here is "A precious water to revive the Spirits:" —

"Take four gallons of strong Ale, five ounces of Aniseeds, Liquorish scraped half a pound, Sweet Mints, Angelica, Eccony, Cowslip flowers, Sage & Rosemary Flowers, sweet Marjoram, of each three handfuls, Palitory of the VVal one handful. After it is fermented two or three dayes, distil it in a Limbeck, and in the water infuse one handful of the flowers aforesaid, Cinnamon and Fennel-seed of each half an ounce, Juniper berries bruised one dram, red Rosebuds, roasted Apples & dates sliced and stoned, of each half a pound; distil it again and sweeten it with some Sugar-candy, and take of Ambergreese, Pearl, Red Coral, Hartshorn pounded, and leaf Gold, of each half a Dram, put them in a fine Linnen bag, and hang them by a thread in a Glasse."

Think of taking all that trouble to make something to cheer the spirits, when the four gallons of strong ale with spices would have fully answered the purpose, without bothering with such an assorted lot of herbs and fruits! I suppose the gold and jewels were particularly cheering ingredients, and perhaps entitled the drink to its name of "precious water." Indeed, it would be cheering to the spirits of any one nowadays to have the precious metals and gems that were so lavishly used in these ancient medicines.

Full jeweled were the works of English "persons of quality" in the time of the Merry Monarch and his sire: The gold and gems were not always hung in bags in the medicines; frequently they were powdered and dissolved, and formed a large portion of the dose. Dr. Gifford's "Amber Pils for Consumption" contained a large quantity of pearls, white amber, and coral, as did also Lady Kent's powder. Sir Edward Spencer's eye-salve was rich in powdered pearls. The Bishop of Worcester's "admirable curing powder" (which included much

thaumaturgical nonsense, that the "black tips of Crabs Claws must be taken when the Sun enters Cancer," and that the "hartshorn must be from a red deer killed when the moon is in Leo") was composed largely of "ten skins of snakes or adders or Slow worms" mixed with "Magistery of Pearls." The latter was a common ingredient, and under the head of *Choice Secrets Made Known* we are told how to manufacture it :—

"Dissolve two or three ounces of fine seed Pearl in distill'd Vinegar, and when it's perfectly dissolved and all taken up, pour the Vinegar into a clean glasse Bason; then drop some few drops of oyl of Tartar upon it, and it will call down the Pearl into the powder; then pour the Vinegar clean off softly; then put to the Pearl clear Conduit or Spring water; pour that off, and do so often until the taste of the Vinegar and Tartar be clean gone; then dry the powder of Pearl upon warm embers and keep for your use."

Gold and precious stones were specially necessary "to ease the passion of the Heart," as indeed they are nowadays. In that century, however, they applied the mercenary cure inwardly, and prepared it thus :—

"Take Damask Roses half-blown, cut off thier whites, and stamp them very fine, and straine out the Juyce very strong; moisten it in the stamping with a little Damask Rose water; then put thereto fine powder Sugar, and boyl it gently to a fine Syrup; then take the Powders of Amber, Pearl & Rubies, of each half a dram, Ambergresse one scruple, and mingle them with the said syrup till it be somewhat thick, and take a little thereof on a knives point morning and evening."

Red and white roses formed the base of the majority of these compounds, but the white roses were never taken internally. I can now understand the reason for the unceasing, the incurable melancholy that hung like a heavy black shadow

over so many of the Puritan divines in the early days of New England, as their gloomy sermons, their sad diaries and letters, plainly show. Those poor ministers had no chance to use such receipts, and thus get cured of "worms in the brain," with annual salaries of only £60, which they had to take in corn, wheat, codfish, or bearskins, in any kind of county pay, or even in wampum, in order to get it at all. Rubies and pearls and gold and coral were scarce in clerical circles in Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth plantations. Even amber and ivory were far from plentiful. Cleopatra drinks were out of fashion in the New World. So Mather and Hooker and Warham were condemned to die with "uncheered spirits" and unjeweled stomachs.

Another ingredient, unicorns' horns, which were ground and used in powders, must have been difficult to obtain in New England, although I believe Governor Winthrop had one sent to him as a gift from Old England. The horn of a unicorn was a sovereign detective to search out poison. If you fancied that your host was poisoning you (as was too often the case), you had only triumphantly to fetch out your trusty unicorn's horn, thrust it into the suspected cup, and either drink down the liquid with profuse apologies if your shockingly insulting suspicions proved incorrect, or kill your host if your horn turned color. Ambergris was also too rare and costly for American Puritans to use. A large lump of "ambergreese" was one of the most valued gifts to Queen Henrietta Maria in honor of the birth of her first child.

Insomnia is not a bane of our modern civilization alone. This little book shows that our ancestors craved and sought sleep just as we do. Here is a receipt to cure sleeplessness which might be tried by any wakeful soul of modern times, since it requires neither rubies, pearls, nor gold in its manufacture :—

"Bruise a handful of Annis-seeds, and steep them in Red Rose Water, & make it up in little bags, & binde one of them to ech Nostrill, and it will cause sleep."

So aniseed bags were used in those days for a purpose very different and remote from our modern one; if your nineteenth-century nose should refuse to accustom itself to having bags hung on it, you can "Chop Chamomile & crumbs of Brown Bread smal and boyl them with VVWhite VVine Vinegar, stir it wel and spred it on a cloth & binde it to the soles of the feet as hot as you can suffer it." And if that should not make you sleepy, there are frankincense-perfumed paper bags for your head, and some very pleasant things made of rose leaves for your temples, and hard-boiled eggs for the nape of your neck, — you can choose from all of these.

I fancy these remedies for sleeplessness were collected specially for Queen Henrietta Maria, whose well-known wakefulness inspired the elegant lines of Waller inscribed To the Lady who could do Anything but Sleep when she Chose. Small wonder she could not sleep in those troubled days; uneasy lay her fair crowned head. I do not like to think of her, though, with wet bags tied to her nose; I know her remedy was the rose leaves. Nor do I wish to remember that the poor sleepless queen at last found her death in a narcotic which was not as harmless as these in my Pearl of Practise.

They had abounding faith, these old Englishmen. Several of the prescriptions in *The Queen's Closet* are to cure people at a remote distance, by applying the nostrums to a linen cloth previously wet with the patient's blood. They had "plasters of power" that they put on the back of the head to draw the palate into place; and wonderful elixirs that would keep a dying man alive five years; and herb juices to make a dumb man speak. The following pre-

scription shows plainly their confiding spirit: —

"To Cure Deafnesse. — Take the Garden Dasie roots and make juyce therof, and lay the worst side of the head low upon the bolster & drop three or four drops therof into the better Ear: this do three or four dayes together."

The vanity of our far-away grandmothers was carefully catered to in this book. There are many receipts to "make the face fair." "Take the flowers of Rosemary and seeth them in VVWhite VVine, with which wash your face, and if you drink therof it will make you have a sweet breath." They were also told to gather the sweet May dew from the grass in the early morning to make a fair face; and pretty it were to see Cicely, Peg, and Joan in petticoat and sack or smock, each with a "faire linnen cloath" a-dipping her rosy face in the fresh May dew. Could this have been only a sly trick to get the maids from bed betimes? We know the early hour at which Madam Pepys bathed her "mighty handsome face" in the beautifying spring dew. The vain dames were also instructed to use gourd seed, liverwort, and almond milk for "Flaming Noses." Various tooth-washes and "dentifrices" were given (and under this name, which I had fancied to be quite a modern one).

"If you will keep your teeth from rot, plug, or aking, wash the mouth continually with Juyce of Lemons, and afterwards rub your teeth with a Sage Leaf and VVash your teeth after meat with faire water. To cure Tooth Ach. 1: Take Mastick and chew it in your mouth till it is as soft as VVax, then stop your teeth with it, if hollow, there remaining till it's consumed, and it will certainly cure you. 2: The tooth of a dead man carried about a man presently suppresses the pains of the Teeth."

I suppose this latter ghoulissh cure would not affect a woman; but if a seventeenth-century dame could cure the

toothache simply with a plug of mastic, she was much to be envied by her degenerate nineteenth-century sister with her long dentist's bill. Another "Dentifrice much approved at Court" runs thus : —

"First take eight ounces of Irios roots, also four ounces of Pomistone, and eight ounces of cutel bone, also eight ounces Mother of Pearl, and eight ounces of Coral, and a pound of Brown Sugar Candy, and a pound of Brick if you desire to make them red, but he did oftner make them white, and he did then instead of the Brick take a pound of white Alabaster; al this being thouroughly beaten and sifted through a fine searse, the powder is then prepared to make up in a past."

The paste was made with damask-rose water and gum "dragant" into "long rowls of Dentifrices." These dentifrices were rubbed on the teeth, toothbrushes not being used. Just fancy scouring the teeth with a stick of brick dust, pumice stone, powdered cuttle bone, mother of pearl, and coral! A short course of such treatment would leave no teeth to scour.

Hair restorers these ancients also used; and in these days of manifold mysterious nostrums that gild the head of declining age and make glad the waste places on bald young masculine pates, let us read the simple receipts of the good old times : —

"Take half a Pound of Aqua Mellis in the Springtime of the Year, warm a little of it every morning when you rise in a Sawcer, and tie a little Sponge to a fine Box combe, and dip it in the water and therewith moisten the roots of the hair in Combing it, and it will grow long and thick and curled in a very short time."

"Take three spoonfuls of Honey and a good handful of Vine Twigs that twist like VVire, and beat them wel, and strain thier Juyce into the Honey and anoynt the Bald Places therewith."

These washes were not so expensive as Hirsutus or Tricopherous, but quite as effective, perhaps. There were hair-dyes, too, "to make hair grow black though of any color;" and the leaf that holds this precious instruction is sadly worn and spotted with various-tinted inks, as though the words had been often read and copied : —

"Take a little Aqua Fortis, put therein a groat or sixpence, as to the quantity of the aforesaid water, then set both to dissolve before the fire, then dip a smal Spunge in the said water, and wet your beard or hair therewith, but touch not the skin."

Perfumes and powders were given that waft faint, balmy odors to our nostrils down through these long centuries. The fair dames were ordered to "wash the Gloves and Jerkins first in old red Rose water and then lay your perfume in." Orris root, clover, violet flowers, lavender, orange flowers, ambergris, damask rosebuds, "civit," musk, gillyflowers, cloves, and cowslips combine their fragrance in these old receipts. Queen Elizabeth's perfume was made of rosemary and benjamin, while King Edward, who had a pretty taste in such trifles, furnished a rule to make the house sweet with damask roses.

In a "medical dispensatory" of the times, the different varieties of medicines are enumerated. They are "leaves, herbs, roots, barks, seeds, flowers, juices, distilled waters, syrups, juleps, decoctions, oils, electuaries, conserves, preserves, lohocks, ointments, plaisters, poultices, troches, and pills." These words and articles are all used nowadays except the "lohock," which was to be *licked* up, and in consistency stood in the intermediate ground between an electuary and a syrup. These terms, of course, were in the Galenic practice. In *The Queen's Closet* all the physic was found afield, with the exception of the precious metals and one compound, "rubila," which was made of antimony and

nitre. To this latter mixture the Americans did not take kindly; Giles Firmin called it a "meene helpe." There was also an "oyntment" made of quicksilver, verdigris, and brimstone mixed with "barrows grease," which was good for "horse, man, or other beast." Alum and copperas were once recommended for external use. The powerful "plaster of Paracelsus" was not composed of mineral drugs, as might be supposed, but was of herbs, and from the ingredients named must have been particularly nasty smelling as well as powerful.

The medicine mithridate forms a part in many of these prescriptions; it does not seem to be regarded as an alexipharmic, but as a soporific. It is said to have been the cure-all of King Mithridates. I will not give an account of the process of its manufacture; it would fill about three pages of this magazine, and I should think it would take about six weeks to compound a good dose of it. There are forty-five different articles used, each to be prepared "by slow degrees," and introduced with great care; some of them (such as treacle mustard, the rape of storax, camel's hay, and bellies of skinks) might also be inconvenient to procure. Mithridates would hardly recognize his own medicine in this conglomeration, for when Pompey found his precious receipt it was simple enough: "Pound with care two walnuts, two dried figs, twenty pounds of rice, and a grain of salt." I think we might take this *cum grano salis*.

Queer were the names of some of the herbs: alehoof, which was ground-ivy, or gill-go-by-ground, or haymaids, or twinhoof, or gill-creep-by-ground, and was an herb of Venus, and thus in special use for "passions of the heart;" the blessed thistle, of which one scandalized old writer says, "I suppose the name was put upon it by them that had little holiness themselves;" clary, or clear-eye, or Christ's-eye, which latter name

makes the same writer indignantly say, "I could wish from my soul that blasphemy and ignorance were ceased among physicians," — as if the poor doctors gave these folk-names. The "crabs-claws" so often mentioned was also an herb, otherwise known as knights-pond water and freshwater-soldier. The "mints" to flavor were horsemint, spearmint, peppermint, catmint, and heartmint.

The earliest New England colonists did not discover in the new country all the herbs and simples of their native land, but the Indian powwows knew of others that answered every purpose; very healing herbs, too, as Wood in his New England's Prospects unwillingly acknowledges and explains: "Sometimes the devil for requital of thier worship recovers the partie to muzzle them up in thier devilish Religion." The planters sent to England for herbs and drugs, as existing inventories show; and they planted seeds, and soon had plenty of home herbs that grew apace. The New Haven colony passed a law at an early date to force the destruction of a "great stinking poisonous weed" which is said to have been the *Datura stramonium*, a medicinal herb. It had been brought over by the Jamestown colonists, and had spread miraculously, and was known as "Jimson" or Jamestown weed.

These old Englishmen did not measure the drugs with precision in preparing their medicines, as do our chemists nowadays, nor were their prescriptions written in Latin nor with cabalistic marks, — the asbestos stomachs and colossal minds of our ancestors were above such petty minuteness; nor did they administer the doses with exactness. "The bigth of a walnut," "enough to lie on a pen knives point," "the weight of a shilling," "enough to cover a French crown," "as bigg as a haslenut," "as great as a charger," "the bigth of a Turkeys Egg," "a pretty draught," "a pretty bunch of herbs," "take a little

handful," "take a pretty quantity as often as you please," — such are the lax directions that accompany these old prescriptions.

There is a charm in these medical rules in my old book, in spite of the earth-worms and wood-lice and adders and vipers in which some of them abound (to say nothing of other and more shocking ingredients). In surprising and unpleasant compounds they do not excel the prescriptions in a serious medical book published in Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1835. Nor is Cotton Mather's favorite and much-vaunted ingredient millepedes, or *sowbugs*, once mentioned within. All are not vile in my Queen's Closet, — far from it. Medicines composed of Canary wine or sack, with rose water, juice of oranges and lemons, syrup of clove-gillyflower, loaf sugar, "Mallago raisins," nutmegs, cloves, cinnamon, mace, remind me strongly of Josselyn's "New England nectar," and render me quite dissatisfied with our modern innovations of quinine, iron, antipyrine, and phenacetin, and even make only passively welcome the innocuous and uninteresting homœopathic pellet and drop.

But whatever the medicines were, of the cooking receipts in *The Compleat Cook* but one word can be said, — that of praise. This book was printed one hundred years before the cook-book of the celebrated Mrs. Glass, and I read "in great amaze" at the luxury, the refinement, of the court of Charles I. Not only did the seventeenth-century cooks possess delicious materials, but they knew how to use them. I never pity the Pilgrim mothers and Puritan goodwives who came to these lonely, desolate shores of New England more than when I read this cook-book. Although they were not of the court, these pious women gave up the most dainty, most nourishing, most appetizing food to live upon mussels, codfish, corn bread, peas and pork, and "pompions." Even

in the large towns and plantations, in the year 1656, such a cook-book as this would have been of little use, for the goodwives were too frugal and too poor to afford any luxury. Small wonder *The Queen's Closet Opened* is more worn than *The Compleat Cook*.

Let me give one of the delicious dishes. With so much "richness" I hardly know which to choose.

"To make a Pigeon Pye. — Take your Pigeons (if they be not very young, cut them into four quarters,) one sweet-bread sliced the long way, that it may be thin, and the peeces not too big, one Sheeps tongue, little more than parboyl'd and the skin pul'd off, and the tongue cut in slices, two or three slices of Veale, as much of Mutton, young Chickens (if not little, quarter them), chick Heads, lark or any such like, Pullets, Coxcombs, Oysters, Calves' Udder cut in peeces, good Store of Marrow for seasoning; take as much Pepper & Salt as you think fit to season it Slightly, good Store of Sweet Marjoram, a little Time and Lemon-Pill fine sliced; season it well with these spices as the time of the year will afford; put in either of Chesnuts (if you put in Chesnuts they must be either boyl'd or roasted,) Goose berries or Guage; large Mace will do well in this Pye; then take a little Piece of Veal parboyl'd and slice it very fine, as much Marrow as meat stirred amongst it; then take grated Bread, as much as a quarter of the meat, four yelks of Eggs or more according to the Stuff you make; shred Dates as small as may be, season it with salt, Nutmeg as much as will season it, sweet Marjoram a pretty store but very small shred, work it up with as much sweet Creame as will make it up in little puddings, some long, some round, so put as many of them in the Pye as you please; put therein two or three spoonfulls of Gravy of Mutton, or so much strong Mutton Broth, before you put it in the Oven, the bottome of boyl'd Hartichoks, minced Marrow over and in the bottom

of the Pye after your Pye is baked; when you put it up, have some five yolks of Eggs minced, and the juyce of two or three Oranges, the meat of one Lemon cut in Peeces, a little VVhite and Claret VVine; put this in your Pye, being well mingled, and shake it very well together."

By this time you have lost the pigeons, but you have found a pie worthy of Brillat-Savarin; and its lordly lavishment makes a pleasant picture of the luxury of the times.

The receipt for Virginia trout I regard with keen disfavor, as an entirely needless and disagreeable seventeenth-century British sneer at America; somewhat after the fashion of calling salt codfish "Cape Cod turkey."

"To make Virginia Trout. — Take pickled Herrings, cut off thier Heads, and lay the bodies two dayes and nights in water, then wash them well, then season them with Mace, Cinamon, Cloves, Pepper, and a little red Saunders, then lay them close in a pot with a little onyon strewed small upon them, and cast between every Layer; when you have thus done, put in a pint of Clarret VVine to them, and cover them with a double paper tyed on the pot, and set them in the oven with household bread. They are to be eaten cold."

This is as simple a receipt as any of the three hundred in the book; but, after all, Virginia trout could not have been ill to eat, though they were but masquerading herring.

Long have I known a sack posset. Oft hath my old friend Will Shakespeare spoken of it, but ne'er till now have I known how to mix it.

"Take a Quart of Cream and boyle it very well with Sugar, Mace, and Nutmeg, take half a pint of Sack and as much Ale, and boyle them well together with Some Sugar; then put your Cream into your Bason to your Sack, then heat a pewter dish very hot and cover your Bason with it, and set it by the fireside,

and let it stand there two or three houres before you use it."

If you have no cream, you can "make a Sack Posset without Milk or Cream."

"Take eighteen Eggs, whites and all, taking out the treads, let them be beaten very well; take a pint of Sack and a quart of Ale boyl'd, and scum it, then put in three-quarters of a pound of sugar and a little Nutmeg, let it boyl a little together, then take it off the fire, stirring the Eggs still; put into them two or three Ladlefuls of drink; then mingle all together, and set it on the fire, and keepe it stirring till you find it thick; then serve it up."

All the possets, paps, caudles, fumities, and syllabubs are delightful; a toper would long for the king's strong ales and meads and metheglins, for the "usquebarbs" and dainty wines. The "Taffaty Tarts," "Apple Tanseys," "Pye Slumps," "Gooseberry Fools," "Angelots," "Poor Knights," and "Devonshire VVhite Pots" make one's mouth water. The preserves, candies, and cakes are concocted with judgment, and can hardly be excelled by Miss Parloa; the curds and cheeses and creams — clouted cream, sack cream, "pyramids" cream, Spanish cream, French barley cream, and almond cream — are quite beyond her. I think she might learn from *The Compleat Cook* much about the dressing of fish, for the receipts are the most toothsome, the most dainty, that I have ever seen.

They were as exact and nice in speaking of fish in those days as they were in dressing it. They could not refer to serving or helping salmon. They had to say "chine that salmon," "string that lamprey," "splat that pike," "sauce that plaice or tench," "splay that bream," "side that haddock," "tusk that barbel," "culpon that trout," "fin that chevin," "transom that eel," "tranch that sturgeon," "undertranch that porpoise," "tame that crab," and "barb that lobster." I suppose, had a

diner-out said, "Will you culpon that salmon and let me have a slice?" or "Will you kindly tranch that trout?" he would have been hopelessly lost, — stamped at once as low bred and plebeian. They had also to mind their manners when they carved or asked for game or fowl. They had to speak of "rearing a goose," "lifting a swan," "saucing a capon," "spoiling a hen," "trussing a chicken," "unbracing a mallard," "unlacing a cony," "dismembering a heron," "displaying a crane," "disfiguring a peacock," "unjointing a bittern," "untacking a curlew," "allaying a pheasant," "winging a partridge or a quail," "mincing a plover," "thighing a pigeon or woodcock." It must have been very embarrassing when they did not really recognize whether it were a crane or a heron that was placed before them; or, worse yet, when they had to draw a fine line between a hen and a chicken. Perhaps it is better, after all, to have our game and fowl served as they are nowadays, cut up secretly in a "Black Hole" of a butler's pantry, and shoved in warmish slices in front of us, — the very kind and cut we don't like. We should never have the patience for so much etiquette, or, as the book says, "a-la-mode ways," in carving in this century.

In all the list no mention is made of what we regard as a most characteristic English viand, — roast beef. Though cooked and served in Queen Elizabeth's day, it did not become popular until the reign of Charles II. The Merry Monarch knighted the Sirloin of Beef. The barons and cavaliers fought upon minces and stews and made dishes; but they were good ones, and nourished good soldiers. Not until the fork was introduced was spoon meat crowded out. Nor are turkeys alluded to, though "turkies, carp, hops, piccarel & beare came into England all in one yeare," the year 1524. In *The Accomplisht Cook*, printed in 1678 (and in which

many of the receipts are taken word for word from *The Compleat Cook*), turkeys are frequently named, and Pepys often dined upon them. There was not the great variety of vegetables that we have to cook with; onions, parsley, "caphers," "chibals," mushrooms, pom-pions, "spinage," "clove of garlick," rice, and artichokes comprise the short list. "Turneps" are mentioned in the medicines. A receipt for "patis," or cabbage cream, is given, but I can discover no cabbage in it.

Potatoes are not named, though they appear in *The Accomplisht Cook*, where, I may say in passing, they are ordered to be boiled and blanched; seasoned with nutmeg, cinnamon, and pepper; mixed with "eringo roots," dates, lemons, and whole mace; covered with butter, sugar, and grape verjuice; made with pastry into a pie, and iced with rose water and sugar. Alas! poor, ill-used, besugared potato! I can well understand why Englishmen did not take kindly to the new vegetable.

But one objection could be brought to any of these receipts by the owner of a modern palate, — the use of perfumes. Musk and civet are employed in some confections, as well as rose and violet and orange-flower water. The coloring matters seem also rather curious, — "saunders, saffron, chochineli, and blew starch," and juices of violets, gillyflowers, and marigolds.

Obsolete words are found, and words with obsolete meanings. Cakes and puddings were baked in "coffins;" sugar and spices were "searsed;" they "cod-dled," "seethed," "bottomed," "endored." In bread they had "cheat-loaves" and "mauchets" and "crack-nels," as well as many other varieties. They had "strikes of malt," "coasts of beef," "cheese mots," and "ranioles," and yet the receipts are all easy to comprehend. I am surprised to find that they had "marchepans," "fritturs," "jumbals," and "sallets," all of which

I had thought to be comparatively modern dishes.

Now shall you receive from this old book the choicest, rarest, most delectable receipt of all that are therein — No, marry! you shall not! Preserve to myself will I this Old English riddle, this seventeenth-century secret. Be it a

quiddany or a marmalade, an electuary or a lochock, a hypocras or a pomander, be it made of horrihocks or mushrumps or fricats, you shall never know. Live proudly shall I the rest of my days in the surety that I am the only dame in this New World who knows how to make for you a Damnable Hum.

Alice Morse Earle.

THE REFORM OF THE SENATE.

It might plausibly be maintained that the United States Senate is the most corrupting element in our national political system. This is not because it has become, as is sometimes alleged, a club of millionaires. Such a consummation would not have displeased certain of the framers of the Constitution. General Pinckney opposed the payment of salaries to Senators, on the ground that their branch "was meant to represent the wealth of the country," and that, in the absence of salaries, "the wealthy alone would undertake the service." Franklin seconded his motion. George Mason would have annexed a property qualification, since "one important object in constituting the Senate was to secure the rights of property." Their views did not prevail, but the millionaires have arrived, and make no scruple about drawing their salaries. They are a consequence of the mode of electing Senators established by the Constitution, and a part of the general demoralization ascribable to the same cause.

Notoriously, the Senate was the great stumbling-block — almost the *crux* — in the constitutional settlement. Edmund Randolph's plan provided for its election by the House "out of a proper number of persons nominated by the individual legislatures." George Read's substituted the President for the House. Dickinson, following Spaight, of North

Carolina, moved that the legislatures elect. Wilson, of Pennsylvania, on the other hand, advocated direct popular election; arguing that a choice by the legislatures would "introduce and cherish local interests and local prejudices." Any of the rejected schemes, we can see, would have had its own dangers and abuses; but who can say whether the result would have been more disastrous than that of Dickinson's, under which we have worked for a century? Read thought he foresaw, from the general character of the Constitution, an end of the federal system by absorption, so that the state governments would "soon be reduced to the mere office of electing the national Senate;" and this fear found an echo in the ratifying conventions. Thus, in Pennsylvania, John Smilie, speaking for the minority in opposition, said the state legislature would "necessarily degenerate into a mere name, or at most settle in a formal board of electors, periodically assembled to exhibit the servile farce of filling up the federal representation." In New York, again, it was objected that the Senate would tend to perpetuate itself, and Chancellor Livingston retorted: "Can they make interest with their legislatures, who are themselves varying every year, sufficient for such a purpose? Can we suppose two Senators will be able to corrupt the whole legis-

lature of this State? The idea, I say, is chimerical. The thing is impossible."

No contemporary, so far as I can discover, anticipated the precise evil which has brought us to our present pass, and which is touched upon, all too lightly, by Mr. Bryce in the chapter on the Senate in his *American Commonwealth*. After quoting Hamilton, in *The Federalist*, as saying that the Senate would furnish "a convenient link" between the federal and state systems, Mr. Bryce remarks (the italics are mine): —

"In one respect this connection is no unmixed benefit, for it has helped to make the national parties powerful and their strife intense, in these last-named bodies. *Every vote in the Senate is so important to the great parties that they are forced to struggle for ascendancy in each of the state legislatures by whom the Senators are elected.*"

In other words, the Constitution from the beginning insured the coincidence of state with federal party lines. This, it may be admitted, tended irresistibly to the consolidation of the country, but it had also the effect of mischievously prolonging the term of party existence; producing artificial divisions in local matters; making party fealty, and not competence or honesty or patriotism, the credential of office-holding at every degree of the scale, whether state or federal; and so leading to the steady deterioration of the personnel of state legislatures, the growth of machine rule, the purchasability of senatorships, and the decline of the federal Senate to what we now see it, — in large measure a medley of millionaires, "bosses," and the representatives of selfish interests.

If we must have parties, it is highly desirable that they should arise spontaneously, on clearly formulated principles and with definite objects; that they should cease to exist as soon as possible after these objects have been attained; that they should be easily attacked when the love of power becomes the real

motive for existence, and when insincere professions take the place of genuine beliefs and aspirations; that honest members should be free to withdraw, and coöperate patriotically with others of like mind; that we should not go on stupidly transmitting from sire to son the antipathy begotten by obsolete party differences which have been outlasted by party names. To such flexibility the Constitution has erected a formidable barrier in the provision which forces state politics to turn upon the national complexion of the legislature, and makes the arbitrary control of that body by the managing spirits of the great parties the key to the political game.

That a governor, again, in ordinary times, or a mayor, a town collector, an overseer of the poor, a constable, should be selected for his national party badge, and not for fitness and probity, is of course destructive of the idea that public office is a public trust, derived from the people and answerable to the people. Have we not here the germ of the most of our civic corruption? The very existence of the machine and the boss is involved in keeping up this vicious confusion of things entirely distinct, and in hindering the subservient partisan from voting upon the real local (state or municipal) issue, or upon the character of the candidate, by making his concern for the success of the national party paramount. So long as this state of things continues, it seems hopeless to look for any such purification of our politics as will tempt men of refinement, honor, training, and public spirit to seek a statesman's career. The federal Senate, which should be the assured goal of the class competent to govern, and a model of legislative dignity, capacity, and behavior, cannot be expected to fulfill these functions while the state legislatures remain vulgar, petty, and sordid; and the state legislatures, in their turn, cannot avoid these vices so long as their excuse for being is prima-

rily to elect Senators, and only secondarily to attend to the affairs of their respective commonwealths.

One who examines the subject closely, in search of a remedy short of an amendment of the Constitution, will fix upon the abrogation of the existing statute regulating the election of Senators, and propose either the substitution of a new law, or the relegation to the several States of the control of the whole matter. The statute in question was approved on July 25, 1866, by President Johnson. It was introduced by Senator Clark, of New Hampshire, pursuant to instructions to the Judiciary Committee, on motion of Senator Williams, of Oregon, to inquire into the expediency of providing a uniform and effective mode of securing the election of Senators in Congress by the legislatures of the several States. It was reported — as Senate Bill 414, “to regulate the times and manner of holding elections for Senators of Congress” — and read and passed to a second reading on July 9, 1866. It excited no partisan opposition, and was passed two days later, after a short debate. On July 12 it was ordered printed by the House; on July 23 it was read three times without debate, and passed by a large majority. It was intended, in the language of Senator Clark, “to avoid the questions and differences that have sometimes existed.” In this it has only partially succeeded, while it has tended steadily to impair the quality of the Senators returnable under it.

The law provides that the two houses of the legislature shall meet and vote separately for Senator on the first ballot, afterwards in joint convention; that voting shall be *viva voce*, and election by majority; and that at least one vote daily shall be taken till election is arrived at.

All these provisions encountered weighty objections. Senator Sherman, who voted in the negative, and who,

from past experience, saw little need of Congress availing itself of its constitutional right to interfere, preferred a joint convention at once, advocated election by plurality, and was indisposed to interrupt the legislature's proper work till the senatorial election was got out of the way. He also pointed out the awkward effect of the law in the case of States holding biennial elections, — that a vote for Senator might have to be taken fifteen or eighteen months in advance. Senator Fessenden made a strong but ineffectual stand against the *viva voce* vote, as not being the usage in his State of Maine for one thing, and because “it is generally understood that the ballot is a more free and unembarrassed mode of voting.” Moreover, he said, the *viva voce* vote was liable to put men “under restraints from party discipline which would lead them to act against their conscientious convictions of what was right and proper in the individual case, and which might bring a sort of compulsory pressure upon them which might be objectionable.” Against this, Western usage was held up by Senators Trumbull and Williams: Trumbull saying that constituents had a right to know how members voted, and that there would be no chance to cheat by false or double ballots; and Williams, that members were frequently instructed by constituents how to vote, and the latter had a right to know if their mandate was obeyed as it should be. Senator Anthony, of the pocket borough of Rhode Island, even advocated open voting by the people at the polls as the only true way; alleging, “It prevents corruption, it prevents deception, and cultivates a manly spirit everywhere.” Senator Sumner was of the contrary opinion as regarded popular elections, but held that in the legislature the votes belonged to the constituents. Mr. Edmunds and Mr. Sherman voted with Mr. Fessenden, and there were three others of like mind; but twenty-eight held to *viva voce*.

It cannot be doubted that the overruling of these objections played admirably into the hands of the machine, insuring its control of the nominations and its marshaling of supporters by party pressure and by purchase. The open vote does not "prevent corruption;" it favors it by putting an obstacle in the way of treachery on the part of the bribed. It "prevents deception" of a certain kind, while fostering the grave deception that the legislator is voting according to his "conscientious convictions," and not from "compulsory pressure." It "cultivates a manly spirit," such as rings and machines most delight in, or manufacturers who wish to coerce the vote of their employees. Happily there is no need to insist on this point, as we are in the midst of an extraordinary movement, State after State, to substitute everywhere the secret for the open ballot as a means of restoring a manly spirit to the voter, protecting him from the consequences of his vote, and, above all, enabling him to baffle the cut-and-dried schemes of the caucus and the machine with independent nominations, having a chance of success without great outlay or preliminary organization. The Australian ballot, in fact, whose potency in purifying our politics cannot now be calculated, but which is certain to be very great, commends itself for adoption wherever the corruptionist or the boss finds a field for his devilish activity; and were the States once more free to elect Senators in their own fashion, this mode of voting might stand a chance of being prescribed for senatorial elections.

To make it of the greatest utility for this purpose, however, it ought to operate on a greater number of nominations than are commonly presented to a legislature by the respective party machines or caucuses. To secure these we must look to the people, making an appeal to them in advance of the mischief which they are now powerless to stave off or

to repair. For this we have the warrant of the supporters of the statute of 1866 themselves. Senator Williams, as we have seen, held that, despite the constitutional injunction that the legislature should choose Senators, constituents had a right to instruct members how to vote, and to be obeyed; and Senator Sumner quite as frankly took the same ground. Both, in other words, acknowledged the rightful force of public opinion in shaping the legislature's action; and, as a matter of history, Senators have, in certain States, again and again owed their reelection to respect for the popular sentiment and tradition in favor of retaining faithful servants in office.

Let us, then, suppose the States free to give to the people the power of nominating, at the proper general election, candidates for the approaching senatorial vacancy. Suppose that these nominations were reached as now under the ballot-reform laws; the State printing on the official ballot the names of such as had a certain group of petitioners behind them (say three to five thousand). Then let the five to ten highest be the popular instruction to the legislature to choose from among these, and let the legislative voting take place in joint convention, again by the Australian system, each member to vote on the first ballot for three on the list; on the second, for one (or two, as the case may be) out of the three highest as determined by the first ballot. In case of a tie, let the decision be by lot.

From this method certain obvious benefits would accrue. The legislator's choice would no longer be — as it too often is now, as the common voter's generally is — merely a choice of two evils. The people of the State would scan eagerly their own list of candidates, and could not avoid the comparison between the most worthy and the least, especially if the latter were the party nominees. A man fit to be Senator

would have a decided prestige when proposed in this manner as against the product of intrigue and jobbery. Such men would tend to multiply in the popular nominations, inasmuch as they could allow their names to be used without loss of self-respect, and with no obligation to work in their own behalf. Their appearance in the public view as ready to serve the State would recommend them for election to the legislature or to the lower house of Congress; in either of which positions they would demonstrate their fitness for promotion to the federal Senate, while meantime elevating the bodies to which they were elected. Moreover, if an abundance of good material were always in sight, the practice of nominating non-residents of the congressional districts, which is much to be desired, and which was signally exemplified last year in Massachusetts in the case of Dr. William Everett, would become common.

If a precedent be demanded for nominations in the manner just described, we can cite that recalled to mind by President Welling in a recent address on Connecticut Federalism before the New York Historical Society.

"I must add," he says, "that the old electoral system of Connecticut was ingeniously devised to promote the genesis of a natural aristocracy, — the aristocracy of talents and virtues. Each freeman in the colony was required, in September of each year, to name twenty men whom he wished to have placed in nomination for the office of 'Assistant,' the so-called 'Assistants' being the dignitaries who composed the Council, or colonial Senate. From the mass of nominations made at these primary assemblies of the townships, the General Assembly, six months before each election, selected and published the names of the twenty men who had received the highest number of nominating votes, and these men alone could be voted for on the day of the final election, when

twelve out of the twenty were to be elected."

Nearer in point of time and to our present purpose is the Massachusetts practice during the first quarter of the century, by which each congressional district nominated three presidential electors, of whom the legislature chose one for each district, besides the two electors at large.

Still closer and more recent is the provision of the Constitution of Nebraska (1875) noticed by Mr. Bryce. The electors, in voting for state legislators, are allowed to "express by ballot their preference for some person for the office of United States Senator. The votes cast for such candidates shall be canvassed and returned in the same manner as for state officers." The futility of this, however, is apparent, as the legislature is in no way constrained to pay any heed to public sentiment. In fact, in actual practice, this privilege has only once been availed of by the people of Nebraska, namely, in 1886, when General Van Wyck made an active canvass in his own behalf as an anti-monopolist. The Republican and Democratic parties abstained from preliminary nominations, and General Van Wyck secured in November about a third as many votes as were cast for governor. In January, on the first two ballots, he received a plurality of the legislative vote, but was finally rejected.

To head off the machine, to give back to the people the right of *nomination* as well as of election, to restore to the state legislatures their stateward-looking character and duties, to divorce (so far as is possible) national from state politics, to fill the federal Senate with men whose prime qualifications are unpartisan and whose election is spontaneous, to pave the way for the reëtrance into politics of the cultivated classes to whom it has become abhorrent, — all this may be accomplished by making the choice of United States Senator un-

certain to such a degree that no political rewards can be promised or obtained in connection with it. Let the people nominate, let the legislature choose, within limits. Mr. Bryce remarks on the Nebraska provision that it is "an attempt to evade, and by a side wind defeat, the provision of the federal Constitution which vests the choice in the legislature;" and of course the same criticism would apply *a fortiori* to the scheme set forth in this paper. But is it certain that the courts would so pronounce? The legislature would still choose, if under conditions prescribed by the state laws, supposing the statute of 1866 to have been abrogated. Moreover, in practice, its range of choice would be, not diminished, but enlarged. Nobody has challenged, or would venture to challenge, Mr. Bryce's own account of the existing procedure. Senators, he observes, "are still nominally chosen, as under the letter of the Constitution they must be chosen, by the state legislatures. The state legislature means, of course, the party for the time dominant, which holds a party meeting (caucus) and decides on the candidate, who is thereupon elected, the party going solid for whomsoever the majority has approved. Now the determination of the caucus has almost always been arranged beforehand by the party managers. . . . Circumstances may change, compromises may be necessary; still, it is now generally true that in most States little freedom of choice remains with the legislature. The people, or rather those wire-pullers who manage the people and act in their name, have practically settled the matter at the election of the state legislature."

But what if the wire-pullers find that electing the legislature is not the same

as electing the Senator? They will lose the chief reason for interfering with these elections, which will tend more and more to be governed by local issues and personal merit. The men thus sent up will be more independent of party, and more free to choose wisely and patriotically from the list for Senator returned by their constituents.

The stability of the federal Senate is, no doubt, a wholesome feature of our Constitution, but we must not forget that this branch became the bulwark of slavery, which measured its term of life by the preponderance of its supporters in the upper house. Two years ago, the promoters of our present tariff legislation were confident that their control of the Senate would prevent for years to come the undoing of the extremest measure they might carry in the short interval of their having a majority in the House of Representatives also. Certain accidents by which the engineer was hoist with his own petard have falsified this calculation; but the danger is a standing one, and the Senate ought never to be counted upon as the citadel of sectional or selfish combinations. The law under which it is now renewed favors such a perversion of it, and it has not prevented deadlocks. It is time that the States should ask to have their freedom restored to them,¹ and take the penalty of going unrepresented so long as they cannot agree upon a candidate. We might then introduce by degrees the combination of popular nomination and secret balloting described above, and trust to a steady if slow amelioration of the whole tone of our politics, a decline in the persistence of parties and a falling-off in party management, the emancipation of the state legislatures, the reformation of the federal Senate.

Wendell P. Garrison.

¹ While this article has been passing through the press, the Illinois legislature has taken the initiative in a movement to amend the Con-

stitution so as to provide for the election of United States Senators by popular vote.

THE MARRIAGES.

I.

"Won't you stay a little longer?" the hostess said, holding the girl's hand and smiling. "It's too early for every one to go; it's too absurd." Mrs. Churchley inclined her head to one side and looked gracious; she held up to her face, in a vague, protecting, sheltering way, an enormous fan of red feathers. Everything about her, to Adela Chart, was enormous. She had big eyes, big teeth, big shoulders, big hands, big rings and bracelets, big jewels of every sort and many of them. The train of her crimson dress was longer than any other; her house was huge; her drawing-room, especially now that the company had left it, looked vast, and it offered to the girl's eyes a collection of the largest sofas and chairs, pictures, mirrors, and clocks that she had ever beheld. Was Mrs. Churchley's fortune also large, to account for so many immensities? Of this Adela could know nothing, but she reflected, while she smiled sweetly back at their entertainer, that she had better try to find out. Mrs. Churchley had at least a high-hung carriage drawn by the tallest horses, and in the Row she was to be seen perched on a mighty hunter. She was high and expansive herself, though not exactly fat; her bones were big, her limbs were long, and she had a loud, hurrying voice, like the bell of a steamboat. While she spoke to his daughter she had the air of hiding from Colonel Chart, a little shyly, behind the wide ostrich fan. But Colonel Chart was not a man to be either ignored or eluded.

"Of course every one is going on to something else," he said. "I believe there are a lot of things to-night."

"And where are *you* going?" Mrs. Churchley asked, dropping her fan and

turning her bright, hard eyes on the colonel.

"Oh, I don't do that sort of thing!" he replied, in a tone of resentment just perceptible to his daughter. She saw in it that he thought Mrs. Churchley might have done him a little more justice. But what made the honest soul think that she was a person to look to for a perception of fine shades? Indeed, the shade was one that it might have been a little difficult to seize — the difference between "going on" and coming to a dinner of twenty people. The pair were in mourning; the second year had not lightened it for Adela, but the colonel had not objected to dining with Mrs. Churchley, any more than he had objected, at Easter, to going down to the Millwards', where he had met her, and where the girl had her reasons for believing him to have known he should meet her. Adela was not clear about the occasion of their original meeting, to which a certain mystery attached. In Mrs. Churchley's exclamation now there was the fullest concurrence in Colonel Chart's idea; she did n't say, "Ah, yes, dear friend, I understand!" but this was the note of sympathy she plainly wished to sound. It immediately made Adela say to her, "Surely you must be going on somewhere yourself."

"Yes, you must have a lot of places," the colonel observed, looking at her shining raiment with a sort of invidious directness. Adela could read the tacit implication: "You're not in sorrow, in desolation."

Mrs. Churchley turned away from her at this, waiting just a moment before answering. The red fan was up again, and this time it sheltered her from Adela. "I'll give everything up — for *you*," were the words that issued from behind it. "*Do* stay a little. I always think

this is such a nice hour. One can really talk," Mrs. Churchley went on. The colonel laughed; he said it was n't fair. But their hostess continued, to Adela, "Do sit down; it's the only time to have any talk." The girl saw her father sit down, but she wandered away, turning her back and pretending to look at a picture. She was so far from agreeing with Mrs. Churchley that it was an hour she particularly disliked. She was conscious of the queerness, the shyness, in London; of the gregarious flight of guests, after a dinner, the general *sauve qui peut* and panic fear of being left with the host and hostess. But personally she always felt the contagion, always conformed to the flurry. Besides, she felt herself turning red now, flushed with a conviction that had come over her and that she wished not to show.

Her father sat down on one of the big sofas with Mrs. Churchley; fortunately, he was also a person with a presence that could hold its own. Adela did n't care to sit and watch them while they made love, as she crudely formulated it, and she cared still less to join in their conversation. She wandered further away, went into another of the bright, "handsome," rather nude rooms — they were like women dressed for a ball — where the displaced chairs, at awkward angles to each other, seemed to retain the attitudes of bored talkers. Her heart beat strangely, but she continued to make a pretense of looking at the pictures on the walls and the ornaments on the tables, while she hoped that, as she preferred it, it would be also the course that her father would like best. She hoped "awfully," as she would have said, that he would n't think her rude. She was a person of courage, and he was a kind, an intensely good-natured man; nevertheless, she was a good deal afraid of him. At home it had always been a religion with them to be nice to the people he liked. How, in the old days, her mother, her incompa-

rable mother, so clever, so unerring, so perfect — how in the precious days her mother had practiced that art! Oh, her mother, her irrecoverable mother! One of the pictures that she was looking at swam before her eyes. Mrs. Churchley, in the natural course, would have begun immediately to climb staircases. Adela could see the high bony shoulders, and the long crimson tail, and the universal coruscating nod wriggle their business-like way through the rest of the night. Therefore she *must* have had her reasons for detaining them. There were mothers who thought every one wanted to marry their eldest son, and the girl asked herself if *she* belonged to the class of daughters who thought every one wanted to marry their father. Her companions left her alone; and though she did n't want to be near them, it angered her that Mrs. Churchley did n't call her. That proved that she was conscious of the situation. She would have called her, only Colonel Chart had probably murmured, "Don't." That proved that he also was conscious. The time was really not long — ten minutes at the most elapsed — when he cried out, gayly, pleasantly, as if with a little jocular reproach, "I say, Adela, we must release this dear lady!" He spoke, of course, as if it had been Adela's fault that they lingered. When they took leave, she gave Mrs. Churchley, without intention and without defiance, but from the simple sincerity of her anxiety, a longer look into the eyes than she had ever given her before. Mrs. Churchley's onyx pupils reflected the question; they seemed to say, "Yes, I *am*, if that's what you want to know!"

What made the case worse, what made the girl more sure, was the silence preserved by her companion in the brougham, on their way home. They rolled along in the June darkness from Prince's Gate to Seymour Street, each looking out of a window in conscious dumbness; watching without seeing the

hurry of the London night, the flash of lamps, the quick roll on the wood of hansoms and other broughams. Adela had expected that her father would say something about Mrs. Churchley; but when he said nothing, it was, strangely, still more as if he had spoken. In Seymour Street he asked the footman if Mr. Godfrey had come in, to which the servant replied that he had come in early and gone straight to his room. Adela had perceived as much, without saying so, by a lighted window in the third story; but she contributed no remark to the question. At the foot of the stairs her father halted a moment, hesitating, as if he had something on his mind; but what it amounted to, apparently, was only the dry "Good-night" with which he presently ascended. It was the first time since her mother's death that he had bidden her good-night without kissing her. They were a kissing family, and after her mother's death the habit had taken a fresh spring. She had left behind her such a general passion of regret that in kissing each other they seemed to themselves a little to be kissing her. Now, as, standing in the hall, with the stiff watching footman (she could have said to him angrily, "Go away!") planted near her, she looked with unspeakable pain at her father's back while he mounted, the effect was of his having withheld from other and still more sensitive lips the touch of his own.

He was going to his room, and after a moment she heard his door close. Then she said to the servant, "Shut up the house" (she tried to do everything her mother had done, to be a little of what she had been, conscious only of mediocrity), and took her own way upstairs. After she had reached her room she waited, listening, shaken by the apprehension that she should hear her father come out again and mount to Godfrey's room. He would go up to tell him, to have it over without delay, pre-

cisely because it would be so difficult. She asked herself, indeed, why he should tell Godfrey, when he had not taken the occasion — their drive home was an occasion — to tell herself. However, she wanted no announcing, no telling; there was such a horrible clearness in her mind that what she now waited for was only to be sure her father would n't leave his room. At the end of ten minutes she saw that this particular danger was over, upon which she came out and stole up to Godfrey. Exactly what she wanted to say to him first, if her father counted on the boy's greater indulgence, and before he could say anything, was, "Don't forgive him; don't, don't!"

He was to go up for an examination, poor fellow, and during these weeks his lamp burned till the small hours. It was for the diplomatic service, and there was to be some frightful number of competitors; but Adela had great hopes of him — she believed so in his talents, and she saw, with pity, how hard he worked. This would have made her spare him, not trouble his night, his scanty rest, if anything less dreadful had been at stake. It was a blessing, however, that one could count upon his coolness, young as he was — his bright, good-looking discretion. Moreover, he was the one who would care most. If Leonard was the eldest son — he had, as a matter of course, gone into the army, and was in India, on the staff, by good luck, of a governor-general — it was exactly this that would make him comparatively indifferent. His life was elsewhere, and his father and he had been in a measure military comrades, so that he would be deterred by a certain delicacy from protesting; he would n't have liked his father to protest in an affair of *his*. Beatrice and Muriel would care, but they were too young to speak, and this was just why her own responsibility was so great.

Godfrey was in working-gear — shirt

and trousers and slippers and a beautiful silk jacket. His room felt hot, though a window was open to the summer night; the lamp on the table shed its studious light over a formidable heap of textbooks and papers, and the bed showed that he had flung himself down to think out a problem. As soon as she got in she said to him, "Father's going to marry Mrs. Churchley!"

She saw the poor boy's pink face turn pale. "How do you know?"

"I've seen with my eyes. We've been dining there — we've just come home. He's in love with her — she's in love with him; they'll arrange it."

"Oh, I say!" Godfrey exclaimed, incredulous.

"He will, he will, he will!" cried the girl; and with this she burst into tears.

Godfrey, who had a cigarette in his hand, lighted it at one of the candles on the mantelpiece as if he were embarrassed. As Adela, who had dropped into his armchair, continued to sob, he said, after a moment, "He oughtn't to — he oughtn't to."

"Oh, think of mamma — think of mamma!" the girl went on.

"Yes, he ought to think of mamma," and Godfrey looked at the tip of his cigarette.

"To such a woman as that, after *her*!"

"Dear old mamma!" said Godfrey, smoking.

Adela rose again, drying her eyes. "It's like an insult to her; it's as if he denied her." Now that she spoke of it, she felt herself tremendously exalted. "It's as if he rubbed out at a stroke all the years of their happiness."

"They were awfully happy," said Godfrey.

"Think what she was — think how no one else will ever again be like her!" the girl cried.

"I suppose he's not very happy now," Godfrey continued vaguely.

"Of course he is n't, any more than

you and I are; and it's dreadful of him to want to be."

"Well, don't make yourself miserable till you're sure," the young man said.

But his sister showed him confidently that she was sure, from the way the pair had behaved together and from her father's attitude on the drive home. If Godfrey had been there he would have seen everything; it could n't be explained, but he would have *felt*. When he asked at what moment the girl had first had her suspicion, she replied that it had all come at once, that evening; or that at least she had had no conscious fear till then. There had been signs for two or three weeks, but she had n't understood them — ever since the day Mrs. Churchley had dined in Seymour Street. Adela had thought it odd then that her father had wished to invite her, in the quiet way they were living; she was a person they knew so little. He had said something about her having been very civil to him, and that evening, already, she had guessed that he had been to Mrs. Churchley's oftener than she had supposed. To-night it had come to her clearly that he had been to see her every day since the day she dined with them; every afternoon, about the hour she thought he was at his club. Mrs. Churchley was his club, — she was just like a club. At this Godfrey laughed; he wanted to know what his sister knew about clubs. She was slightly disappointed in his laugh, slightly wounded by it, but she knew perfectly what she meant: she meant that Mrs. Churchley was public and florid, promiscuous and mannish.

"Oh, I dare say she's all right," said Godfrey, as if he wanted to get on with his work. He looked at the clock on the mantelshelf; he would have to put in another hour.

"All right to come and take darling mamma's place — to sit where *she* used to sit, to lay her horrible hands on *her*

things?" Adela was appalled — all the more that she had not expected it — at her brother's apparent acceptance of such a prospect.

He colored; there was something in her passionate piety that scorched him. She glared at him with her tragic eyes as if he had profaned an altar. "Oh, I mean nothing will come of it."

"Not if we do our duty," said Adela.

"Our duty?"

"You must speak to him — tell him how we feel; that we shall never forgive him, that we can't endure it."

"He'll think I'm cheeky," returned Godfrey, looking down at his papers, with his back to her and his hands in his pockets.

"Cheeky, to plead for *her* memory?"

"He'll say it's none of my business."

"Then you believe he'll do it?" cried the girl.

"Not a bit. Go to bed!"

"I'll speak to him," said Adela, as pale as a young priestess.

"Don't cry out till you're hurt; wait till he speaks to *you*."

"He won't, he won't!" the girl declared. "He'll do it without telling us."

Her brother had faced round to her again; he started a little at this, and again, at one of the candles, lighted his cigarette, which had gone out. She looked at him a moment; then he said something that surprised her.

"Is Mrs. Churchley very rich?"

"I have n't the least idea. What has that to do with it?"

Godfrey puffed his cigarette. "Does she live as if she were?"

"She's surrounded with vulgar luxury."

"Well, we must keep our eyes open," said Godfrey. "And now you *must* let me get on." He kissed his sister, as if to make up for dismissing her, or for his failure to take fire; and she held him a moment, burying her head on his shoulder. A wave of emotion surged through her; she broke out with a wail:

"Ah, why did she leave us? Why did she leave us?"

"Yes, why indeed?" the young man sighed, disengaging himself with a movement of oppression.

II.

Adela was so far right as that by the end of the week, though she remained certain, her father had not made the announcement she dreaded. What made her certain was the sense of her changed relations with him — of there being between them something unexpressed, something of which she was as conscious as she would have been of an unhealed wound. When she spoke of this to Godfrey, he said the change was of her own making, that she was cruelly unjust to the governor. She suffered even more from her brother's unexpected perversity; she had had so different a theory about him that her disappointment was almost an humiliation, and she needed all her fortitude to pitch her faith lower. She wondered what had happened to him and why he had changed. She would have trusted him to feel right about anything, above all about such a matter as this. Their worship of their mother's memory; their recognition of her sacred place in their past, her exquisite influence in their father's life, his fortunes, his career, in the whole history of the family and welfare of the house — accomplished, clever, gentle, good, beautiful, and capable as she had been, a woman whose soft distinction was universally proclaimed, so that on her death one of the Princesses, the most august of her friends, had written Adela such a note about her as princesses were understood very seldom to write: their hushed tenderness over all this was a kind of religion, and also a sort of honor, in falling away from which there was a semblance of treachery. This was not the way people usually felt in Lon-

don, she knew; but, strenuous, ardent, observant girl as she was, with secretaries of sentiment and dim originalities of attitude, she had already made up her mind that London was no place to look for delicacies. Remembrance there was hammered thin, and to be faithful was to be a bore. The patient dead were sacrificed; they had no shrines, for people were literally ashamed of mourning. When they had hustled all sensibility out of their lives, they invented the fiction that they felt too much to utter. Adela said nothing to her sisters; this reticence was part of the virtue it was her system to exercise for them. *She* was to be their mother, a direct deputy and representative. Before the vision of that other woman parading in such a character she felt capable of ingenuities and subtleties. The foremost of these was tremulously to watch her father. Five days after they had dined together at Mrs. Churchley's he asked her if she had been to see that lady.

"No, indeed, why should I?" Adela knew that he knew she had not been, since Mrs. Churchley would have told him.

"Don't you call on people after you dine with them?" said Colonel Chart.

"Yes, in the course of time. I don't rush off within the week."

Her father looked at her, and his eyes were colder than she had ever seen them, which was probably, she reflected, just the way her own appeared to him. "Then you'll please rush off to-morrow. She's to dine with us on the 12th, and I shall expect your sisters to come down."

Adela stared. "To a dinner party?"

"It's not to be a dinner party. I want them to know Mrs. Churchley."

"Is there to be nobody else?"

"Godfrey, of course. A family party."

The girl asked her brother that evening if *that* was not tantamount to an announcement. He looked at her queerly,

and then he said, "I've been to see her."

"What on earth did you do that for?"

"Father told me he wished it."

"Then he *has* told you?"

"Told me what?" Godfrey asked, while her heart sank with the sense that he was making difficulties for her.

"That they're engaged, of course. What else can all this mean?"

"He did n't tell me that, but I like her."

"*Like* her!" the girl shrieked.

"She's very kind, very good."

"To thrust herself upon us when we hate her? Is that what you call kind? Is that what you call decent?"

"Oh, I don't hate her," Godfrey rejoined, turning away as if his sister bored him.

She went the next day to see Mrs. Churchley, with a vague plan of breaking out to her, appealing to her, saying, "Oh, spare us! have mercy on us! let him alone! go away!" But that was not easy when they were face to face. Mrs. Churchley had every intention of getting, as she would have said — she was perpetually using the expression — into touch; but her good intentions were so many boisterous blunders. She could never understand that they had no place for her vulgar charity; that their life was filled with a fragrance of perfection for which she had no sense fine enough. She was as undomestic as a shop-front, and as out of tune as a parrot. She would make them live in the streets, or bring the streets into their lives — it was the same thing. She had evidently never read a book, and she used intonations that Adela had never heard, as if she had been an Australian or an American. She understood everything in a vulgar sense; speaking of Godfrey's visit to her and praising him according to her idea, saying horrid things about him — that he was awfully good-looking, a perfect gentleman, the kind she liked. How

could her father, who was after all, in everything else, such a dear, listen to a woman, or endure her, who thought she was pleasing when she called the son of his dead wife a perfect gentleman? What would he have been, pray? Much she knew about what any of them were! When she told Adela she wanted her to like her, the girl thought for an instant her opportunity had come—the chance to plead with her and beg her off. But she presented such an impenetrable surface that it would have been like giving a message to a varnished door. She was n't a woman, said Adela; she was an address.

When she dined in Seymour Street, the “children,” as the girl called the others, including Godfrey, liked her. Beatrice and Muriel stared shyly and silently at the wonders of her apparel (she was brutally overdressed) without, of course, guessing the danger that hung over them. They supposed her, in their innocence, to be amusing, and they did n't know, any more than she did herself, that she patronized them. When she was upstairs with them, after dinner, Adela could see her looking round the room at the things she meant to alter; their mother's things, not a bit like her own and not good enough for her. After a quarter of an hour of this, our young lady felt sure she was deciding that Seymour Street would n't do at all, the dear old home that had done for their mother for twenty years. Was she plotting to transport them all to her horrible Prince's Gate? Of one thing, at any rate, Adela was certain: her father, at that moment, alone in the dining-room with Godfrey, pretending to drink another glass of wine to make time, was coming to the point, was telling the news. When they came upstairs, they both, to her eyes, looked strange: the news had been told.

She had it from Godfrey before Mrs. Churchley left the house, when, after a brief interval, he followed her out of

the drawing-room when she took her sisters to bed. She was waiting for him at the door of her room. Her father was then alone with his *fiancée* (the word was grotesque to Adela); it was already as if it were her home.

“What did you say to him?” the girl asked, when her brother had told her.

“I said nothing.” Then he added, coloring (the expression of her face was such), “There was nothing to say.”

“Is that how it strikes you?” said Adela, staring at the lamp.

“He asked me to speak to her,” Godfrey went on.

“To speak to her?”

“To tell her I was glad.”

“And did you?” Adela panted.

“I don't know. I said something. She kissed me.”

“Oh, how *could* you?” shuddered the girl, covering her face with her hands.

“He says she's very rich,” said Godfrey simply.

“Is that why you kissed her?”

“I did n't kiss her. Good-night,” and the young man, turning his back upon her, went out.

When her brother was gone Adela locked herself in, as if with the fear that she should be overtaken or invaded, and during a sleepless, feverish, memorable night she took counsel of her uncompromising spirit. She saw things as they were, in all the indignity of life. The levity, the mockery, the infidelity, the ugliness, lay as plain as a map before her; it was a world *pour rire*, but she cried about it, all the same. The morning dawned early, or rather it seemed to her that there had been no night, nothing but a sickly, creeping day. But by the time she heard the house stirring again she had determined what to do. When she came down to the breakfast-room her father was already in his place, with newspapers and letters; and she expected the first words he would utter to be a rebuke to her for having

disappeared, the night before, without taking leave of Mrs. Churchley. Then she saw that he wished to be intensely kind, to make every allowance, to placate and console her. He knew that she knew from Godfrey, and he got up and kissed her. He told her as quickly as possible, to have it over, stammering a little, with an "I've a piece of news for you that will probably shock you," yet looking even exaggeratedly grave and rather pompous, to inspire the respect he did n't deserve. When he kissed her she melted, she burst into tears. He held her against him, kissing her again and again, saying tenderly, "Yes, yes, I know, I know." But he did n't know, or he could never have done it. Beatrice and Muriel came in, frightened when they saw her crying, and still more scared when she turned to them with words and an air that were terrible in their comfortable little lives: "Papa's going to be married; he's going to marry Mrs. Churchley!" After staring a moment and seeing their father look as strange, on his side, as Adela, though in a different way, the children also began to cry, so that when the servants arrived, with tea and boiled eggs, these functionaries were greatly embarrassed with their burden, not knowing whether to come in or hang back. They all scraped together a decorum, and as soon as the things had been put on the table the colonel banished the men with a glance. Then he made a little affectionate speech to Beatrice and Muriel, in which he assured them that Mrs. Churchley was the kindest, the most delightful, of women, only wanting to make them happy, only wanting to make him happy, and convinced that he would be if they were, and that they would be if he was.

"What do such words mean?" Adela asked herself. She declared, privately, that they meant nothing, but she was silent, and every one was silent, on account of the advent of Miss Flynn,

the governess, before whom Colonel Chart preferred not to discuss the situation. Adela recognized on the spot that, if things were to go as he wished, his children would practically never again be alone with him. He would spend all his time with Mrs. Churchley till they were married, and then Mrs. Churchley would spend all her time with him. Adela was ashamed of him, and that was horrible — all the more that every one else would be, all his other friends, every one who had known her mother. But the public dishonor to that high memory should not be enacted, he should not do as he wished.

After breakfast her father told her that it would give him pleasure if, in a day or two, she would take her sisters to see Mrs. Churchley, and she replied that he should be obeyed. He held her hand a moment, looking at her with an appeal in his eyes which presently hardened into sternness. He wanted to know that she forgave him, but he also wanted to say to her that he expected her to mind what she did, to go straight. She turned away her eyes; she was indeed ashamed of him.

She waited three days, and then she took her sisters to see Mrs. Churchley. That lady was surrounded with callers, as Adela knew she would be; it was her "day" and the occasion the girl preferred. Before this she had spent all her time with her sisters, talking to them about their mother, playing upon their memory of her, making them cry and making them laugh, reminding them of certain hours of their early childhood, telling them anecdotes of her own. None the less she assured them that she believed there was no harm at all in Mrs. Churchley, and that when the time should come she would probably take them out immensely. She saw with smothered irritation that they enjoyed their visit in Prince's Gate; they had never been at anything so "grown up," nor seen so many smart bonnets and

brilliant complexions. Moreover, they were considered with interest, as if, as features of Mrs. Churchley's new life, they had been described in advance and were the heroines of the occasion. There were so many ladies present that Mrs. Churchley didn't talk to them much; but she called them her "chicks," and asked them to hand about teacups and bread and butter. All this was highly agreeable and indeed intensely exciting to Beatrice and Muriel, who had little round red spots in their cheeks when they came away. Adela quivered with the sense that her mother's children were now Mrs. Churchley's "chicks" and features of Mrs. Churchley's life.

It was one thing to have made up her mind, however; it was another thing to make her attempt. It was when she learned from Godfrey that the day was fixed, the 20th of July, only six weeks removed, that she felt the importance of prompt action. She learned everything from Godfrey now, having determined that it would be hypocrisy to question her father. Even her silence was hypocritical, but she could n't weep and wail. Her father showed extreme tact; taking no notice of her detachment, treating her as if it were a moment of *bouderie* which he was bound to allow her and which would pout itself away. She debated much as to whether she should take Godfrey into her confidence; she would have done so without hesitation if he had not disappointed her. He was so strange and so perversely preoccupied that she could explain it only by the high pressure at which he was living, his anxiety about his "exam." He was in a fidget, in a fever, putting on a spurt to come in first; skeptical, moreover, about his success and cynical about everything else. He appeared to agree to the general axiom that they did n't want a strange woman thrust into their home, but he found Mrs. Churchley "very jolly as a person to know." He had been to see her by himself; he had

been to see her three times. He said to his sister that he would make the most of her now; he should probably be so little in Seymour Street after these days. What Adela at last determined to say to him was that the marriage would never take place. When he asked her what she meant and who was to prevent it, she replied that the interesting couple would give it up themselves, or that Mrs. Churchley, at least, would, after a week or two, back out of it.

"That will be really horrid, then," Godfrey rejoined. "The only respectable thing, at the point they've come to, is to put it through. Charming for poor father to have the air of being thrown over."

This made her hesitate two days more, but she found answers more valid than any objections. The many-voiced answer to everything — it was like the autumn wind round the house — was the backward affront to her mother. She was dead, but it killed her again. So one morning, at eleven o'clock, when Adela knew her father was writing letters, she went out quietly, and, stopping the first hansom she met, drove to Prince's Gate. Mrs. Churchley was at home, and she was shown into the drawing-room with the request that she would wait five minutes. She waited, without the sense of breaking down at the last, the impulse to run away, which was what she had expected to have. In the cab and at the door her heart had beat terribly, but now, suddenly, with the game really to play, she found herself lucid and calm. It was a joy to her to feel, later, that this was the way Mrs. Churchley found her; not confused, not stammering nor prevaricating, only a little amazed at her own courage, conscious of the immense responsibility of her step, and wonderfully older than her years. Her hostess fixed her at first with the waiting eyes of a cashier, but after a little, to Adela's surprise, she burst into tears. At this the girl cried

herself, but it was with the secret happiness of believing they were saved. Mrs. Churchley said she would think over what she had been told, and she promised Adela, freely enough and very firmly, not to betray the secret of her visit to the colonel. They were saved — they were saved: the words sung themselves in the girl's soul as she came downstairs. When the door was opened for her she saw her brother on the step, and they looked at each other in surprise, each finding it on the part of the other an odd hour for Prince's Gate. Godfrey remarked that Mrs. Churchley would have enough of the family, and Adela answered that she would perhaps have too much. None the less the young man went in, while his sister took her way home.

III.

Adela Chart saw nothing of her brother for nearly a week; he had more and more his own time and hours, adjusted to his tremendous responsibilities, and he spent whole days at his crammer's. When she knocked at his door, late in the evening, he was not in his room. It was known in the house that he was greatly worried; he was horribly nervous about his ordeal. It was to begin on the 23d of June, and his father was as worried as himself. The wedding had been arranged in relation to this; they wished poor Godfrey's fate settled first, though it was felt that the nuptials would be darkened if it should not be settled right.

Ten days after her morning visit to Mrs. Churchley Adela began to perceive that there was a difference in the air; but as yet she was afraid to exult. It was not a difference for the better, so that there might be still many hours of pain. Her father, since the announcement of his intended marriage, had been visibly pleased with himself, but that

pleasure appeared to have undergone a check. Adela had the impression which the passengers on a great steamer receive when, in the middle of the night, they hear the engines stop. As this impression resolves itself into the general sense that something serious has happened, so the girl asked herself what had happened now. She had expected something serious; but it was as if she could n't keep still in her cabin — she wanted to go up and see. On the 20th, just before breakfast, her maid brought her a message from her brother. Mr. Godfrey would be obliged if she would speak to him in his room. She went straight up to him, dreading to find him ill, broken down, on the eve of his formidable week. This was not the case, however, inasmuch as he appeared to be already at work, to have been at work since dawn. But he was very white, and his eyes had a strange and new expression. Her beautiful young brother looked older; he looked haggard and hard. He met her there as if he had been waiting for her, and he said immediately, "Please to tell me this, Adela: what was the purpose of your visit, the other morning, to Mrs. Churchley — the day I met you at her door?"

She stared — she hesitated. "The purpose? What's the matter? Why do you ask?"

"They've put it off — they've put it off a month."

"Ah, thank God!" said Adela.

"Why do you thank God?" Godfrey exclaimed roughly.

His sister gave a strained, intense smile. "You know I think it's all wrong."

He stood looking at her up and down. "What did you do there? How did you interfere?"

"Who told you I interfered?" she asked, flushing.

"You said something — you did something. I knew you had done it when I saw you come out."

"What I did was my own business."

"Damn your own business!" cried the young man.

She had never in her life been so spoken to, and in advance, if she had been given the choice, she would have said that she would rather die than be so spoken to by Godfrey. But her spirit was high, and for a moment she was as angry as if some one had cut at her with a whip. She escaped the blow, but she felt the insult. "And *your* business, then?" she asked. "I wondered what that was when I saw *you*."

He stood a moment longer frowning at her; then, with the exclamation "You've made a pretty mess!" he turned away from her and sat down to his books.

They had put it off, as he said; her father was dry and stiff and official about it. "I suppose I had better let you know that we have thought it best to postpone our marriage till the end of the summer—Mrs. Churchley has so many arrangements to make:" he was not more expansive than that. She neither knew nor greatly cared whether it was her fancy or a reality that he watched her obliquely, to see how she would take these words. She flattered herself that, thanks to Godfrey's preparation, cruel as the form of it had been, she took them very cleverly. She had a perfectly good conscience, for she was now able to judge what odious elements Mrs. Churchley, whom she had not seen since the morning in Prince's Gate, had already introduced into their relations with each other. She was able to infer that her father had not concurred in the postponement, for he was more restless than before, more absent, and distinctly irritable. There was of course still the question of how much of this condition was to be attributed to his solicitude about Godfrey. That young man took occasion to say a horrible thing to his sister: "If I don't pass it will be your fault." These were dreadful days

for the girl, and she asked herself how she could have borne them if the hovering spirit of her mother had not been at her side. Fortunately, she always felt it there, sustaining, commending, sanctifying. Suddenly her father announced to her that he wished her to go immediately, with her sisters, down to Overland, where there was always part of a household, and where for a few weeks they would be sufficiently comfortable. The only explanation he gave of this desire was that he wanted them out of the way. "Out of the way of what?" she queried, since, for the time, there were to be no preparations in Seymour Street. She was willing to believe that it was out of the way of his nerves.

She never needed urging, however, to go to Overland, the dearest old house in the world, where the happiest days of her young life had been spent and the silent nearness of her mother always seemed greatest. She was happy again, with Beatrice and Muriel and Miss Flynn, and the air of summer, and the haunted rooms, and her mother's garden, and the talking oaks, and the nightingales. She wrote briefly to her father, to give him, as he had requested, an account of things; and he wrote back that, since she was so contented (she did n't remember telling him that), she had better not return to town at all. The rest of the season was not important for her, and he was getting on very well. He mentioned that Godfrey had finished his examination; but, as she knew, there would be a tiresome wait before they could learn the result. Godfrey was going abroad for a month with young Sherard—he had earned a little rest and a little fun. He went abroad without a word to Adela, but in his beautiful little hand he took a chaffing leave of Beatrice. The child showed her sister the letter, of which she was very proud and which contained no message for Adela. This was the worst bitterness of the whole crisis for that young lady—that it exhibited so

strangely the creature in the world whom, after her mother, she had loved best.

Colonel Chart had said he would "run down" while his children were at Overland, but they heard no more about it. He only wrote two or three times to Miss Flynn, upon matters in regard to which Adela was surprised that he should not have communicated with herself. Muriel accomplished an upright little letter to Mrs. Churchley — her eldest sister neither fostered nor discouraged the performance — to which Mrs. Churchley replied, after a fortnight, in a meagre and, as Adela thought, illiterate fashion, making no allusion to the approach of any closer tie. Evidently the situation had changed; the question of the marriage was dropped, at any rate for the time. This idea gave the girl a singular and almost intoxicating sense of power; she felt as if she were riding on a great wave of responsibility. She had chosen and acted, and the greatest could do no more than that. The grand thing was to see one's results, and what else was she doing? These results were in important and opulent lives; the stage was large on which she moved her figures. Such a vision was exciting, and as they had the use of a couple of ponies at Overland she worked off her excitement by a long ride. A day or two after this, however, came news of which the effect was to rekindle it. Godfrey had come back, the list had been published, he had passed first. These happy tidings proceeded from the young man himself; he announced them by a telegram to Beatrice, who had never in her life before received such a missive, and was proportionately inflated. Adela reflected that she herself ought to have felt snubbed, but she was too happy. They were free again, they were themselves, the nightmare of the previous weeks was blown away, the unity and dignity of her father's life were restored, and, to round off her sense of

success, Godfrey had achieved his first step toward high distinction. She wrote to him the next day, as frankly and affectionately as if there had been no estrangement between them; and besides telling him that she rejoiced in his triumph, she begged him in charity to let them know exactly how the case stood with regard to Mrs. Churchley.

Late in the summer afternoon she walked through the park to the village with her letter, posted it, and came back. Suddenly, at one of the turns of the avenue, halfway to the house, she saw a young man looking toward her and waiting for her — a young man who proved to be Godfrey, on his way, on foot, across from the station. He had seen her, as he took his short cut, and if he had come down to Overland it was not, apparently, to avoid her. There was none of the joy of his triumph in his face, however, as he came a very few steps to meet her; and although, stiffly enough, he let her kiss him and say, "I'm so glad — I'm so glad!" she felt that this tolerance was not quite the calmness of the rising diplomatist. He turned toward the house with her and walked on a short distance, while she uttered the hope that he had come to stay some days.

"Only till to-morrow morning. They are sending me straight to Madrid. I came down to say good-by; there's a fellow bringing my portmanteau."

"To Madrid? How awfully nice! And it's awfully nice of you to have come," Adela said, passing her hand into his arm.

The movement made him stop; and, stopping, he turned on her, in a flash, a face of something more than suspicion — of passionate reprobation. "What I really came for — you might as well know without more delay — is to ask you a question."

"A question?" Adela repeated, with a beating heart.

They stood there, under the old trees,

in the lingering light, and, young and fine and fair as they both were, they were in complete superficial accord with the peaceful English scene. A near view, however, would have shown that Godfrey Chart had not come down to Overland to be superficial. He looked deep into his sister's eyes and demanded, "What was it you said, that morning, to Mrs. Churchley?"

Adela gazed at the ground a moment; then, raising her eyes, "If she has told you, why do you ask?"

"She has told me nothing. I've seen for myself."

"What have you seen?"

"She has broken it off — everything's over — father's in the depths."

"In the depths?" the girl quavered.

"Did you think it would make him jolly?" asked her brother.

"He'll get over it; he'll be glad."

"That remains to be seen. You interfered, you invented something, you got round her. I insist on knowing what you did."

Adela felt that she could be obstinate if she wished, and that if it should be a question of organizing a defense she should find treasures of perversity under her hand. She stood looking down again a moment, and saying to herself, "I could be dumb and dogged if I chose, but I scorn to be." She was not ashamed of what she had done, but she wanted to be clear. "Are you absolutely certain it's broken off?"

"He is, and she is; so that's as good."

"What reason has she given?"

"None at all — or half a dozen; it's the same thing. She has changed her mind — she mistook her feelings — she can't part with her independence; moreover, he has too many children."

"Did he tell you this?" said Adela.

"Mrs. Churchley told me. She has gone abroad for a year."

"And she did n't tell you what I said to her?"

"Why should I take this trouble if she had?"

"You might have taken it to make me suffer," said Adela. "That appears to be what you want to do."

"No, I leave that to *you*; it's the good turn you've done me!" cried the young man, with hot tears in his eyes.

She stared, aghast with the perception that there was some dreadful thing she did n't know; but he walked on, dropping the question angrily and turning his back to her as if he could n't trust himself. She read his disgust in his averted face, in the way he squared his shoulders and smote the ground with his stick, and she hurried after him, and presently overtook him. She accompanied him for a moment in silence; then she pleaded: "What do you mean? What in the world have I done to you?"

"She would have helped me; she was all ready to do it," said Godfrey.

"Helped you in what?" She wondered what he meant; if he had made debts that he was afraid to confess to his father, and — of all horrible things — had been looking to Mrs. Churchley to pay. She turned red with the mere apprehension of this, and, on the heels of her guess, exulted again at having perhaps averted such a shame.

"Can't you see that I'm in trouble? Where are your eyes, your senses, your sympathy, that you talk so much about? Have n't you seen these six months that I've a cursed worry in my life?"

She seized his arm, she made him stop, she stood looking up at him like a frightened little girl. "What's the matter, Godfrey — what is the matter?"

"You've vexed me so — I could strangle you!" he growled. This idea added nothing to her dread; her dread was that he had done some wrong, was stained with some guilt. She uttered it to him with clasped hands, begging him to tell her the worst; but, still more passionately, he cut her short with his own

cry: "In God's name, satisfy me! What infernal thing did you do?"

"It was not infernal; it was right. I told her mamma had been wretched," said Adela.

"Wretched? You told her such a lie?"

"It was the only way, and she believed me."

"Wretched how — wretched when — wretched where?" the young man stammered.

"I told her papa had made her so, and that *she* ought to know it. I told her the question troubled me unspeakably, but that I had made up my mind it was my duty to initiate her." Adela paused, with the light of bravado in her face, as if, though struck, while she phrased it, with the monstrosity of what she had done, she was incapable of abating a jot of it. "I notified her that he had faults and peculiarities that made mamma's life a long worry — a martyrdom that she hid wonderfully from the world, but that we saw and that I had often pitied. I told her what they were, these faults and peculiarities; I put the dots on the *i*'s. I said it was n't fair to let another person marry him without a warning. I warned her; I satisfied my conscience. She could do as she liked. My responsibility was over."

Godfrey gazed at her; he listened, with parted lips, incredulous and appalled. "You invented such a tissue of falsities and calumnies, and you talk about your conscience? You stand there in your senses and proclaim your crime?"

"I would have committed any crime that would have rescued us."

"You insult and defame your own father?" Godfrey continued.

"He'll never know it; she took a vow she would n't tell him."

"I'll be damned if I won't tell him!" Godfrey cried.

Adela felt sick at this, but she flamed

up to resent the treachery, as it struck her, of such a menace. "I did right — I did right!" she vehemently declared. "I went down on my knees to pray for guidance, and I saved mamma's memory from outrage. But if I had n't — if I had n't" — she faltered for an instant — "I'm not worse than you, and I'm not as bad, for you've done something that you are ashamed to tell me."

Godfrey had taken out his watch; he looked at it with quick intensity, as if he were not hearing nor heeding her. Then, glancing up with his calculating eye, he fixed her long enough to exclaim, with unsurpassable horror and contempt, "You raving maniac!" He turned away from her; he bounded down the avenue in the direction from which they had come, and, while she watched him, strode away across the grass, toward the short cut to the station.

IV.

Godfrey's portmanteau, by the time Adela got home, had been brought to the house, but Beatrice and Muriel, who had been informed of this, waited for their brother in vain. Their sister said nothing to them about having seen him, and she accepted, after a little, with a calmness that surprised herself, the idea that he had returned to town to denounce her. She believed that would make no difference now, and she had done what she had done. She had, somehow, a faith in Mrs. Churchley. If Mrs. Churchley had broken off, she would n't renew. She was a heavy-footed person, incapable of further prancing. Adela recognized, too, that it might well have come over her that there were too many children. Lastly, the girl fortified herself with the reflection, grotesque under the circumstances, and tending to prove that her sense of humor was not high, that her father, after all, was not a man to be played

with. It seemed to her, at any rate, that if she *had* prevented his marriage she could bear anything — bear imprisonment and bread and water, bear lashes and torture, bear even his lifelong reproach. What she could bear least was the wonder of the inconvenience she had inflicted on Godfrey. She had time to turn this over, very vainly, for a succession of days — days more numerous than she had expected, which passed without bringing her from London any summons to come up and take her punishment. She sounded the possible, she compared the degrees of the probable; feeling, however, that, as a cloistered girl, she was poorly equipped for speculation. She tried to imagine the calamitous things young men might do, and could only feel that such things would naturally be connected either with money or with women. She became conscious that after all she knew almost nothing about either subject. Meanwhile, there was no reverberation from Seymour Street, only a sultry silence.

At Overland she spent hours in her mother's garden, where she had grown up, where she considered that she was training for old age, for she meant not to depend upon whist. She loved the place as, had she been a good Catholic, she would have loved her church; and indeed there was in her passion for flowers something of the respect of a religion. They seemed to her the only things in the world that really respected themselves, unless one made an exception for Nutkins, who had been in command all through her mother's time, with whom she had a real friendship, and who had been affected by their pure example. He was the person left in the world with whom, on the whole, she could talk most intimately about her mother. They never had to name her together — they only said "she;" and Nutkins freely conceded that she had taught him everything he knew. When Beatrice and Muriel said "she" they

referred to Mrs. Churchley. Adela had reason to believe that she should never marry, and that some day she should have about a thousand a year. This made her see in the far future a little garden of her own, under a hill, full of rare and exquisite things, where she would spend most of her old age on her knees, with an apron and stout gloves, a pair of shears and a trowel, surrounded by the general comfort of being thought mad.

One morning, ten days after her scene with Godfrey, upon coming back into the house shortly before lunch, she was met by Miss Flynn with the notification that a lady in the drawing-room had been waiting for her for some minutes. "A lady" suggested immediately Mrs. Churchley. It came over Adela that the form in which her penalty was to descend would be a personal explanation with that misdirected woman. The lady had not given her name, and Miss Flynn had not seen Mrs. Churchley; nevertheless the governess was certain that Adela's surmise was wrong.

"Is she big and dreadful?" the girl asked.

Miss Flynn, who was circumspection itself, hesitated a moment. "She's dreadful, but she's not big." She added that she was not sure she ought to let Adela go in alone; but this young lady felt throughout like a heroine, and it was not for a heroine to shrink from any encounter. Was she not, every instant, in transcendent contact with her mother? The visitor might have no connection whatever with the drama of her father's frustrated marriage; but everything, to-day, to Adela, was a part of that.

Miss Flynn's description had prepared her for a considerable shock, but she was not agitated by her first glimpse of the person who awaited her. A youngish, well-dressed woman stood there, and there was a silence between them while they looked at each other.

Before either of them had spoken, however, Adela began to see what Miss Flynn had intended. In the light of the drawing-room window, the lady was five-and-thirty years of age and had vivid yellow hair. She also had a blue cloth suit with brass buttons, a stick-up collar like a gentleman's, a necktie arranged in a sailor's knot, with a golden pin in the shape of a little lawn-tennis racket, and pearl-gray gloves with big black stitchings. Adela's second impression was that she was an actress; her third was that no such person had ever before crossed that threshold.

"I'll tell you what I've come for," said the apparition. "I've come to ask you to intercede." She was not an actress; an actress would have had a nicer voice.

"To intercede?" Adela was too bewildered to ask her to sit down.

"With your father, you know. He does n't know, but he'll have to." Her "have" sounded like "'ave." She explained, with many more such sounds, that she was Mrs. Godfrey, that they had been married seven months. If Godfrey was going abroad, she must go with him, and the only way she could go with him would be for his father to do something. He was afraid of his father—that was clear; he was afraid even to tell him. What she had come down for was to see some other member of the family face to face ("fice to fice" Mrs. Godfrey called it), and try if he could n't be approached by another side. If no one else would act, then she would just have to act herself. The colonel would have to do something—that was the only way out of it.

What really happened Adela never quite understood; what seemed to be happening was that the room went round and round. Through the blur of perception accompanying this effect the sharp stabs of her visitor's revelation came to her like the words heard by a patient "going off" under ether. She

denied passionately, afterwards, even to herself, that she had done anything so abject as to faint; but there was a lapse in her consciousness in relation to Miss Flynn's intervention. This intervention had evidently been active, for when they talked the matter over, later in the day, with bated breath and infinite dissimulation for the school-room quarter, the governess had more information, and still stranger, to impart than to receive. She was at any rate under the impression that she had contended, in the drawing-room, with the yellow hair, after removing Adela from the scene and before inducing Mrs. Godfrey to withdraw. Miss Flynn had never known a more thrilling day, for all the rest of it, too, was pervaded with agitations and conversations, precautions and alarms. It was given out to Beatrice and Muriel that their sister had been taken suddenly ill, and the governess ministered to her in her room. Indeed, Adela had never found herself less at ease; for this time she had received a blow that she could n't return. There was nothing to do but to take it, to endure the humiliation of her wound.

At first she declined to take it; it was much easier to consider that her visitor was a monstrous masquerader. On the face of the matter, moreover, it was not fair to believe till one heard; and to hear, in such a case, was to hear Godfrey himself. Whatever his sister had tried to imagine about him, she had not arrived at anything so belittling as an idiotic secret marriage with a dyed and painted hag. Adela repeated this last word as if it gave her some comfort; and indeed, where everything was so bad, fifteen years of seniority made the case little worse. Miss Flynn was portentous, for Miss Flynn had had it out with the wretch. She had cross-questioned her and had not broken her down. This was the most important hour of Miss Flynn's life; for whereas she usually had to content herself with

being humbly and gloomily in the right, she could now be magnanimously and showily so. Her only perplexity was as to what she ought to do — write to Colonel Chart or go up to town to see him. She bloomed with alternatives, never having had such a thing before. Toward evening Adela was obliged to recognize that Godfrey's worry, of which he had spoken to her, had appeared bad enough to consist even of a low wife, and to remember that, so far from its being inconceivable that a young man in his position should clandestinely take one, she had been present, years before, during her mother's lifetime, when Lady Molesley declared gayly, over a cup of tea, that this was precisely what she expected of her eldest son. The next morning it was the worst possibilities that seemed the clearest; the only thing left with a tatter of dusky comfort being the ambiguity of Godfrey's charge that his sister's action had "done" for him. That was a matter by itself, and she racked her brains for a connecting link between Mrs. Churchley and Mrs. Godfrey. At last she made up her mind that they were related by blood; very likely, though differing in fortune, they were sisters. But even then what did her brother mean?

Arrested by the unnatural fascination of opportunity, Miss Flynn received before lunch a telegram from Colonel Chart — an order for dinner and a vehicle; he and Godfrey were to arrive at six o'clock. Adela had plenty of occupation for the interval, for she was pitying her father when she was not rejoicing that her mother had gone too soon to know. She flattered herself that she could scan the providential reason of that cruelty now. She found time, however, still to wonder for what purpose, under the circumstances, Godfrey was to be brought down. She was not unconscious, it is true, that she had little general knowledge of what usually was done with young men in that predicament.

One talked about the circumstances, but the circumstances were an abyss. She felt this still more when she found, on her father's arrival, that nothing, apparently, was to happen as she had taken for granted it would. There was a kind of inviolable hush over the whole affair, but no tragedy, no publicity, nothing ugly. The tragedy had been in town, and the faces of the two men spoke of it, in spite of themselves; so that at present there was only a family dinner, with Beatrice and Muriel and the governess, and almost a company tone, the result of the desire to avoid publicity. Adela admired her father; she knew what he was feeling, if Mrs. Godfrey had been at him, and yet she saw him positively gallant. He was very gentle, he never looked at his son, and there were moments when he seemed almost sick with sadness. Godfrey was equally inscrutable, and therefore wholly different from what he had been as he stood before her in the park. If he was to start on his career (with such a wife! — would n't she utterly blight it?), he was already professional enough to know how to wear a mask.

Before they rose from table the girl was wholly bewildered, so little could she perceive the effects of such large causes. She had nerved herself for a great ordeal, but the air was as sweet as an anodyne. It was constantly plain to her that her father was deadly sad — as pathetic as a creature jilted. He was broken, but he showed no resentment; there was a weight on his heart, but he had lightened it by dressing as immaculately as usual for dinner. She asked herself what immensity of a row there could have been in town, to have left his anger so spent. He went through everything, even to sitting with his son after dinner. When they came out together, he invited Beatrice and Muriel to the billiard-room; and as Miss Flynn discreetly withdrew Adela was left alone with Godfrey, who was completely

changed, and not in a rage any more. He was broken, too, but he was not so pathetic as his father. He was only very correct and apologetic; he said to his sister, "I'm awfully sorry *you* were annoyed; it was something I never dreamed of."

She could n't think immediately what he meant; then she grasped the reference to the yellow hair. She was uncertain, however, what tone to take; perhaps his father had arranged with him that they were to make the best of it. But she spoke her own despair in the way she murmured, "O Godfrey, Godfrey, is it true?"

"I've been the most unutterable donkey — you can say what you like to me. You can't say anything worse than I've said to myself."

"My brother, my brother!" his words made her moan. He hushed her, with a movement, and she asked, "What has father said?"

Godfrey looked over her head. "He'll give her six hundred a year."

"Ah, the angel!"

"On condition she never comes near me. She has solemnly promised; and she'll probably leave me alone, to get the money. If she does n't — in diplomacy — I'm lost." The young man had been turning his eyes vaguely about, this way and that, to avoid meeting hers; but after another instant he gave up the effort, and she had the miserable confession of his glance. "I've been living in hell," he said.

"My brother, my brother!" she repeated.

"I'm not an idiot; yet for her I've behaved like one. Don't ask me — you must n't know. It was all done in a day, and since then, fancy my condition — fancy my work!"

"Thank God you passed!" cried Adela.

"I would have shot myself if I had n't. I had an awful day yesterday with father; it was late at night before

it was over. I leave England next week. He brought me down here for it to look well — so that the children sha'n't know."

"He's wonderful!" she murmured.

"He's wonderful!" said Godfrey.

"Did *she* tell him?" the girl asked.

"She came straight to Seymour Street from here. She saw him alone first; then he called me in. *That* luxury lasted about an hour."

Adela said, "Poor, poor father!" to this; on which her brother remained silent. Then, after he had remarked that it had been the scene he had lived in terror of all through his cramming, and she had stammered her pity and admiration at such a mixture of anxieties and such a triumph of talent, she demanded, "And have you told him?"

"Told him what?"

"What you said you would — what *I* did."

Godfrey turned away as if at present he had very little interest in that inferior tribulation. "I was angry with you, but I cooled off. I held my tongue."

Adela clasped her hands. "You thought of mamma!"

"Oh, don't speak of mamma," said the young man tenderly.

It was indeed not a happy moment; and she murmured, "No; if you *had* thought of her" —

This made Godfrey turn back at her, with a little flare in his eyes. "Oh, *then* it did n't prevent. I thought that woman was good. I believed in her."

"Is she *very* bad?" his sister inquired.

"I shall never mention her to you again," Godfrey answered, with dignity.

"You may believe that *I* won't speak of her. So father does n't know?" she added.

"Does n't know what?"

"That I said that to Mrs. Churchley."

"I don't think so, but you must find out for yourself."

"I shall find out," said Adela. "But

what had Mrs. Churchley to do with it?"

"With *my* misery? I told her. I had to tell some one."

"Why did n't you tell me?"

Godfrey hesitated. "Oh, you take things so beastly hard — you make such rows." Adela covered her face with her hands, and he went on: "What I wanted was comfort — not to be lashed up. I thought I should go mad. I wanted Mrs. Churchley to break it to father, to intercede for me and help him to meet it. She was awfully kind to me: she listened and she understood; she could fancy how it had happened. Without her I should n't have pulled through. She liked me, you know," Godfrey dropped. "She said she would do what she could for me; she was full of sympathy and resource; I really leaned on her. But when you cut in, of course it spoiled everything. That's why I was so angry with you. She could n't do anything then."

Adela dropped her hands, staring; she felt that she had walked in darkness. "So that he had to meet it alone?"

"*Dame!*" said Godfrey, who had got up his French tremendously.

Muriel came to the door to say papa wished the two others to join them, and the next day Godfrey returned to town. His father remained at Overland, without an intermission, the rest of the summer and the whole of the autumn, and Adela had a chance to find out, as she had said, whether he knew that she had interfered. But in spite of her chance she never found out. He knew that Mrs. Churchley had thrown him over and he knew that his daughter rejoiced in it, but he appeared not to have divined the relation between the two facts. It was strange that one of the matters he was clearest about — Adela's secret triumph — should have been just the thing which, from this time on, justified less and less such a confidence. She was too sorry for him to be consistently

glad. She watched his attempts to wind himself up on the subject of shorthorns and drainage, and she favored to the utmost of her ability his intermittent disposition to make a figure in orchids. She wondered whether they might n't have a few people at Overland; but when she mentioned the idea, her father asked what in the world there would be to attract them. It was a confoundedly stupid house, he remarked, with all respect to *her* cleverness. Beatrice and Muriel were mystified; the prospect of going out immensely had faded so utterly away. They were apparently not to go out at all. Colonel Chart was aimless and bored; he paced up and down, and went back to smoking, which was bad for him, and looked drearily out of windows, as if on the bare chance that something might arrive. Did he expect Mrs. Churchley to arrive, to relent? It was Adela's belief that she gave no sign. But the girl thought it really remarkable of her not to have betrayed her ingenious young visitor. Adela's judgment of human nature was perhaps harsh, but she believed that many women, under the circumstances, would not have been so straight. This lady's conception of the point of honor presented her as rather a nicer woman than one might have supposed.

Adela knew her father found the burden of Godfrey's folly very heavy to bear, and was incommoded at having to pay the horrible woman six hundred a year. Doubtless he was having dreadful letters from her; doubtless she threatened them all with a hideous exposure. If the matter should be bruited, Godfrey's prospects would collapse on the spot. He thought Madrid very charming and curious, but Mrs. Godfrey was in England, so that his father had to face the music. Adela took a dolorous comfort in thinking that her mother was out of *that* — it would have killed her; but this did n't blind her to the fact that the comfort for her father would per-

haps have been greater if he had had some one to talk to about his trouble. He never dreamed of doing so to her, and she felt that she could n't ask him. In the family life he wanted utter silence about it. Early in the winter he went abroad for ten weeks, leaving her with her sisters in the country, where it was not to be denied that at this time existence had very little point. She half expected that her sister-in-law would descend upon her again; but the fear was not justified, and the quietude of such a personage savored terribly of expense. There were sure to be extras. Colonel Chart went to Paris and to Monte Carlo, and then to Madrid to see his boy. Adela wondered whether he would meet Mrs. Churchley somewhere, since, if she had gone for a year, she would still be on the Continent. If he should meet her, perhaps the affair would come on again: she caught herself musing over this. Her father brought back no news of her, and seeing him after an interval, she was struck afresh with his jilted and wasted air. She did n't like it; she resented it. A little more and she would have said that was no way to treat such a man.

They all went up to town in March, and on one of the first days of April she saw Mrs. Churchley in the park. She herself remained apparently invisible to that lady — she herself and Beatrice and Muriel, who sat with her in their mother's old bottle-green landau. Mrs. Churchley, perched higher than ever,

rolled by without a recognition; but this did n't prevent Adela from going to her before the month was over. As on her great previous occasion she went in the morning, and she again had the good fortune to be admitted. But this time her visit was shorter, and a week after making it — the week was a desolation — she addressed to her brother at Madrid a letter which contained these words: —

“I could endure it no longer — I confessed and retracted; I explained to her as well as I could the falsity of what I said to her ten months ago, and the benighted purity of my motives for saying it. I besought her to regard it as unsaid, to forgive me, not to despise me too much, to take pity on poor *perfect* papa and come back to him. She was more good-natured than you might have expected; indeed, she laughed extravagantly. She had never believed me — it was too absurd; she had only, at the time, disliked me. She found me utterly false (she was very frank with me about this), and she told papa that she thought I was horrid. She said she could never live with such a girl, and as I would certainly never marry I must be sent away; in short, she quite loathed me. Papa defended me, he refused to sacrifice me, and this led, practically, to their rupture. Papa gave her up, as it were, for me. Fancy the angel, and fancy what I must try to be to him for the rest of his life! Mrs. Churchley can never come back — she's going to marry Lord Dovedale.”

Henry James.

SWEET PEAS.

A CROWD of butterflies (white-emblem'd souls . . .

Pale Psyche) leashed together by a stem.

Most fragrant-breathed, but trembling with deep doles

Lest Love come not apace to rescue them.

Julie M. Lippmann.

THE OPPRESSION OF NOTES.

THAT innocent nondescript, the average reader, is suffering very sorely at the present day from what might be justly called the oppression or tyranny of notes. I hear, indeed, from time to time bitter complaints of editorial inaccuracy, of the unscholarly treatment of quite forgotten masterpieces by the industrious gentlemen who seek to reintroduce them to the public; but such inaccuracy can wound only the limited number who know more than the editor, and who in their secret souls are not sorry to prove him wrong. The average reader, even though he hold himself to be of moderate intelligence, is happily ignorant of such fine shadings, and only asks that he may enjoy his books in a moderately intelligent manner; that he may be helped over hedges and ditches, and allowed to ramble unmolested where the ground seems tolerably smooth. This is precisely the privilege, however, which a too liberal editor is disinclined to allow. He will build you a bridge over a raindrop, put ladders up a pebble, and encompass you on every side with ingenious alpenstocks and climbing-irons; yet when, perchance, you stumble and hold out a hand for help, behold, he is never there to grasp it. He merely refers you, with some coldness, to a remote authority who will give you the assistance you require when you have reached the end of your journey. Mr. Ritchie, for example, who has recently edited a volume of Mrs. Carlyle's early letters, expects you patiently to search for the information you want in Mr. Froude's pages, which is always a disheartening thing to be asked to do. Yet when Jeanie Welsh, writing cheerfully of an inconstant lover, says, "Mais n'importe! It is only one more Spanish castle demolished; another may start up like a mushroom in its place," an explanatory note carefully reveals to

you that "Spanish castle" really means "château en Espagne," — a circumstance which even Macaulay's school-boy would probably have deciphered for himself.

If it is hard on the average reader to be referred chillingly to modern writers who are at least within approachable distance, it is harder still to be requested to look up classical authorities. If it is hard to be told occasionally by that prince of good editors, Mr. Alfred Ainger, to please turn elsewhere for the little bits of information which we think he might give us about Charles Lamb, it is harder still to have Mr. Wright refuse to translate for us Edward Fitzgerald's infrequent lapses into Greek. What is the use of saying in a note "v. 9" when Fitzgerald quotes Herodotus? If I can read the quotation for myself, I have no need to hunt up v. 9; and if I can't, v. 9 is of no use to me when found. Even "Hor. Od. I. 4, 14, 15," is not altogether satisfactory to the indifferent scholar, for whom Fitzgerald himself had such generous sympathy, and for whom his translations were avowedly undertaken.

These are merely cases, however, in which notes refuse to be helpful; they are apt to become absolutely oppressive when accompanying older writers. A few years ago I bought a little English edition of the *Religio Medici*, to which are added the *Letter to a Friend* and *Christian Morals*. The book is one of Macmillan's *Golden Treasury Series*, and is edited by Mr. W. A. Greenhill, who opens with an "Editor's Preface," eighteen pages long, and fairly bristling with knowledge points. After this come a "Chronological Table of Dates connected with Sir Thomas Browne," two pages long; "Note on the Discovery of the Remains of Sir Thomas

Browne in 1840," two pages; "Brief Notices of Former Editors of the *Religio Medici*," four pages; "List of Editions of *Religio Medici*," thirteen pages; "Collations of some Old Editions of *Religio Medici*," three pages; "List of Editions of Letter to a Friend and Christian Morals," five pages; "Addenda et Corrigenda," one page. Having thus laboriously cleared the way, we are at last gladdened by a sight of the *Religio Medici* itself, which, together with the Letter and Christian Morals, occupies two hundred and thirty pages. Then, following close, like the mighty luggage of a Persian army, come an array of "Notes Critical and Explanatory," eighty-eight pages; and an Index, just sixty-nine pages long. Thus it will be seen that two hundred and five pages of editorial work are deemed necessary to elucidate two hundred and thirty pages of Sir Thomas Browne, which seems like an intolerable deal of sack for such a quantity of bread. To compress all this into a small volume requires close printing and flimsy paper, and the ungrateful reader thinks in his hardened heart that he would rather a little more space had been given to the author, and a little less to the editor, who is for most of us, after all, a secondary consideration. It is also manifestly impossible, with such a number of notes, even to refer to them at the bottom of the page; yet without this guiding finger they are often practically useless. We are not as a rule aware, when we read, what information we lack, and it becomes a grievous duty to examine every few minutes and see if we ought not to be finding something out.

A glance at the notes themselves is very discouraging:—

"P. 10, l. 14, directed, A to E, G; direct, F, H to L.

"P. 10, l. 16, rectified, A to I; rectifie, J, K, L.

"P. 10, l. 28, consist, A to J; resist, K, L."

Reading with such helps as these becomes a literary nightmare:—

"P. 8, l. 8, distinguished] Chapman (R) and Gardiner (W) read 'being distinguished.'

"P. 8, l. 8, distinguished not only] Wilkin (T) reads 'not only distinguished.'"

And this is weirder still:—

"P. 59, l. 4, antimetathesis, C to M; antanaclasis, A, B; transposition of words, N, O."

It may easily be surmised that eighty-eight pages of such concentrated and deadly erudition weigh very heavily on the unscholarly soul. We are reminded forcibly of the impatience manifested by Mr. E. S. Dallas, in *The Gay Science*, over Porson's notes on Euripides, from which he had hoped so much and gleaned so little, which were all about words and less than words,—syllables, letters, accents, punctuation.

"Codex A and Codex B, Codex Cantabrigiensis and Codex Cottonianus, were ransacked in turn to show how this noun should be in the dative, not in the accusative; how that verb should have the accent paroxytone, not perispomenon; and how, by all the rules of prosody, there should be an iambus, not a spondee, in this place or that." The lad who has heard all his college life about the wonderful supplement to the *Hecuba* turns to it with wistful eyes, expecting to find some subtle key to Greek tragedy. "Behold, it is a treatise on certain Greek metres. Its talk is of cæsural pauses, penthemimeral and hepththemimeral, of isochronous feet, of enclitics and cretic terminations; and the grand doctrine it promulgates is expressed in the canon regarding the pause which, from the discoverer, has been named the Porsonian,—that when the iambic trimeter after a word of more than one syllable has the cretic termination included either in one word or in two, then the fifth foot must be an iambus. The young student throws down

the book thus prefaced and supplemented, and wonders if this be all that giants of Porsonian height can see or care to speak about in Greek literature."

But then be it remembered that Euripides, as edited by Porson, was intended for the use of scholars, and there exists an impression — perhaps erroneous — that this is the sort of food for which scholars hunger and thirst. Sir Thomas Browne has, happily, not yet passed out of the hands of the general reader, whose appetite for intellectual abstraction and the rigors of precision is distinctly moderate, and in whose behalf I urge my plea to-day.

After the oppressively erudite notes come those which interpret trifles with painstaking fidelity, and which reveal to us the meaning of quite familiar words. In Ferrier's admirable edition of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, for example, we are told with naive gravity that "wiselike" means "judicious," that "glowering" means "staring," that "parritch" is "porridge," that "guffaw" is a "loud laugh," that "douce" is "sedate," that "gane" is "gone," and that "in a jiffy" means "immediately." But surely the readers of Christopher North do not require information like this. "Douce" and "parritch" and "guffaw" are not difficult words to understand, and "in a jiffy" would seem to come within the intellectual grasp of many who have not yet made the acquaintance of the alphabet.

It may be, however, that there are people who really like to be instructed in this manner, just as there are people who like to go to lectures and to organ recitals. It may even be that a taste for notes, like a taste for gin, or opium, or Dr. Ibsen's dramas, increases with what it feeds on. In that tiny volume of *Selected Poems* by Gray which Mr. Gosse has edited for the Clarendon Press, there are forty-two pages of notes to sixty pages of poetry; and while some of them are valuable and interesting, many more

seem strangely superfluous. But Mr. Gosse, who has his finger on the literary pulse of his generation, is probably the last man in England to furnish information unless it is desired. He knows, better than most purveyors of knowledge, what it is that readers want; he is not prone to waste his precious minutes; he has a saving sense of humor; and he does not aspire to be a lettered philanthropist fretting to enlighten mankind. If, then, he finds it necessary to elucidate that happy trifle, *On the Death of a Favorite Cat*, with no less than seven notes, which is at the rate of one for every verse, it must be that he is filling an expressed demand; it must be that he is aware that modern students of Gray — every one who reads a poet is a "student" nowadays — like to be told by an editor about Tyrian purple, and about Arion's dolphin, and about the difference between a tortoise-shell and a tabby. As for the seven pages of notes that accompany the *Elegy*, they carry me back in spirit to the friend of my childhood, Miss Edgeworth's Rosamond, who was expected to understand every word of every poem she studied. What a blessing Mr. Gosse's notes would have been to that poor dear misguided little girl, who rashly committed the *Elegy* to memory because, in honest childish fashion, she loved its pretty sound! Who can forget the pathetic scene where she attempts to recite it, and has only finished the first line,

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day," when Godfrey, whom I always thought, and still think, a very disagreeable boy, interrupts her ruthlessly.

"What is meant by the 'curfew'? What is meant by 'tolls'? What is a 'knell'? What is meant by 'parting day'?"

"Godfrey, I cannot tell the meaning of every word, but I know the general meaning. It means that the day is going, that it is evening, that it is growing dark. Now let me go on."

“‘Go on,’ said Godfrey, ‘and let us see what you will do when you come to “the boast of heraldry,” to “the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,” to the “village Hampden,” to “some mute inglorious Milton,” and to “some Cromwell guiltless of his country’s blood,” — you who have not come to Cromwell yet, in the history of England.’”

No wonder poor Rosamond is disheartened and silenced by such an array of difficulties in her path. It is comforting to know that Godfrey himself comes to grief, a little later, with The Bard, and that even the wise and irreproachable Laura confesses to have been baffled by the lines

“If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song

May hope, chaste eve, to soothe thy modest ear.”

“Oaten stop” was a mystery, and “eve” she thought — and was none the worse for thinking it — meant our first great erring mother.

No such wholesome blunders — pleasant to recall in later weary, well-instructed days — would be possible for Miss Edgeworth’s little people if they lived in our age of pitiless enlightenment, when even a book framed for their especial joy, like *The Children’s Treasury of English Song*, bristles with marginal notes. Here Rosamond would have found an explanation of no less than forty-eight words in the *Elegy*, and would probably have understood it a great deal better, and loved it a great deal less. It is healthy and natural for a child to be forcibly attracted by what she does not wholly comprehend; the music of words appeals very sweetly to childish ears, and their meaning comes later, — comes often after the first keen

unconscious pleasure is past. I once knew a tiny boy who so delighted in Byron’s description of the dying Gladiator that he made me read it to him over, and over, and over again. He did not know — and I never told him — what a gladiator was. He did not know that it was a statue, and not a real man, described. He had not the faintest notion of what was meant by the Danube, or the “Dacian mother,” or “a Roman holiday.” Historically and geographically, the boy’s mind was a happy blank. There was nothing intelligent or sagacious in his enjoyment; only a blissful stirring of the heartstrings by reason of strong words, and swinging verse, and his own tangle of groping thoughts. But what child who reads Cowper’s pretty remonstrance to his spaniel, and the spaniel’s neat reply, wants to be told in a succession of dismal notes that “allures” means “tempts,” that “remedy” means “cure,” that “killing time” means “wasting time,” that “destined” means “meant for,” and that “behest” means “command”? Cowper is one of the simplest of writers, and the little boys and girls who cannot be trusted unarmed in his company had better confine their reading to *Robinson Crusoe* in *Words of One Syllable*, or to the veracious pages of *Mother Goose*. But perhaps the day is not far distant when even *Mother Goose* will afford food for instruction and a fresh industry for authors, and when the hapless children of the dawning century will be confronted with a dozen highly abbreviated and unintelligible notes referring them to some Icelandic Saga or remote Indian epic for the bloody history of the Three Blind Mice.

Agnes Repplier.

SIX CENTURIES OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

ON the first day of August, 1291, just six hundred years ago, a group of unpretentious patriots, ignored by the great world, signed a document which united into a loose confederation the three peasant communities of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, situated on the Lake of Lucerne in Switzerland. By this act they laid the foundation upon which the Swiss state was afterward reared, and it is therefore with just pride that the Swiss people have determined to celebrate this summer the sixth centennial of their national existence with popular holidays and appropriate festivities. In their naive but prophetic faith the contracting parties called this agreement a perpetual pact, and they set forth in the Latin legal phraseology of the day that, seeing the malice of the times, they found it necessary to take an oath to defend one another against outsiders, and to keep order within their own boundaries; at the same time carefully stating that the object of the league was to maintain lawfully established conditions. On the whole, it was a conservative utterance, — a sort of compromise between a declaration of independence from the petty nobles who harassed them and an oath of allegiance to the feudal system itself, as befitting a people conscious of a grievance, and yet unwilling to break with the past.

Nothing more beautiful could be imagined than the surroundings amid which this historic document was signed. The name of the exact spot is not given in the text, but, judging from indirect evidence, the choice lies among three places so near to one another upon the Lake of Lucerne that in any case the environment must have been very much the same. There is a strong probability in favor of the village of Brunnen, because the text of a subsequent pact,

which the Confederates concluded in 1315, mentions it as the place of signature. Travelers will remember this village on account of its incomparable position in the angle formed by the abrupt turn which the Lake of Lucerne takes to the south, where it opens out into an arm known as the Lake of Uri. Brunnen is now a favorite summer resort, with large hotels, monumental omnibuses, wood-carving stalls, and all the other paraphernalia of a Swiss tourist place; yet at the time of the primitive pact it must have been a little hamlet of sunburnt chalets. But that delightful outlook over both branches of the lake has never changed, where, touched by the sun, the water sparkles into vivid blues and greens; nor can the matchless velvet of the higher slopes lose its gentle charm, or the snows on the Uri Rothstock their tranquil magnificence, for they are immutable glories on the face of Nature.

According to the White Book of Sarnen, the semi-legendary chronicle which contains the first full version of the story of William Tell, the three lands, when once united, "held diets at Beckenried, when they had aught to do;" while in another part of the chronicle it is said that the three Confederates and their companions "went by night towards the Myten Stein to a corner called *jm Rüdli* [Rütli], . . . and held diets at that time nowhere but *jm Rüdli*." Beckenried is a modest village, within sight of Brunnen, on the southern shore of the lake, hiding behind some enormous walnut-trees that stand by the water side, — a rural hamlet, whose habitual quiet is disturbed only by the periodic visits of the brisk little steamer that stops at the dock with much churning of the water and ringing of bells. The Rütli is a sloping, uneven meadow upon the

flank of the mountain opposite Brunnen, and dear to every Swiss heart as the traditional cradle of national liberty; while the Myten Stein is a striking landmark, being a jagged rock that rises some eighty feet from the surface of the water, and is now covered with an inscription in honor of Schiller. In point of fact, the evidence in favor of Brunnen or Beckenried as the place of signature in 1291 is incomplete; but it must be acknowledged that the position of the Rütli is a strong argument in favor of its being the scene of earlier secret meetings. For who that has visited the spot can have failed to notice how wonderfully it is adapted for the meeting of confederates? At once central for the inhabitants of the three Forest States, and yet secluded to a remarkable degree, it possesses in reality all the requirements of an ideal trysting-place.

It is the misfortune of Swiss history that although very little is popularly known about it, that little is almost invariably incorrect. The subject has so long lain neglected in the literary garret that the cobwebs have gathered over it and hidden the treasure. The task of brushing them all away would be too great for the writer of this article; suffice it to set aside the fundamental misconception which obtains concerning the origin of the Swiss Confederation. There is a widespread but vague idea that a regularly organized republic has existed in the Alps from time immemorial under the name of Helvetia. Nothing could be more misleading; for, as a matter of fact, the Swiss Confederation had no existence before the perpetual pact of 1291, at which date it makes its first entry upon the historic stage. As for the Celtic tribe of the Helvetii, who inhabited parts of Switzerland under the Roman dominion, they had no more to do with founding the Swiss Confederation than had the Indians in America to do with framing the Constitution of the United States. Around the three

communities, Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, as a nucleus, the Swiss Confederation grew in course of time by the adherence of other sovereign communities, until it reached its present proportions of twenty-two cantons in 1815. The very name of Switzerland was unknown before the fifteenth century, when for the first time the eight states which then composed the Confederation began to be called collectively *Die Schweiz*, after the community of Schwyz, which was the most pronounced of the primitive states in its opposition to the pretensions of the German nobility. Nor did the early Swiss set up a sovereign republic, in our acceptance of the word, either in internal or external policy. The class distinctions of the feudal age continued to exist in their midst, and they by no means disputed the supreme rule of the head of the German Empire over them, but rather gloried in the protection which this direct dependence afforded them against a multitude of intermediate preying nobles. It was not until 1648, by the Peace of Westphalia, that the complete independence of the Swiss from the German Empire was established beyond question. There is another fact which must be borne in mind, namely, that Swiss self-government is Teutonic in character, like that of England and the United States. Although Switzerland is now a polyglot state, and her constitution expressly says that German, French, and Italian shall all alike be considered national languages, the majority of the inhabitants are German-speaking, and determine the quality of government which shall be in force. The other Romance-speaking cantons were acquired by conquest, and were not admitted on a footing of equality until the beginning of the present century.

A good map is an indispensable commentary on Swiss history, for the peculiar geographical features of the country have their counterparts in its political institutions. The great mountain ranges

divide the territory into deep valleys, each of which naturally forms a political unit, the commune or parish, a miniature world, concentrated in a small space, and representing the sum total of life to its inhabitants. Eugène Rambert, a Swiss author who has written charmingly upon this subject in his *Études Historiques*, thus describes a typical Swiss valley: "In the centre is the village. The church and the parsonage are upon an eminence; sometimes the houses are grouped around in a circle; sometimes they form a line in the direction of the valley; at other times they are scattered about here and there. Not far off lies what is known as the end [bottom-land], which is the most fertile part of the valley, the best cultivated, the portion set apart for the tilled fields. . . . On the slopes of the valley are the common pastures, the forests, the grazing-lands for the summer, and finally the peaks that cut off further view." It was only natural that, thus bounded and hemmed in, the inhabitants of each valley should acquire the practice of managing their own affairs in sovereign communes; self-government becoming a second nature to them, and any other political methods perfectly incomprehensible. But the peculiar form which self-government assumed in those secluded regions is worthy of note. It took the shape of patriarchal democracy; that is, certain men and certain families maintained themselves at the head of public affairs, but with the consent and coöperation of the whole population, much in the same way as the *Landsgemeinde* cantons are governed to this day.

In support of this statement, which is somewhat at variance with the usual conception of the political life of the early Swiss, let me cite only one piece of evidence. The names of the persons who signed the memorable pact of 1291 are, unfortunately, unknown, but a little more than two months after the conclusion of that league Uri and Schwyz entered into

a separate alliance with Zürich, and the names of their representatives on that occasion have luckily been preserved in the text of the document then drawn up. For Uri there was the Landammann Arnold, Mayor of Silenen, besides Knight Werner von Attinghausen, Burkart, the late Landammann, and Conrad, Mayor of Erstfeld; and for Schwyz there was the Landammann Conrad Ab Iberg, Rudolf Stauffacher, and Conrad Hunn, — representatives of all the classes in the community, from noblemen to serfs. The title of "mayor" had originally been given to a set of officials who governed Uri in the name of the Abbey of Nuns in Zürich, to which institution the greater part of Uri had been deeded by the Emperor Ludwig, the German, in 853; but in course of time the mayors became hereditary nobles, and retained their titles even when the valley had become free from the rule of the abbey. To this day the towers of their habitations may be seen, in a more or less ruinous condition, at Altdorf, Bürglen, Silenen, and Erstfeld. If then the representatives of Uri and Schwyz in the alliance with Zürich may be taken as typical leaders in their communities, the conclusion is legitimate that the early leagues were in reality the work of a native aristocracy as well as of the common people. Moreover, if the names of any men are to supplant that of William Tell in the hearts of the Swiss people, now that the archer has been declared a legendary character, they are those of the patriots mentioned above, who, with the addition of the unknown Landammann of Unterwalden, and perhaps Knight Henry von Winkelried, were the great personages then living in the Forest States. It is not too much, therefore, to proclaim them the real founders of the Swiss Confederation.¹

From a modern standpoint, this prim-

¹ Walter Furst and Werner Stauffacher belonged to the next generation, whose task it was to fight for independence at Morgarten.

itive, patriarchal type of democracy is by no means satisfactory, although of course it was a great step in advance of the various forms of feudal government which were in force throughout Europe during the Middle Ages. It has a tendency to breed a sort of collective despotism, intolerant of new things. Sordid and selfish, it develops a narrow conception of public duty, turning always to what the Germans so aptly call *Kirchthurmpolitik*; that is, to the political interests of a small circle with the church tower as a centre. In fact, during the eighteenth century, prior to the French Revolution, the democracy of these valleys had degenerated into barefaced oligarchy, and must inevitably have perished altogether amid the cries of the infuriated mountaineers had not certain ancient regulations concerning the holding of common lands mitigated its evil qualities. As the writer has already on another occasion referred, in the pages of *The Atlantic*, to the part played by these common lands in preserving the wonderful stability of the commonwealth of Uri, it will suffice to mention only one more influence which helped to produce this good result. The life upon the summer pastures, which the herders led then for half the year, as they do still, what was it but a training-school in the best principles of true democracy? Up there the wind sweeps free across a heath common to all; the torrent, the avalanche, and the precipice are no respecters of persons; the very flowers smile on all alike; the buzz of the straying bee and the cry of the wild bird are for all who will face the dangers and brave the hardships: and that is why, in the clusters of storm-beaten chalets where the herders live, no man dare speak of class distinctions, for these would sound like satire in the face of those serene snows and unchanging heights. Through all the centuries the idea of liberty, of man's divine individuality, was nurtured on the mountains, and defeated

the ambitions of those in the valleys who might attempt to herd the mountaineers into submissive masses. The influences in favor of true democracy were always stronger than the powers of the small aristocracy.

From the commune to the canton, and from the canton to the Confederation, — those were the steps by which the Swiss state was consolidated; the communes uniting to form cantons, and the cantons the Confederation. In the course of this growth Switzerland has passed through three great constitutional stages, has thrice halted before advancing again, and is now in the midst of a fourth epoch, which is distinctly superior to the rest in all that goes to make up a noble national life. The first period may be described as that of the League of the Eight States, which lasted about one hundred and thirty years; the second as the League of the Thirteen States, which remained unaltered for more than two hundred and fifty years; the third was the so-called Helvetic Republic; and the fourth is represented by the Swiss Confederation of to-day.

The first pacts concluded by the states were but little more than offensive and defensive alliances against Habsburg-Austria; there was no intention of setting up a separate state, and there was, in fact, no national idea upon which to found one. When the Confederation had grown to be a league of eight states, it resembled an agglomeration of independent communities, rather than a well-balanced, logical scheme of government. There was neither a perfect political union nor a geographical one; for not only did the constitutions of the individual states vary as much as possible from one another, but the states themselves did not together form a compact territory, since here and there alien tracts of land were wedged in between them, while others were completely cut off and surrounded by hostile ground. In view of the looseness of this bond, one may well

marvel that the Confederation held together at all. Its wonderful vitality seems to have resulted from the pressure exerted on the outside by Habsburg-Austria's enmity, and from the principle of perpetuity inserted into all the successive pacts, which proved sufficiently strong to maintain this imperfect union without the aid of any central authority whatever, executive, legislative, or judiciary.

In those early days there was no federal constitution, unless the sum of the enactments contained in the pacts which were drawn up as the new states were admitted to membership can be considered as the rudiments of a constitution. But as time went on new problems came up for solution, and it was found necessary to agree upon certain charters and covenants, which, taken together, formed for some five centuries the only body of organic law which the Confederates possessed.

The first of these ordinances, the so-called Priests' Charter (*Pfaffenbrief*), had its origin in a somewhat trivial cause. It seems that the chief magistrate (*Schultheiss*) of Lucerne was returning, in the autumn of 1370, from the annual fair at Zürich, when he was seized and cast into prison by order of the Provost of the minster in Zürich, a great personage, with whom he was involved in a lawsuit. Widespread indignation followed this act, and the Confederates united for the first time in passing a series of resolutions to protect the liberty of the individual and restrain the secular power of the priesthood within their boundaries. Another advance towards closer union was made in the Covenant (*Verkommniss*) of Sempach, concluded in 1386, just after the battle of that name, and designed to remedy certain defects in the discipline of the military forces. Again in 1481, at the close of the great war with Charles the Bold of Burgundy, delegates from the various states, convened at Stans in Unterwalden,

issued a new agreement, the Covenant of Stans, which is principally noteworthy on account of certain clauses of a restrictive character, forbidding popular gatherings without the permission of the authorities in power. It is related by the only contemporary chronicler of this convention that the delegates, unable to arrive at an agreement upon certain articles, were on the point of adjourning amid scenes of great disorder, and civil war seemed inevitable, when Nicholas von der Flüe, a hermit who lived at Sachseln, near Stans, suddenly appeared in the hall, restored order, and persuaded the angry crowd to listen to his words of peace. In consequence of this timely intervention the delegates resumed their labors, and brought them to a successful termination.

The fifteenth century marks an era of great extension in the territory of the Confederation, for there was something contagious in the example of the Swiss fighting successfully against the feudal lords, which tempted the peasantry in neighboring lands to do the same, and then to seek admission within their ranks. Unfortunately for the stability of their union, the Confederates themselves, inflamed by successive victories, sent out expeditions of conquest, dividing up the lands thus acquired amongst themselves, or governing them in joint ownership. It is evident that such a system could not fail to be fraught with disastrous consequences, opposed as it was to the democratic traditions of earlier periods.

The League of the Thirteen States was, therefore, no improvement over that of the Eight, for there was the same want of a central controlling force, although the Confederates now began to meet occasionally in diets. The whole presented the same appearance of a motley group of communities united rather by force of circumstances than by premeditation. Besides the thirteen real members of the Confederation, there were a number of allies (*Zugewandte Orte*), bound some-

times to one, sometimes to several, of the thirteen states. There were also subject lands (*Unterthanenlande*) under the rule of various combinations among the thirteen. Not to enlarge too much upon the fatal weaknesses inherent in the organization of the old Confederation, let me simply enumerate the causes which finally produced its complete downfall at the time of the French Revolution. There was first the inequality of the states amongst themselves, for they had not all been admitted on the same footing; and then the holding of conquered lands, which resulted in all sorts of rivalries and jealousies, and produced governing classes. Moreover, the surprising success which had followed the Swiss arms on all occasions had suggested to the great powers the desirability of hiring Swiss soldiers for their wars, and so the corrupting mercenary system had arisen. To these disrupting influences the religious contentions of the Reformation were added, leaving the country divided into two armed camps, and all sentiment of a distinct nationality obscured by questions of faith. When the cry of the French Revolution fell upon the air, the Swiss Confederation was too weak from internal degeneration to offer a successful resistance to the call for surrender which came from Bonaparte. De Tocqueville once said, before the French Academy of the Moral and Political Sciences, that the ordinary political liberties in the states of the old Confederation were "more unknown to the great majority of the citizens of these republics [the individual states] than they could have been, at the same period, to the subjects of most monarchies." Under the auspices of the French Revolutionists an Helvetic Republic was erected in 1798, from which all feudal inequalities were banished; but, unfortunately, the federal principle which was indispensable to the very existence of the Swiss state was also uprooted, and the country declared "one and indivisible,"

after the model of the French Republic. The experiment lasted five years, but was so little appreciated by the people that Bonaparte, in 1803, modified the constitution to correspond more closely to the real needs of the land. After his overthrow the liberated cantons attempted to revive the antiquated features of the old government, but in 1848 they finally united in adopting a definite constitution, which, with a few amendments, is now the organic law of Switzerland.

There is a process in the animal world which, in its various phases, so nearly resembles the development of the Swiss Confederation that the writer cannot refrain from applying it, although it may seem somewhat fanciful in connection with an historical subject. The old Confederation seems like the caterpillar, destined in dying to give place to something better; the Helvetic Republic like the chrysalis, acting as a means of transformation; and the present Confederation like the butterfly which finally emerges, the fair product of the decay which has preceded it.

Such is the brief record of Switzerland's experiments in self-government. The six centuries during which she has grappled with this problem display a veritable catalogue of priceless precedents for the benefit of all nations engaged in the same task. Unostentatious, and seemingly so insignificant amongst the great powers of the world, she has in the past had a noble mission, and in the future will have a still nobler one. The patriotic Swiss writer, Eugène Rambert, whom I have already quoted, closes one of his best chapters by saying: "A majority of Teutonic stock respecting a minority of Romance origin, a Protestant majority respecting a Catholic minority, a certain number of relatively populous and strong states, thrown with full sails into the current of modern life, respecting the slowness of those old pastoral democracies for whom centuries seem like years, — that is the example which

Switzerland must present to the world ; that is the mission imposed upon her by nature. It is worth the while to live in a country destined to so noble a trial."

We Americans may therefore well send our congratulations to the Lake of

Lucerne at this season, where the inhabitants of the oldest republic in existence are celebrating their great anniversary, wishing the brave little nation Godspeed on her mission, and another six centuries of self-government.

W. D. McCrackan.

BROWNING'S LIFE.

THE well-known reluctance of Browning to admit the public to a view of his private life, shown by the care he took in sheltering his wife's memory from the revelations of a biographer, and by the destruction of his own letters and other papers which might have illustrated his career and the development of his genius, has led to an expectation of rather a meagre and dry biography ; and it is a welcome surprise to find Mrs. Orr's work¹ so interesting as it is. The absence hitherto of any *Life of Mrs. Browning* which could make a fair claim to be authoritative is greatly advantageous to the present volumes ; for we have in them an account of both authors, and the relations between them and the contrast of their characters were such that the interest of each is much enhanced. The personality of Mrs. Browning, too, found expression in her letters far more than was the case with her husband, and the description of their domestic life comes more gracefully from her pen. Those whom she has attached by her poems, or whom womanhood naturally attracts, may well find her confidences to her friends the most entertaining portion of this work, and value it as much for her sake as for the poet's. She gives, at least, the main human interest to it ; and in comparison with the chapters dealing with Browning's life before his marriage

and after his loss of her, these which she contributes have a vitality and directness that set them in high relief. She reveals herself ; but of Browning we have only a portrait which Mrs. Orr has drawn, and which results from many minute touches, made with painstaking care and fidelity to fact, but requiring much attention from the reader in order to comprehend it and give it the wholeness of a personal impression.

In the opening chapters Mrs. Orr prepares the reader for some modification of the popular conception of Browning. It is a minor though an important matter that she sets at rest the suggestion of any Jewish or negro strain in his blood inheritance. The stock was English, so far as can be known, except by his mother, who was "the true type of a Scottish gentlewoman," Carlyle said, and who was of German descent on her father's side. The notion that Browning was a person of great physical vitality, and in some way peculiarly "manly," is one that will not so readily yield to a different view ; for it is a part of the secret of his attraction for women. It would be almost "grotesque," Mrs. Orr thinks, "to say that only a delicate woman could have been the mother of Robert Browning ;" but his mother was such a woman, and transmitted to her son, in the author's opinion, a "slow and not strong pulse," a marked "nervousness of nature," which appears to have been the ground of his temperament,

¹ *Life and Letters of Robert Browning.* By Mrs. SUTHERLAND ORR. In two volumes. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

and in general infused into his physique an element of weakness, sensibility, and consciousness of pain which powerfully modified the perfect health which should have descended to him from his father's family. This is observable at once in "the fiery child and the impatient boy" whom she describes, with his precocity of talent, his restlessness, and what we should call his unmanageableness in many ways. His education was carefully attended to by his father, a man of bookish tastes; somewhat whimsical, perhaps, but evidently proud of his son, and well pleased to support him in an unprofitable literary career. The boy's social circle was narrow, and of the sort in which a youthful prodigy would easily develop independence and conceit. The tastes which filled his after life were early cultivated. He wrote his first book of poems at twelve years, and before he was out of his boyhood he had composed music for songs, shared in theatrical representations, and shown an inclination for art.

It is possibly more important still to notice his early interest in religious speculation. He was brought up in a somewhat narrow school of religion, and in his childhood, under the tutelage of his mother, was subjected to a strain of feeling which seems to have been premature. He had no sooner come to his first thinking for himself than he revolted from what he had been taught, and, finding in the early poems of Shelley the reflection of his own state of mind, he "became a professing atheist," and, humorously following his youthful guide, "a practicing vegetarian." Two years of the vegetable diet satisfied him in that part of the field, but he remained unsettled in religion; and even in mature life, while believing in a direct relation with the Creator and professing a certain faith, there was still so large an element of skepticism in his mind that Mrs. Orr frankly pronounces him "heterodox" and a disbeliever in any

such revelation as Christianity affirms. At first the only effect of these novel views was to intensify his independence, aggressiveness, and general defiance of those about him, to the distress of his mother, to whom he was fondly attached. It was an unamiable period in his life, so much so that in later years he was unwilling to dwell upon his youth and early manhood. "I am better now," he used to say, when the attempt was made to direct his memory to those days.

Shelley's influence is also clearly perceptible in the inspiration of the early poem *Pauline*, but Browning's own genius soon passed from the reflective (it is too much to call it imitative) stage. In *Paracelsus*, the *dramas*, and *Bells and Pomegranates* he showed his qualities and those modes of mental action and imagination which were most native to him and remained permanent. He was young, and had the defects of youth, both in the use of his talents and in his character; but his work was sufficiently distinguished to secure his mingling with literary men, and his individuality was attractive enough to engage their good will. He was ambitious, keen for success and fame, and admired the "hero in literature" from the start. Self-assertive, with a will and a way of his own, evidently full to overflowing of self-consciousness, he did not perhaps make the best impression upon all he met; but Carlyle knew and liked him in those days; others were kindly disposed toward him, and Macready, at least, was his friend. He had been to Russia and to Italy, and in *Sordello* he had written the most characteristic of his first works, and with it he closed the period of immaturity in thought and art. He had not, however, won acceptance with the public; his literary acquaintance had not helped his vogue,—a fact of which he afterwards complained; at most, his friendship with Macready had encouraged his dramatic faculty and got his plays acted. The most striking thing

in all this early period, lasting until past his thirtieth year, is specially brought out by Mrs. Orr: he made no warm friendships, and in general his emotional life was slight. This implies a self-concentration unusual in degree, and an absence, or at least a feebleness, of that form of passion which has been associated with his individuality.

The romance of his own life began with his acquaintance with Miss Barrett, to whom Mr. Kenyon, her cousin, known too as a friend of Wordsworth and other literary men, introduced him. She was an invalid, and received him always lying down. Her family believed her to be in a decline, and marriage would seem to have been the least likely thing in the world for her. Browning saw her three times a week, and corresponded with her; and finally, acting impulsively, he proposed marriage. At this critical moment the family physician advised a winter in the south of Europe as the only means of prolonging her life, and her father refused his consent to such a journey. He thought her case was hopeless. She decided, therefore, knowing that she could not win her father's approval, to elope with Browning. They were secretly married, with the knowledge of only her sisters; and a week later Mrs. Browning stole away while the family were at dinner, joined her husband and went abroad with him. It was certainly a very grave responsibility that Browning took, and that Mrs. Browning allowed him to take; but none of the serious consequences that were most probable occurred. She never recovered her health, but she became much better, and at times was able to join in an out-of-doors existence that she could never have anticipated. In Italy she found life, and to keep it they were obliged to live there. They were very happy, and Browning, on his side, was a thoroughly good husband to his invalid wife, considerate, attentive, and devoted. Their life, however, with its frequent

changes of residence and its cares, was not favorable to his poetical productiveness. Mrs. Orr thinks that he felt the weakening effects of the climate, and his constitution was not fitted to sustain them without real loss of energy. It is to be remembered that he had not met with recognition in poetry. With his new friends, the Storys, he was diverted from literature to an amateurish work in drawing and modeling. Perhaps no better impression of the final effect upon him can be given than by a quotation from one of his wife's letters near the end of their life together:—

“Robert has made his third bust copied from the antique. He breaks them all up as they are finished—it's only matter of education. When the power of execution is achieved, he will try at something original. Then reading hurts him; as long as I have known him he has not been able to read long at a time—he can do it now better than at the beginning. The consequence of which is that an active occupation is salvation to him. . . . Nobody exactly understands him except me, who am in the inside of him and hear him breathe. . . . He had a room all last summer, and did nothing. Then he worked himself out by riding for three or four hours together. There has been little poetry done since last winter, when he did much. He was not inclined to write this winter. The modeling combines body-work and soul-work, and the more tired he has been, and the more his back ached, poor fellow, the more he has exulted and been happy.”

The ease with which his wife wrote may have been a discouraging contrast, though he rejoiced in her success. He thought she had the more inspired genius. “Can't you imagine,” he writes, “a clever sort of angel who plots and plans, and tries to build up something—he wants to make you see it as he sees it—shows you one point of view, carries you off to another, hammering into your head the thing he wants you

to understand; and whilst this bother is going on, God Almighty turns you off a little star — that's the difference between us. The true creative power is hers, not mine." In one way or another, whatever the causes may have been, his residence in Italy was useful to him in storing impressions and feeding his sense of beauty through other modes of expression than poetry, but it was not fruitful in original work.

Mrs. Browning, on the other hand, owed everything to the Italian climate. She enjoyed it physically, as an invalid would. "Mountain air without its keenness — sheathed in Italian sunshine — think what that must be!" she writes; and in other ways the experience was to her, after her London confinement at home, a return to life. Thus she describes Vallombrosa: "Such scenery, such hills, such a sea of hills looking alive among the clouds — which rolled it was difficult to discern. Such fine woods, supernaturally silent, with the ground black as ink. There were eagles there, too, and there was no road. Robert went on horseback, and Wilson and I were drawn on a sledge (that is, an old hamper, a basket wine-hamper — without a wheel) by two white bullocks up the precipitous mountains. Think of my traveling in those wild places at four o'clock in the morning! a little frightened, dreadfully tired, but in an ecstasy of admiration." Again at the Baths of Lucca: "It seems like a dream when I find myself able to climb the hills with Robert, and help him to lose himself in the forests. Ever since my confinement I have been growing stronger and stronger, and where it is to stop I can't tell, really. I can do as much or more than at any point of my life since I arrived at woman's estate." She thoroughly enjoyed this Italian life, and often gives expression to the enthusiasm she felt in beholding the mere scenery, the hills at the Baths of Lucca, the olives of Spezzia, the rock of Ancona. And besides this,

she was interested in the spectacles of life itself, and her pen is never more full of spirit than in describing some adventure, such as her attendance at the masked ball of the Carnival. Her entire correspondence is entertaining, and exhibits her curiously compounded nature very frankly and in an unconventional way. She wrote, as we know, a mass of verse during these years, and her life was full. Only one cause of difference arose between herself and her husband, the subject of spiritualism, and it did not disturb her as it did him. The end came, however, and in 1861 Browning returned to London a widower.

The remainder of his life was occupied only by the events of the publication of his successive volumes, his outings on the French coast and in Italy, the education of his son, and the social pleasures of a diner-out at London. The immediate result of the change to English air was to renew his diminished energy as an author, though Mrs. Orr thinks he remained always rather a passive than an active man, and grew continually more fond of ease, cultivated happiness for its own sake, acquiesced in human conditions of action and knowledge rather than struggled to better them, and in general showed the qualities of optimistic weakness rather than of intellectual and moral vigor. Perhaps the impression made by her words is deeper than she intended; but, whatever be its degree, her opinion runs counter to that which is commonly held. The fact is that in her later chapters she makes Browning known as he appeared in London rather than as he expressed himself in his works. She is not reticent in respect to his qualities, whether they make for hero-worship or not. The most noticeable confession is that he was defective in broad human sympathy, and to the end very self-centred, although not deficient in moral power of sacrifice when he was personally interested. She forces forward, more than is necessary,

the points at which he was out of touch with Christianity, and emphasizes the incongruities in his religious ideas and feelings. She uses criticism very freely throughout the work to give full prominence to whatever of personal meaning his poems can be made to convey. It is all very interesting, always able, though in our judgment it is not always convincing. Some of it must prove perplexing to the devout admirer of Browning. The most special matter is her belief that he studied Pompilia in his wife's nature, and that this character, which Mrs. Orr thinks his "master-piece," is an instance of "reflected inspiration." She bases this opinion upon the feebleness of Browning's parental instinct, — "the weakest in his nature," — and supports it as follows: "The ingeniously unbounded maternal pride, the almost luscious maternal sentiment, of Pompilia's dying moments can only associate themselves in our mind with Mrs. Browning's personal utterances, and some notable passages in *Casa Guidi Windows* and *Aurora Leigh*. Even the exalted fervor of the invocation to Caponsacchi, its blending of spiritual ecstasy with half-realized earthly emotion, has, I think, no parallel in her husband's work."

This is interesting in itself, and also in its connection with Browning's relation to women. He was always a "woman's man." He preferred the society of women to that of men, made them his confidantes, and appears to have held a somewhat unconventional attitude toward them. Mrs. Orr thinks he never understood the essential difference in their position and point of view that their sex makes. It should be added that he supported the woman suffrage movement until near the end of his life.

It would carry this notice to an unreasonable length to attempt to gather up the various statements that are made about Browning's traits, the nature they

inherited in and the character that resulted. It is enough to say that he showed at the end of his career, as at the beginning, that natural irritability or "nervousness of nature" which made him impatient, hard to differ from amiably, excitable, effusive in manner, and in general what is called impulsive. He enjoyed his fame to the full, and was sensible of the honors done him. He thought his last works the best. He was constant in his friendships, and he prized them more as life went on. His later London life appears to have been, on the whole, the most congenial to him. He shows the marks of its influence. To what extent the late recognition of his work affected his genius unfavorably by making him indifferent to criticism in the higher sense is a curious question. His individuality was perhaps strong enough to have resisted all modification, and as he was plainly without that artistic sense on which the faculty of self-criticism depends, the criticism of others, whether express or felt merely in the reaction of an author's audience upon himself, might have been useless to him. It appears that his learning was much less than has been supposed. In thought he never passed beyond the vague sphere in which his early poems moved, but he became increasingly interested in incident and character, and in his study of them he accomplished the better part of his non-lyrical work. It is curious that this interest should have been so specialized as it was and limited to particular cases; he did not care for history, — that is, for humanity in the abstract or the collective form. This is connected with that defective human sympathy on which Mrs. Orr remarks. In the light of these volumes much Browning criticism will have to be rewritten, and by that light all such criticism may be made more searching and exact. Whether Browning's reputation, on the personal side, will gain or lose by the biography is, we think, doubtful.

The truth has been told perhaps too dispassionately. There is an *aura* about every man to his friends, which they may fairly, and should justly, preserve.

It is the very thing which, well rendered, gives charm to biography. We feel it here only when Mrs. Browning speaks.

MURRAY'S MEMOIRS.

A VIEW of the literature of a whole period from the publisher's counting-room is as useful as it is novel, and the history of the house of Murray favors us with such an outlook on the world of books of the most interesting character. The time of Scott and Byron was a great literary epoch, and Murray was its most distinguished business agent. His name is associated with its annals so closely that if he has not a literary immortality, he is yet the most famous of publishers; the memoirs¹ of his house are, personally and historically, most valuable. We already owed to him the best of the letters of Byron, and it was not to be expected that the papers of the house would yield anything of equal individual interest; but out of the mass of authors' correspondence which came to him a collection has been made that is extraordinary for the breadth and diversity of its literary information. Murray himself is the central figure, and the story is of his transactions with authors. It is a work of the memoirs of trade, with a leading attention to the financial fortunes of literature. There is much about profit and loss, the prices paid, the avarice of authors, the relations of the house with Edinburgh and with other London firms, the condition of bookselling in general, the plans and ventures of business, and like unpromising matters; but these topics are so well han-

dled, and the persons involved are themselves so notable, that there is no tediousness even in this most barren part of knowledge. On the other hand, the literary interest, though occasionally subordinated, is unflagging. Murray's own character is constantly felt in a human way; and though the authors find it a hard matter to lay aside completely the traditional hostility of the craft, they show appreciation of his excellent qualities. He was, as Sir Walter said, "much a gentleman;" and, so far as we observe, not only was his behavior in business handsome, but as a man he showed himself more creditably in difficult circumstances than the genteel authors who found it almost impossible to forget that he was "in trade."

He came in at a fortunate moment in the development of bookselling, just at the time when the association of the trade had given a certain dignity and high standards of conduct to its members, and before individual competition had worked unfavorable effects. He was attached to the older methods which were already breaking up before he died, and in his career more than one incident could be noted to show how fine a strain of business honor he maintained. His relations with authors in the delicate sphere of pecuniary transactions are well known. If the time, in consequence of the gains of Scott and Byron, is often

¹ *A Publisher and his Friends*. Memoir and Correspondence of the late John Murray, with an Account of the Origin and Progress of the House, 1768-1843. SAMUEL SMILEE, LL. D.

In two volumes. With portraits. London: John Murray. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

called the "golden age" of authorship, this is always with a reference to Murray's generosity. No doubt Murray found his advantage in large payments, especially to the great writers. He was a man of business first, and was not intentionally over-generous except when he meant to be charitable; he lost money, for example, on Crabbe, but he did not mean to do so. He was certainly shrewd, but he was not sordid, and he was able to take large instead of short-sighted views of his own interest. He was ambitious to be distinguished in his trade, and he knew that to be Byron's publisher was worth much more to him on business grounds than merely the profits of the sales. He thus attracted authors to him, and he also extended his custom; and he was willing to pay for the value of the reputation which being the publisher of celebrated authors gave him, in addition to the price that would be justified by the probable cash receipts from their works. The *Cookery Book* might be, in fact, a more valuable property than *Childe Harold*, but he did not confuse the different natures of their values. There is no reason to think that he ever lost money on Byron, but if he had it would not have been a real loss; and it was apparently on this liberal interpretation of his self-interest generally that he adopted the policy of large prices. There were some disadvantages also in the rule. He set a standard of payment which led inferior authors, like Leigh Hunt, to ask more for their work than it was worth; but he always had a remedy by adopting the fair procedure of assuring to the author his full share, if he proved successful, either by the system of division of profits, or by bargaining for a limited edition and leaving future contracts open. The business element is less discernible in the liberality with which he paid his reviewers for the *Quarterly*. In this it appears more plainly that he took pride in being generous, and there can

be little question that he paid his regular contributors more than the market price. To those whom he regarded with special friendship, and to whom he felt obliged for their advice and countenance, particularly Gifford, Croker, and Southey, and in later years Lockhart, he was unwearied in attention, and most of these supporters were frank to say that they were so well treated as to feel uncomfortably overpaid. The policy of liberality to writers of distinction, and of fairness to those whose success was still doubtful, worked well. He gave it as his opinion that not one book in fifty paid expenses, but, notwithstanding all risks and at a time when several great houses failed, he made a fortune. His only error was in attempting, in conjunction with the younger Disraeli, to found a daily newspaper, with insufficient preparation. He sank in the enterprise twenty thousand pounds in six months; but on giving it up he wrote that he hoped to replace the loss by his "shop" in a few months, and this was at the time when Constable and others broke.

These volumes, however, are far from being only a record of the fortunes of trade. Their more important interest lies in the wide view they give of book-making in the first half of the century. The larger number of works mentioned, and a considerable part of the correspondence, do not belong to literature in the higher sense. The history of the current reading of the day is reflected on the page, and great works appear only as incidents, just as they were at the time. We see the beginning of the vast number of travels in the East and Africa, and of polar exploration, and the earliest of the collections for popular reading, the "cabinets" and "libraries," in which the increasing spread of information that specially marks this century commenced. More curious, perhaps, to the student of letters are the dead books, which in their time had a certain vogue, often

great, and are now swept away, — poetical works, by Croker, Canning, Milman, and the rest. An occasional stray of the literary life is met with, like *Maturin*, in whom a pathetic human interest survives apart from the dramas that have perished even in their titles. The memoirs are rich in this sort of driftwood, and not the least interesting passages are those which concern these obscurities. The task of selection would be a hopeless one.

Almost equally unsatisfactory would be any attempt to exhibit the wealth of illustration of character here contained concerning distinguished writers. Sir Walter Scott shines wherever he appears, and his pen and life contribute to the whole. His literary industry apart from writing novels is astonishing, and his large plans, such as that for the collection of British novelists, show the large mind, the inexhaustible energy that seems indifferent to the amount of labor involved in any project; and everywhere the natural kindness, the humanity and tolerance, and the sound sense of the Scott whom Lockhart first made known to the world are delightfully revealed. The attitude he held toward Byron, as it is shown here in several letters, is the most considerate morally, and the finest so far as regards the personal aspect of the matter, that could be conceived in the case. A letter recommending Lockhart, or rather defending him against some faultfinders when about to become the editor of the *Quarterly*, is perfect in taste and admirable in substance, — a model of what such a letter should be; and the letter to Murray, on the resignation by him of his copyright in *Marmion*, is faultless. Unfortunately, Murray was seldom Scott's publisher. In the correspondence with Byron, the other protagonist of the work, it is Murray who deserves the praise. He addressed him as the noble lord, but he retained much of the freedom of the friend, and while conveying to

him in liberal measure the flattery of the coterie, he stimulated his genius, urged him to his best, and expressed his regrets at the errors of taste and heart that so much impaired the excellence of Byron's later and satirical works. He shared in the reverence for Byron's genius which now appears so much exaggerated, but he also spoke as a man; and when Byron used something of the insolence of rank, Murray's reply, in the single instance in which he noticed it, was excellent in temper. The letters of the Byron connection also include several characteristic notes of Lady Caroline Lamb. The whole ends with a detailed account of the destruction of the *Byron Memoirs*, an act which, from the business point of view, was as honorable to him as anything in Murray's career. Of other writers, Coleridge and Wordsworth both figure, but not in any material way, and Southey comes in often, but usually in a discontented or perverse frame of mind, since he was obliged to live by reviews and suffer Gifford to "mutilate" them, when he would have preferred to live by famous histories and great poems. Campbell, Hogg, and Moore are also writers who do little more than appear on the page, but in each case long enough to yield a striking portrait of their personalities. Irving is brought in principally, it would seem, to illustrate how much better his bargains were for himself than for Murray. Other authors of repute of whom we learn something are Hallam, Milman, Napier, Sir John Malcolm, Sir Francis Head, the elder D'Israeli, Madame de Staël, Hope, Cunningham, Belzoni, Ugo Foscolo, Basil Hall, Lyell, Murchison, Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Norton, Borrow, and a host of the less known whose books were the literature of the twenties and thirties.

The third leading interest of the work is the history of the great *Quarterly*, of which Murray was perhaps prouder than of his connection with Byron. There was

some justice in the phrase which called this a "National Work." The Edinburgh preceded it, and showed the power as well as the usefulness of such a publication. The Quarterly was founded to be its rival, and was intended to have political weight from the start. Canning's interest was engaged, and from time to time an article was "inspired." Murray, nevertheless, was eventually disappointed in his hopes of what the party in power would do for it. He was obliged to rely virtually upon the corps of contributors which was early gathered about it and was always diligently recruited. Sir Walter lent his powerful aid from the start, and many readers may be surprised at the considerable number of reviews that he wrote for its pages down to his death. Southey and Croker were a main dependence. The former was particularly useful, both from his facility and range, and from the quality of his thought, which was largely leavened with the average opinion of the class to which it appealed; while Croker had qualities of a more effective if less admirable kind. But the strength of the Review was its editor, Gifford. It is a pleasure to find out what sort of a man he was, and here are excellent materials for judgment. Gifford is perhaps as well hated a name as there is in English critical annals; or, if this be too strong a statement, there is certainly something sinister in his reputation. His early life, which was one of uncommon hardship and difficulty, is sketched in detail, and the fortunes of the poor and misformed boy are followed through childhood and college to the time when he was asked to preside over the destinies of the Review; much besides is told of his personal life and character, but more noticeable than such biographical details, though honorable to him, is the light thrown on his editorial work. He wrote nothing, but he rewrote a great deal. Such supervision as he exercised would hardly be toler-

ated to-day by authors who were more than hacks. His judgment, if hard, was sound, and there can be no question that the quality of the Review, its English-thoroughbred quality, was due to him. He acted besides as Murray's literary adviser, as did Croker and the elder D'Israeli, and in his intimate connection with the house he became a sort of prime minister. Murray was devoted to him, and cared for him with the fidelity and forethought of a brother. He was highly regarded in many quarters, and the perusal of these papers must do much to convince the reader of the gross injustice that has been done to an able and conscientious, though sometimes bitter man, of very solid intellectual power. Under his guidance and with the assistance of Murray's untiring energy, the Review became an organ of intellectual opinion of the first consequence. Its notable articles and their writers are followed here year by year, and thus a chapter is disclosed and given to the history of English writers of this century which well deserved to be written. On Gifford's death, Sir John Coleridge succeeded for a short time, to be in turn followed by Lockhart. The reflections made upon Gifford apply also in some degree to this latter much-disliked critic. He had personal defects, but as a critic he had excellent discernment. In regard to his earlier life, — and he was barely thirty when he took the Quarterly, — more particularly in all that relates to his writings in Blackwood's, the letter of Sir Walter Scott, already referred to, says the last word. All that we have space to say is that he had some of the best qualities of an editor for the authors and public with which he had to deal. Murray had been connected with Blackwood's during the time of the personal articles in that review, and it is in consonance with his character that he continually protested against them, and finally severed his connection with it on this ground alone. The Quarterly, though

sufficiently severe, was never afflicted by the youthful wantonness of Blackwood's, and when Lockhart undertook the editorship he had left that mood behind. The conduct of the Review from its start to the close of Murray's life is capitally illustrated, and on the whole effectively defended.

The little that has been said of these volumes, we are well aware, does them scanty justice, and indicates only too superficially the mine of literary information which they contain. Their wealth is almost purely of details, and cannot be generally treated. To authors, they

tell the publisher's side of the story; to literary scholars, they bring much information about persons and books that is new and historically valuable. Murray himself — and the work is essentially his biography, though his labors are dealt with more than his life — is set forth with a character of honorable dealing and liberal ideas that is most pleasing, and with a personal attractiveness which is not the less strong because its main element is something that earns our respect. His portrait was needed to complete the group of the authors of the period.

CANADA AND THE CANADIAN QUESTION.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH is an earnest man, and he writes with an earnest pen; he has strong convictions, and he is frank in expressing them. Enthusiastic and confident, his diction is forcible, and everything he produces is readable. His latest work¹ is readable, and all the more so, perhaps, because it is one-sided. It is characteristic, too, of the later Smith. There was an early Raphael and a later Raphael. There was an early Smith, whose orderly and decorous bearing reflected the calmness and self-control of the cloister, and there is a post-professorial Smith, flitting hither and yon, with a style in literature which betrays one long steeped in controversy. We tire of inversion, and grow impatient at turning sentences upside down in order to get at their meaning. There is a plentiful lack of tact: it grates upon our Yankee touchiness to have the Father of the Constitution stigmatized as unconscientious, and to have Henry Clay styled an aggressive demagogue;

and we cannot resist the suspicion that the devils of Canadian Tories, bad as we know them to be, are not as black as their detractor has painted them. Mr. Smith's wealth of words, indeed, is as great as ever, in spite of the deterioration of style, and he is still master of apt expression. Raciness, innuendo, banter, irony, and sarcasm, now as of yore, heighten the effect of paragraphs, though they sometimes detract from the force of pages which Bryce would have treated with gravity and Tacitus with severity. Nevertheless, with contemporary history itself to sustain him, — nay, with the living scene before us, — his statements carry conviction. We may wish that it had not been possible, from the nature of things, for any one to write the chapter on *The Fruits of Confederation*; but we know, from what is before our very eyes, that, sooner or later, it would have to be written. Is it true that in Canada the race from which we sprang has been slipping backward? If so, all the physical energy and all the material advance of the British in Canada go for nothing, since it is revealed that

¹ *Canada and the Canadian Question.* By GOLDWIN SMITH, D. C. L. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

the race has little to show in government but failure, and in public morals but corruption. It is the most deplorable revelation made in America since the days of Bigot; but Bigot did not speak English.

This work bears out the character given it by the writer: it is neither elaborate description nor detailed history, but the presentation of a case and of a problem which, some day or other, solved or unsolved, will take its place as a chapter, and an exceedingly impressive chapter, in American history.

It must be said against this book that it has no index. The first chapter stands in the place of a preface, but the second is given to a survey of the social condition of the French Province of Quebec as it exists to-day, and the third to that of the British Provinces. Of Quebec we learn that it is *imperium in imperio*; that the bitterness following the conquest may have passed away, but that estrangement remains; that the French obstinately refuse to become anglicized; that assimilation is hopeless; that as the French population increases the British population decreases; and that there is an irrepressible conflict of races, tongues, customs, and religions.

We turn from this repellent picture to the British Provinces, and there the aspect brightens. There is no necessity of reproducing a view of society which in everything essential is a counterpart of our own. The social structure of Ontario, for example, is the same as that of New York. The possession of the soil is in the hands of a yeoman proprietorship; public opinion is *magister morum*, and exhibits the same development, the same varieties of expression. There are not two public opinions, one for the United States and another for the British Provinces; the same wave passes over both territories, leaving behind it the same changes. A striking illustration of this is to be found in the modification

of public opinion now going on in the United States in respect to immigration. One would suppose that the day was far distant when the scanty population of British America would eye askance accession to its numbers; but what says our author? "Till lately the portals were opened wide, and all the destitute of the earth were bidden to come in. . . . Now the door is half shut, and there are a good many who, if they could, would shut it altogether. Malthus has his day again." The objection to the quality of immigration which affects public opinion in the United States affects it in Manitoba. It is not that the Canadians grudge their acres to the Sicilian, but that they decline to admit to their society one who has failed to prove his right to membership. Malthus has nothing to do with the matter.

The author advises the general reader to skip the chapter on federal polity, entitled The Federal Constitution, because, "to impart anything like liveliness to a discussion of the British North America Act, one must have the touch of Voltaire." We cannot agree with him, for, whether or no he has the Voltairean touch, he has made a chapter which the most general of readers is certain to find interesting. It is indeed more than interesting; it will prove extremely useful, for, in language perspicuously expressed, and in as brief a compass as is possible, the very facts indispensable to a clear conception of what the political structure of the Dominion is will here be found. Its advantages are set forth, its deficiencies are exposed, and, best of all, there is a parallel showing the difference between the constitutional structure of the Dominion and that of the United States. Here, in brief, is answered the ever-recurring question, How does the Canadian government differ from ours? The division of power is the same; the checks and balances, the legislatures, the administration of jus-

tice, the subordination of the military to the civil power, the political division of territory, the freedom of the citizen, — everything to all appearance is the same, and yet there is a difference. Wherein does this difference lie, in what does it consist? It is in this chapter on *The Federal Constitution* that this and questions like it are answered, and we must pay the author the compliment of rejecting his advice to skip this topic, and urge the reader to peruse carefully, as we know he will do with pleasure, one of the most entertaining and profitable portions of the work. The popularity and freedom of style make one of the best recommendations possible to "the general reader."

It is, however, when we come to his observations upon *The Fruits of Confederation* that we arrive at the marrow of the author's work. We wish it were a less painful subject: there is a revelation in store for those unacquainted with Canada and its politics. The reputation of the Canadian politicians is not the most savory in the world; and from time to time rumors have been wafted across the border which have led us to think that, in the little capitals of the Provinces and in the *general capital of the Dominion*, there may be concentrated more political iniquity than that existing in the Augean stables which sporadically defile our own land. "In Canada," has it been said, "there is more politics to the square foot than there is in any other country under the sun." If the fruits of confederation are not overdrawn, it must be said that in Canada there is more political rascality to the square foot than anywhere else this side of St. Petersburg or Constantinople! Senators — and such a Senate! — are tempted with offices and titles; members of the Lower House are bribed with the hope of becoming Senators, with offices, fat contracts, privileges, and money or pelf in some shape

or another, for themselves, their relatives and henchmen. When they are not bribed, they are whipped in. Is there no Brutus in that servile pack, no Lot in the Sodom on the Ottawa? One reads on in bewilderment from one squandering of the public moneys to another. Here is a railway built ostensibly to connect the Maritime Provinces with the St. Lawrence: there never was and never can be anything or anybody to carry, and there is an annual deficit of half a million. There is another railway connecting the Atlantic tide water with the Pacific. It was to be purely Canadian; it was to develop Canada and to make a power of the Dominion. It is in the hands of the Americans; its eastern terminal is to run through Maine; a part of its business has been carrying Canadians disgusted with its exactions out of Canada into the United States; but, worse than all, it is the main reliance of the harpies that flock at Ottawa to debauch the people at the polls.

The Dominion is too much constituted, too much governed. The population of British America is about equal to that of Pennsylvania. Think of Pennsylvania split up into seven provinces, with seven governors, seven legislatures (five of them with two houses), and seven constitutions, and over these a governor-general, with a little court, and a general constitution which is local, and all under another constitution which is not local, but which exists three thousand miles away and across the north Atlantic, — a constitution at which the Pennsylvanians might pooh-pooh to their heart's content, but one which they would have to recognize when they came to inquire where their court of last resort was! Think of the "Premiers," the "Parliaments," the "ushers of the Black Rod;" think of the "Honorable," the "Right Honorables;" but, above all, think of the Sir Sam Slicks! Is there not a palpable absurdity on the

face of this Lilliputian business? How is it supported? "There is a perfect scramble among the whole body to get as much as possible out of this fund for their respective constituents: cabals are formed by which the different members mutually play into each other's hands; general politics are made to bear on private business, and private business on general politics; and at the close of the Parliament the member who has succeeded in securing the largest portion of the prize for his constituents renders an easy account of his stewardship with confident assurance of reelection." Such is the description of the Canadian politicians given by one of the Governors-general. No wonder the Canadians never liked Lord Durham. He came in a Pique, and went off in a Huff, say they. He did something more: he told the truth about them. The breed still swarms: see the circular of his Grace of Antigonish; see the address of that typical Canadian statesman, Couture. "Sir Hector me disait toujours: 'Mon cher Couture, ne crains rien; les subsides ne sont pas encore votés, mais nous n'oublierons pas ton conté.'" Like master like man: did Sir Hector echo Sir John?

Mr. Smith takes comfort in the reflection that Canadian society in general is sound. How can he do so in the face of Lord Durham's assertion that the plunder was for the "respective constituents"? The respective constituents form the body of the people. These wretched politicians could not exist a day if public sentiment did not sustain them. We appeal to himself. West Montreal wants something. "Get it for us at Quebec," say the mendicants to their member, "or your head rolls in the basket!" The member importunes at Quebec. In vain; there is nothing there, but there is sure to be something at Ottawa. To Ottawa forthwith, and once there this is what happens: "My dear P., I want you, be-

fore we take any step about T. Y.'s appointment, to see about the selection of our candidate for West Montreal. From all I can learn, W. W. will run the best. . . . You can easily hint to him that if he runs for West Montreal and carries it, we will consider that he has a claim to an early seat in the Senate. This is the great object of his ambition." The circle is complete; corruption has run its round, and doubles on itself; and this is government, and the people are sound! It is an echo, rather, from the East Side in the palmy days of Boss Tweed; but then we hounded the Boss to the Iberian peninsula, and his henchmen to — West Montreal.

Thomas Jefferson narrates that at a dinner at his house, where a discussion as to the best form of government came in with the apples, John Adams declared in favor of "the British model, but without its corruption." "No," cried Hamilton, "the British model, and with its corruption!" Upon this vital subject it would have been interesting to have had the opinion of that master mind in the government of one of the dominions of this world, Sir John A. Macdonald, the late Premier of Canada.

We lay this chapter down with a cold chill creeping over us. Is this a true picture of the British in Canada? They had a fair field before them in those wilds, and they should be doing great things; yet is this their natural outcome, failure in the art of government, and corruption, rank corruption, in public morals? But the people are sound! So they were in Florence nearly six hundred years ago; nevertheless, this was the cry which broke in bitterness of heart from "the man who had been through hell: " —

"Le leggi son, ma chi pon mano ad esse?
Nullo."

What is the Canadian question? In view of the political and social conditions set forth by the writer, we

should have no hesitation in saying that the pressing need of the Canadians is a diligent perusal of the catechism, and next the performance of their duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call them. Not so our author: with him the Canadian question is not a spiritual, but an economical one. It is, Shall Canada have Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States, or no? The final chapter of his volume is given to an argument in favor of the affirmative, and doubtless, in his eyes, it is the most important part of his work; but we fancy that to the American the value of this book will lie not so much in what it urges as in what it reveals. What it tells of Canadian life and manners is

worth more to us than any argument of a purely economical nature can possibly be. It is a question which cannot affect us as it does the Canadians. Moreover, it is ominous that, after a trial of Reciprocity, the United States display no eagerness to renew it. With what can Canada reciprocate? Not with any good example of its own. Suffice it to say that just now Unrestricted Reciprocity is held up as the panacea for Canada's woes. We are, nevertheless, old-fashioned enough to doubt that mere material development will ever prove efficacious to eradicate the poison which is in the blood of the Dominion, or that of itself it will make the Canadians a prosperous and happy people.

NOVEL ECONOMICS.¹

THE interest which the modern world takes in analyzing conditions of material existence is certainly not due to any mere enjoyment in intellectual exercise or in metaphysical subtleties. The age is far too serious for that. Nor is this broadening interest in economic questions confined to the people of any one form of government; it spreads impartially both in monarchies and republics. This stir, moreover, is not confined merely to the so-called working classes; for, to go no further for illustration, it is in the educated and titled classes of London that we find the most active propagation of socialism in England. Widespread as is this interest, still its sources lie too deep for easy or dogmatic explanation. Whatever they may be, they are probably connected more with the heart than with the head; they are mingled, one might suppose, with the stir in ethi-

cal and religious questions. It may be said that the marvelous growth of wealth and the profuse extravagance of modern life have accentuated the differences between social classes, and started even sluggish minds to thinking over the causes of material inequality; but this cannot be wholly true, since a century ago the social chasm between classes was even greater than it is now, and yet there was not then this same state of mind we see in those about us. But true it is that, whatever the cause, the heart of man is stirred by a new interest in his fellow-creatures.

The charming *naïveté* of Bellamy wins admirers, probably, because warm-hearted, impulsive, and helpful people have had their sympathies touched by the bitter sufferings of the poor, and they rebel against the conditions which make such things possible. They are not troubled, however, by the inade-

¹ *Principles of Social Economics inductively Considered and practically Applied.* With Criti-

quacy of the means to the end. Again, the hold which socialism has on its followers is due far less to the little-understood theories of Marx or Lasalle than to the appeals often made to feelings and passions. In themselves the ideals of socialism are lofty and even noble; in the contemplation of them there goes out a great expenditure of sympathy. It would be pathetic indeed were all this exercise of feeling to be in vain; but we need not think so. This new interest will have its effect, doubtless, in broadening views and deepening insight. It will add its part to the coral reef of social growth, and will help insensibly in the building up of a firmer foothold for human life. Morality and character are essentially the bases of social growth. To the extent that a sense of right becomes more generally diffused and conscience more often consulted will social life find support, and not damage, in the unavoidable interdependence of different classes of society.

Our author, however, sees progress toward a higher intellectual and moral plane by the antecedent operation of material gain alone. "We can only be helpful to others," he says, "in proportion as we are well provided for ourselves. The poor, the weak, and the inferior are always a burden rather than a help to their friends." Morality cannot exist except by the previous operation of material comfort, — "the material being the basis, the intellectual the means, and the moral qualities the result." According to this philosophy, the hard conditions of existence to the Scot or the New Englander, on a thin and barren soil, led to a scanty moral life; while the rich soil, the comfortable existence, of tropical lands yielded a crop of higher morality and larger social growth. Wherefore New England must capitulate to Brazil or Mexico.

In attempting to show that his principle is supported by historical data,

the author disappears in the trackless forest of his own speculations, where no historian can possibly follow him. "The most superficial acquaintance with the history of the United States is sufficient to show that our republican institutions are the consequence, and not the cause, of our material prosperity. The republic was born of the social and intellectual character growing out of a long period of previous industrial prosperity, and this prosperity was due to causes long antedating the slightest observable democratic tendency in our political institutions." The author, evidently, has overlooked the facts that "republican institutions" were a fixture in Virginia in 1619; that officers were chosen by the people, and local self-government existed, from the very beginning, in the settlements of Connecticut and Rhode Island. He goes even further by characterizing the French Revolution as a struggle "for material existence only." It is useless to pause at these errors; for to such a mind history is but putty, to be turned to any shape, as the purpose presents itself. We may then pass on to the author's economic proposals.

Acknowledging the evils with which society is crowded to-day, and filled with a longing to see the aims of socialism accomplished, to the end that human life may be less unequal and human hearts less scarred by needless suffering, we must bluntly ask by what means the evils can be remedied, and a new order of things be brought into existence. Depraved as we are, but few of us would be unwilling to see poverty exchanged for comfort and the lives about us irradiated by happiness. The task is not in bringing society to want this; we all long for this consummation. The real difficulty, however, — and it is the *cruz* of the whole matter, — is in the means. How can bad people be made better? How can employers be made less selfish? How can the improvident be made provi-

dent? How can people be made to think, and not act on mere impulse? These are serious questions, as important as they are hard to answer. He who will give practical answers to them deserves well of the state. But the quacks who teach that character can be created by public legislation, and who revel in orgies of annual enactments, should at least be given a little less attention.

Although Mr. Gunton is not a socialist, he flouts the work of the past, contending for a break with all past economic thinking, and the construction *de novo* of a new fabric of social philosophy. Here, in truth, we find ourselves sympathizing with him in the regret that former writers have not solved all the knotty questions. To escape these difficulties, he takes refuge in the porches of the "New School;" but residence therein makes him less hopeful than we could wish. "The New School," he says, "has been critical rather than constructive. It has contributed *far more to break up the old* than to establish a new body of economic doctrine. . . . No approximately adequate explanation of wage phenomena has been furnished, nor any affirmative principle of public policy suggested." Yet as to the amount of destruction of the old principles Mr. Gunton's own friends do not agree with him. Adolf Wagner, "the corypheus of German economists" (as he is styled by Dr. R. T. Ely, who himself may be regarded as the "corybant" of the American school), after mentioning as parts of the old principles the law of diminishing returns from land, the doctrine of population, the limitation of production by capital, and the wages-fund theory with a few modifications, adds very strongly, "All these old doctrines are maintained by Cohn, as they have been by Röscher, by Schäfle, and myself." Disavowing these principles, Mr. Gunton is unsupported by the greatest of German economists, who

are usually — and wrongly, it seems — spoken of as despisers of the so-called "Old School." In short, much of the talk about the old and new schools of economics is spoken for Buncombe. The results of the past are not absolute, as they are not in any scientific study. In recent years there has been no break in the continuity of economic thinking, but only progress and movement; not a building of new foundations, but an improving of the old structure.

There are those, nevertheless, who insist upon a radical departure from all past economic thinking, and Mr. Gunton is one of them. He introduces a new distinction between economic and social wants. The former are the primal wants of "food, clothing, and shelter;" the latter "are mainly acquired, and . . . arise from the quickening influences of social intercourse; these are luxuries at first, but by frequent repetition finally become necessities of social life." The moment, however, we consider the means of obtaining satisfaction for wants in both of these classes, the distinction disappears; the same principles govern the means by which we satisfy a want for corn as well as a want for a Roman blanket.

The author's pivotal doctrine, furthermore, is that "consumption" precedes "production," paradoxical as that may seem. "To-day's wants determine to-morrow's efforts, and yesterday's actual consumption determines to-day's actual production. Clearly, then, consumption is not only potentially prior to, but it is actually the cause of production." The latter statement seems to be an argument for a predetermined wages fund, which the author abhors. If not that, then it is weak. "Demand," he says, "always means want, consumption, and supply means service, production." The reasoning in this is far to seek. For if demand is always want, and no more, then capital has no place in production; a beggar will

avail as much in production as the owner of buildings and machinery. The absurdity of this is so evident that a critic might be thought to have perverted the author's meaning. Yet he says further on this point, "If . . . a want is accompanied by a willingness to give the necessary effort . . . to produce it, a greater quantity of the commodity will be produced to-morrow." That is, a desire, without capital, can produce wealth, effort only being necessary. That an oversight like this should lead to a *reductio ad absurdum* is to be expected, and before the paragraph closes it is said that the "effective intensity and extent [of desire] are economically measured by and registered in actual consumption." He sums up by making consumption "the final regulator of production." Now, this surely is nothing more than an identical proposition: what men actually get for consumption is the regulator of what they have produced. Verily, men do not consume more than they have produced. And yet the author regards

this as a great discovery, saying, "Simple as this truth is, it is far from being generally understood; indeed, the reverse view is commonly held."

It is not necessary further to discuss the arguments of a writer who does not believe that capital is the result of saving. Naturally, if capital has no function in production, there is little use in hunting for the cause of its existence. The author teaches also that there can be no rise of prices, and that "wages do not fall." His reasoning on value and prices, and on wages, is contradictory and confusing. It is therefore a matter of regret that the study of the means for aiding the unfortunate, for lessening the sufferings of poverty, for implanting the desire for better things in men's hearts, should be associated with defective reasoning, and even with chimerical speculation. There are means for improving our fellow-men which we constantly pass by; and in these means Christian principles will be found to be fundamental.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Travel and Nature. Our Italy, by Charles Dudley Warner. (Harpers.) Mr. Warner sings, with wonder in his voice, the praises of Southern California. The song is not a mere rhapsody, but has very articulate sentences concerning oranges, grapes, raisins, and climate. The mellifluous Spanish words which label the towns and the occasional missions give the mellowness of age to what otherwise impresses one as the most splendid achievement of the age of electricity; while the wonderful air in which this chosen spot is bathed melts and blends new and old into a golden present. If reading Mr. Warner's books and looking at his pictures so uplift a staid commenter, what must the reality do? — Noto, an Unexplored Corner of Japan, by Percival Lowell. (Houghton.) Readers of The Atlan-

tic who followed Mr. Lowell as he led them by devious ways through a sort of land of dreams to the wide sea will find a fresh pleasure in taking up the pretty book which holds the whole excursion. Now that the world has been covered with the tracks of explorers, there is a new pleasure to be gained in entrusting one's self to a voyageur who travels in the pure joy of motion, and has the art to communicate his delight to others. Mr. Lowell's book is for readers who love literature rather than for those who wish to add to knowledge patience. — Spain and Morocco, *Studies in Local Color*, by Henry T. Finck. (Scribners.) Mr. Finck is a capital traveler, and has a quick eye for those points which every traveler thinks he has seen when he reads about them. In this bright group of

sketches, what is omitted calls for a bow to the author almost as much as what is included; for one is not called on to accept opinions, views, judgments, which only long habitude in the person delivering them would justify. Rather, he finds himself in the companionship of a good observer and swift sketcher. Let him go to Spain and Morocco with Mr. Finck on his first journey, and take Mr. Ford, Mr. Hay, or Irving on his next trip. — *The Blessed Birds, or Highways and Byways*, by Eldridge Eugene Fish. (Otto Ulbrich, Buffalo.) A dozen papers on birds, and flowers, and trees, and country rambles, by a writer who confines himself mainly to the neighborhood of Buffalo, and writes not only with a genuine love of his subject and from first-hand acquaintance with it, but in a style which wins the reader, because the writer, without obtrusion, has thrown into it the spirit which animates him in his researches. He shows a familiarity with other writers in a similar vein, but is none the less individual and agreeable.

History and Biography. *Recollections of President Lincoln and his Administration*, by L. E. Chittenden, his Register of the Treasury. (Harpers.) Mr. Chittenden has written an extremely interesting book; and not the least interesting figure in the group is the author himself, who appears first as a Green Mountain lawyer engaging in the canvass for Lincoln in 1860, and gives a vivid account of his part in that canvass. As a politician Mr. Chittenden is refreshingly open, and his book is in many ways a capital record of political methods and of the common talk of men, as well as of the relations of men of distinction. We wish he had transcribed his notebooks verbatim when reporting conversations. Perhaps he has done so, but one is tempted to think that there is here a mixture of current impressions and later recollections, and so is in doubt just what credence to give. There are remarks accredited to Lincoln, for example, which one hesitates to accept. — *The Old Navy and the New*, by Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, with an Appendix of Personal Letters from General Grant. (Lippincott.) Under this title Admiral Ammen gives in effect his autobiography and reminiscences which go back nearly to the War of 1812. He writes with a sailor's frankness and with a sailor's

faculty for roving. His strong interest in the Nicaragua route leads him to treat of the Isthmus and its waterways at some length, and his lifelong friendship with General Grant enables him not only to give many reminiscences of his great associate, but to print a number of pleasing letters from him. — *The latest volume in American Religious Leaders* (Houghton) is *Charles Grandison Finney*, by George Frederick Wright. The *grotesquerie* of the full name is increased when the reader learns that the famous revivalist was actually named after Richardson's hero. Finney's name in the extreme East is a dying echo of what was once a mighty sound, but in Ohio it stands for institutions and a very positive religious movement. It was well worth while to have an Oberlin professor detail the career of so individual a preacher and theologian, and the reader of the book will find himself crossing battlefields famous in theological warfare. The figure of Finney himself is one which it would seem impossible now to copy, and it has thus a strong historical interest. — *Charles Darwin, his Life and Work*, by Charles Frederick Holder. (Putnams.) A volume in the *Leaders in Science Series*. Mr. Holder has made a sort of compendium of Darwin's books of travel, and interjected a few personalia, but he has done little toward presenting the man vividly to young readers, and, in spite of the abundance of material from which he could draw, the book seems singularly lifeless. — *The April Bulletin of the Boston Public Library* (The Trustees, Boston) contains, besides the Classified List of recent accessions, a finding list of works by and relating to Rousseau in Bates Hall, and a continuation of Mr. Ford's *Bibliography of the Official Publications of the Continental Congress*.

Education and Textbooks. *Sketch of the Philosophy of American Literature*, by Greenough White. (Ginn.) A rapid survey of the subject, with more of an attempt at discovering the rationale of the development of literature than such sketches usually contain. If Mr. White had given either more or less detail, we think his success would have been greater. That is, if he had assumed full acquaintance with facts, and had written for scholars in the same space, he might have made his speculation more profitable; if he had, on the other hand,

confined himself to the really important figures, and given more detail, he might have made his book a good introduction to the study for the use of schools and colleges. — *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière*, by Jules Sandeau, is added to Heath's Modern Language Series. It is edited by F. M. Warren, of Johns Hopkins. The play is one recommended for the courses preparatory to entrance into New England colleges, and the editor has therefore had somewhat immature students chiefly in view; but he has kept well in mind that he is introducing students to literature, and not merely to a school exercise. — *English Prose, its Elements, History, and Usage*, by John Earle. (Putnams.) The reader who has wearied of formal treatises on rhetoric, and doubts the power of any one to escape a sort of dry rot when dealing with language as it finds expression in literary art, should take up this book. It is a refreshingly independent work, and is so inductive in its method, building its results upon such a wide range of independent examples, that one finds himself always in the company, not of a dogmatic schoolmaster, but of an intelligent, curious student. The writer of English, in particular, cannot fail to get capital suggestions from it, chapter by chapter. — *Tales from Shakespeare's Tragedies*, by Charles and Mary Lamb. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe. (Harpers.) Upon the same plan as the Comedies, to which we have before referred. The book is for school use, and as such might well have dispensed with the feeble woodcuts inserted here and there. — In Heath's Modern Language Series, a recent number is *Colomba*, by Prosper Mérimée; with Introduction and Notes by J. A. Fontaine. The introduction to this Corsican story is brief; the notes are to the point and helpful. — *Apperception, or The Essential Mental Operation in the Act of Learning*, by T. G. Rooper. (Bardeen.) The original title of this little work, which is of English origin, was *A Pot of Green Feathers*, the answer which a teacher received upon asking her charge what a pot of ferns was, which she placed before them. The answer set Mr. Rooper to thinking how the mind really works in assimilating what is offered to it. His suggestive essay reaches the conclusion, "That education is the best, not which imparts the greatest

amount of knowledge, but which develops the greatest amount of mental force." — *Prussian Schools through American Eyes, a Report to the New York State Department of Public Instruction*, by James Russell Parsons, Jr. (Bardeen.) The Report deals only with elementary education, and is of special worth because of the particularity with which it describes the system in use. The rigid and uniform practice in Prussia makes this possible, since the observer is not bothered by too much freedom of exercise on the part of the teacher. Seeing one school, he sees all.

Science. Electricity, the Science of the Nineteenth Century, a Sketch for General Readers, by E. M. Caillard. (Appleton.) A popular treatise, dealing first with static electricity, then with magnetism and current electricity, and finally with practical appliances of electricity. The historical phase of the subject is lightly touched upon, the author proposing to explain the phenomena of electricity as understood to-day, although she indicates the successive steps taken in the application of electricity. The book is plainly written, but not otherwise attractive in style. — *The Diseases of Personality*, by Th. Ribot. (The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.) Whether or not one looks at personality with the eye of a biologist, he will be sure to find in this little volume a great many interesting facts touching the disorders which affect the unity of personal consciousness; hypnotism naturally comes in for treatment. Under the emotional disorders which take the form of opposite sexuality, we wonder if M. Ribot would undertake to account for the Chevalier d'Eon. — *Animal Life and Intelligence*, by C. Lloyd Morgan. (Ginn.) An English work, an octavo of five hundred pages, in which the author aims to consider his subject from a scientific and philosophical standpoint. Beginning with the nature of animal life, he proceeds with the process of life, reproduction and development, variation and natural selection, heredity and the origin of variations, organic evolution, the senses of animals, mental processes in man, mental processes in animals, their power of perception and intelligence, the feelings of animals, their appetences and emotions, animal activities, habit, and instinct, and finally struggles with the great problem of mental evolu-

tion. He reaches a conclusion which may be stated in his own words as a "general belief that the intellectual progress of Englishmen during the past three hundred years has been in part due to the inheritance of individually acquired faculty." It will be seen that his subject almost compels him into a discussion of human phenomena, though the book deals mainly with the lower animals.

Poetry. The Heart of the Golden Roan, by O. C. Auringer. (Lothrop.) An unusual piece of work, if only for its form. Eight poems in sequence, all cast in a measure not unlike Drayton's *The Battle of Agincourt*, tell a romantic tale of choice between love and duty, the rider on the roan speeding on a somewhat mystical errand. Although the reader be not able to translate the facts of the poem into prosaic terms, he will be moved by the spirit which lifts the narrative into a poetic form which is more than once rich and striking. After the banjo poetry of the day, it is something to come upon the trumpet obbligato. — *Sospiri di Roma*, by William Sharp. (Printed for the Author, Rome.) Mr. Sharp has carried the conceit of sighs into the very form of his verse, which is throughout in irregular, broken measure, each line a breath, and unlinked by rhyme with any other. The poems are reflections of moods closely allied with nature in Italy, and often express with great felicity the momentary and feeling emotions of one who broods over the scenes both of human life and of landscape in Italy. — *Chansons Populaires de*

la France, a Selection from French Popular Ballads. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by T. F. Crane. (Putnams.) In his interesting introduction Mr. Crane shows how late the French *littérateurs* have been in coming to a sense of the richness which lay in their folk ballads, and how rapidly these ballads were disappearing from the popular knowledge. One wonders at this the more when one considers how the literary class is constantly reinforced by accessions from the country; but much, doubtless, is due to the dominance of Paris and the strong disposition to exalt the art of letters. The collection is an attractive one, and is well equipped with bibliography and reasonable annotation.

Fiction. Juggernaut, a Veiled Record, by George Cary Eggleston and Dolores Marbourg. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) Juggernaut is the craze of speculation, and this novel, with its highly artificial framework, is designed to show how it crushes the life out of a man and his wife who come in the way of its terrible grinding power. — Two volumes of the attractive little series of Knickerbocker Nuggets (Putnams) are occupied with Representative Irish Tales, edited by W. B. Yeats. If the books contained nothing but Lover's *Barny O'Reirdon the Navigator*, they would be worth owning, that one might read over and over again that inimitable story; but there are besides good examples of Carleton, Banim, Maria Edgeworth, whose *Castle Rackrent* is selected, Maginn, Croker, Griffin, Lever, Kickham, and Rosa Mulholland.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Swiss
Boarding-
School.

WHEN I first made its acquaintance, a round year ago, it was a peripatetic school taking its summer holiday among the mountains, — walking, climbing, gathering Alpine flowers, or reading aloud and doing fancy-work under the pine-trees; always in the company of one or both of the two shy, gentle, dignified sisters, called by their pupils "the aunts," who seemed to feel themselves as

responsible for the profit in health and enjoyment of the summer trip as for the intellectual gain of the winter. A large party of American schoolgirls in a summer boarding-house would have been likely to make their presence felt, agreeably of course, in every nerve of the establishment; this group of young girls, of from fourteen to eighteen, mostly Germans and Swiss, enjoyed every hour with genuine, hearty

enjoyment; but their pleasure was never conspicuous, and the fact of their being ten or a dozen in number was not an overwhelming one. Their names were all down in the visitors' book with the word *pensionnaire* appended to each, and they kept within the bounds of the definition. They joined gladly in an excursion or an occasional dance, but did not feel called upon to lead in the social life of the place; and their evenings were spent mostly in the dining-room, by reason of a fear in the minds of their teachers lest they should be tempted to monopolize the limited space and illumination of the salon. The little school kept its unity as an institution and its own government amid the changes of travel. The pupils had come to learn French, and though lessons were laid aside for the vacation, the conversation and reading were all in that language. They were kept together as much as possible, encouraged to share their pleasures and confidence in such a way that none should be excluded, and, as regarded personal favors, were placed on a footing of absolute equality. The capacity of each girl was, however, taken into consideration in every plan. If Tante A. took a party of the more robust on a mountain climb, Tante M. led her charge to pastures nearer home. "Oh, tante, I am sure mamma would let me go!" pleaded an eager damsel, ambitious beyond her strength. But the "aunt" was inexorable; she was answerable to the mamma, and felt a double responsibility.

Our association did not end with the summer. On a gray day in autumn the wave of chance deposited me, bag and baggage, at the door of the *pensionnat*, to spend several weeks under its roof. The house stood on a high terrace, looking down upon a wide, green-blue lake, on the other shore of which, in clear weather, a row of white Alps rose above the purple line of foothills. The hill behind the house was laid out, save for the garden and little shady orchard, wholly in vineyards; farther back was another hill, thickly wooded. The road between the house and the lake led along its border to the town, a mile away. The Alps, lovely and gracious on autumn days, veiled themselves with the approach of winter. For four or five weeks we had not a glimpse of them; then we had a vision unforgettable in its loveliness. The mists

mounted up and floated away in a sky of azure, leaving along the opposite shore of the lake a white feathery roll, which turned to gold; the morning sun ploughed a long gold track in the water, and the mountains shone out in silvery splendence. The sun had been almost as rare a visitor as they: an atmosphere of a soft luminous gray had taken his place, though the weather had been cold, the winter of the sort we call old-fashioned, with plenty of snow, and the air, except in hours of *bise*, delicious. We had another day to be gathered in and treasured by

"That inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;"

a day when a mist had frozen on all the trees. The effect was not the prismatic glitter of an ice-storm in our own country. There was no sunshine; instead of being cased in a smooth coat of mail, every branch and twig was covered with soft white stars and petals clinging in thick masses; the air was still misty, the light intense, but softened; the shadows were of pearl; we seemed to walk in a strange picture of subdued whites and delicate caressing grays. And the picture stayed all day.

It was a very even, tranquil life that we led in the little boarding-school. Every morning at a quarter to seven we were aroused from slumber by the loudest event of our day, a sort of reiterated clatter and peal, familiarly termed *le carillon*, produced, in some manner unexplained to me, by the exertions of the chambermaid on a bell suspended in the hall. Another chime summoned us, shivering with recollections of the bath, to the dining-room, where we found a fire, and a breakfast of hot milk, coffee, excellent Swiss bread and butter, and preserves. This was over before eight o'clock, when the lessons began. At eleven the girls went to walk for an hour with one of the teachers, or, when the ponds were frozen, had the more congenial alternative of skating. At half past twelve came the dinner, a substantial and well-cooked repast, with soup, followed by meat and vegetables, served together in American fashion. After dinner the teachers made coffee and had their hour of recreation in the sitting-room. One or two of the girls generally assisted in handing round the cups; they esteemed it a privilege to share in this daily sociability. Later, one of them served

afternoon tea to the visiting teachers ; they had also, in turn, some little housewifely duties, such as setting the table and cutting up the sugar. Their own "four o'clock tea" consisted of milk. They had lessons from two till four, in music or literature. At half past four another walk. On the days of the five o'clock lectures at the Academy in the town, we all repaired in a body to that institution, where we listened to very pleasant and sometimes very clever discourse, under the benignant presidency of a full-length portrait of Agassiz represented against a background of blue glacier. The memory of the great naturalist is warmly cherished in his old college, which still gathers about it men devoted to science and to literature.

The lecture furnished food for talk on the walk home in the winter twilight, or was discussed at the supper, a sort of New England high tea. Some of the Academy professors gave lectures or lessons at the school, and had thus trained there a little group of intelligent auditors. The girls followed the lectures easily, and learned to speak French with considerable fluency and command of language, in some instances with a very pleasing accent ; and though I heard among them many deviations from the perfect purity of its pronunciation and grammar, I scarcely ever heard a lapse into native English or German. Even newcomers, arriving with little or no knowledge of the language, struck bravely into its depths.

French and music being the chief ends of each girl's sojourn, there was no grind of college preparation. Nobody was studying for an examination. This prevented a certain strenuousness of tone and tensivity of excitement which are apt to exist with us in the more earnest schools. On the other hand, there was in the girls themselves none of that intellectual interest which we find among bright American girls who are pursuing classical studies together. They had among themselves no such eagerness of conversation ; they did not appear to discuss the problems of life or to feel personally answerable for their solution ; and as compared with a set either of clever or of fashionable girls they seemed very young for their years, though in some instances very bright, and in an interesting way. If the school had not the stamp of a college

preparatory, neither had it the character of our fashionable institutions for young ladies. Careful attention was paid to instruction in manners and little niceties of social usage. The necessity for a woman of being womanly was frankly dwelt upon, and taken for granted as a basis of action ; but a trivial or petty view of things was strongly discouraged, and the whole tone of the household was that of rare simplicity and unworldliness.

Besides the summer vacation there was a week's holiday at the vintage, during which the girls had a merry day helping to gather the grapes in the hill-vineyard near the house ; there were also vacation weeks at Christmas and at Easter. The weekly holidays were Thursday afternoon and evening and Sunday. On Thursday afternoon there was sometimes an excursion, in fine weather ; in the evening the girls chose their own entertainment, and danced on the waxed floor of the salon, or improvised tableaux and charades. Sunday was spent in the European fashion. In the morning they attended the service of the National Church. In the afternoon they wrote letters, or went to walk, or enjoyed an extra bout of skating. Some Scotch girls refrained from this amusement, in which the rest of the company joined as a matter of course. In the evening there was singing, or there were little games of guessing and forfeits played round the dining-room table, in which all took part merrily. On other evenings of the week the girls studied, or sewed and embroidered, while one of the teachers read aloud from some novel. The range of their literature was not extensive. Ereckmann-Chatrion and the Swiss novelists contributed much pleasure ; Round the World in Eighty Days was a favorite, and La Veuva de Colette was keenly enjoyed by those whose knowledge of the language enabled them to appreciate its *finesse* and grace. Once a week there was a singing practice ; once in the winter a play of Molière was performed by the girls ; and there was also a yearly dancing *soirée*, to which young gentlemen were invited.

The Christmas holiday had begun when I left the school. I assisted, in the French sense, at the making of the *bricelets*, thin cakes cooked in a small iron with long handles like a pair of tongs. We had a large wood fire in the open fireplace of the salon,

where the whole Christmas supply was cooked in one evening by the "aunts" before an admiring band of "nieces." The round yellow knobs of dough were transferred, two by two, from the kneading-board to the bricet-iron, which, propped on one handle, opened its capacious bill to receive them, and after a moment's stay in the blaze stood up again, stork fashion, and allowed two thin honeycombed cakes of a delicious brown to be taken from its open mandibles. There were secrets in the air, and a Christmas tree, a green pine of the Jura, was waiting for its trimming. The girls pitied me for having to leave before those things came to pass. I accepted the pity, but regretted no less that peaceful existence of every day. "It was so *gemüthlich*," a pretty German girl said to me one day, looking back upon her year at the pensionnat; "it was always quiet, and yet we were always so happy."

Fulton in Love. — If Robert Fulton remained a

bachelor till on the wrong side of forty, it was not entirely his own fault. At one-and-thirty, though his biographers know nothing of it, he had offered his hand to a Frenchwoman, under romantic circumstances related by her more than half a century afterwards for the entertainment of her descendants. The lithographed memoirs of the Duchesse de Gontaut-Biron, a stray copy of which has lately found its way to the Paris National Library, describe how, in 1797, on her embarking incognito at Dover to see what had become of the family property, a fellow-passenger, seeing that she spoke both French and English, asked her to be his interpreter. She readily consented, but at Calais her passport, which represented her to be Madame François, a lace-dealer, was found informal, and she was detained three weeks as a suspected *émigrée*. The passenger whom she had obliged interested himself in her. He informed her that his name was Fulton, and that he had letters of recommendation to Barthélemy, one of the Directors of the French Republic. Learning that there was an idea of sending her under escort to Paris, he pondered over the means of saving her. One day he knocked at the door of her cell, through the peephole of which he could see her busy writing. He said, "Madame François, listen to me." "I am listening." "You are in a critical position,

and I am come to save you." "Many thanks, but please explain." "You are about to be taken to Paris to be imprisoned, and once there all is lost. Now nothing is easier than to avoid this danger: marry me." "Thank you, but I am already married." The lady might have added that she had left in London not only a husband, but twins nine months old. "Oh, what a pity! I could make you rich. I have a secret invention which will revolutionize the world. I have a grand plan of blowing up an enemy's fleet by submarine batteries and then capturing it. Only speak a word, and I claim you and marry you, and you are free." The viscountess (as she then was) laughed, but could not help being grateful for so evidently cordial an offer; and we may assume that she was not only young, but handsome. She obtained her release in another fashion, and some weeks or months later, walking on the Paris boulevards with her husband's brother, the Marquis de Gontaut, she encountered Fulton. "Dear me, dear me!" he exclaimed, grasping both hands, even the one which was on her brother-in-law's arm. "Dear Madame François, how glad I am to see you!" The marquis, unaccustomed to these frank American manners, stiffly said, "Monsieur, the lady you have the honor of addressing is Mademoiselle de Montault," — for she had found it prudent to resume her maiden name. "No, no," replied Fulton, "it is Madame François; she is married, — she told me so at Calais. But what is it you say, — Mademoiselle what?" "Mademoiselle de Montault." Fulton entered the name in his notebook, spelling it "Montot," and then began expatiating on his schemes. "Look here, monsieur. I have got a sublime idea: I am going to blow up vessels into the air, run boats under water and propel them by steam." The marquis took him for a madman, cut short the conversation, and bowed him off. Several years elapsed. Fulton, who had made money by panoramas for his steam and torpedo experiments, had sold his panoramas to his fellow-countryman James Williams Thayer, and, scouted by Napoleon as a charlatan, had gone back to London. One day at the opera, Madame de Gontaut espied him and bowed to him. He hastened to her box. "What a pleasure, Mademoiselle de Montault, to see you again! I could hardly

believe my eyes !” “ Monsieur must have made a mistake,” said the French nobleman accompanying her, “ for madame is the Vicomtesse de Gontaut.” “ Dear me !” rejoined Fulton, “ this beats all ; constantly changing names, — it is enough to drive one mad ; but as I see that these gentlemen with you are in the secret, if it is a joke I will laugh too.” The lady gave full explanations, and introduced him to Lord Clarendon and others, who facilitated his experiments ; but not finding proper appreciation in Europe, he returned to America, and she saw no more of him. Fulton died at fifty. His French “ flame ” wrote her sprightly reminiscences at eighty, and lived some years afterwards.

Certain Beliefs and Superstitions of the Negro. — The negroes on our Southern plantations have apparently adopted with marvelous rapidity the customs, language, and religion of the race that brought them into slavery a mere century ago. Yet, though they seem so readily to have accepted the forms of worship of the dominant race, one finds, on looking closely into the matter, that they cling to some very barbarous beliefs and superstitions, and oftentimes these strange fancies are wrapped about with the garb of religion.

The negro has his church. His church has its bell that peals forth cheerily on Sunday morning. He has his Sunday-school, his marching with banners, and his reading of essays on Children's Day. He learns, and he sings wondrously well, many gospel hymns ; and we trust, in truth believe, that many of the great lessons of Christianity fix themselves in his heart and exhibit themselves in his life. Knowing all this, and seeing how he reaches toward the light, reaching out of the darkness of an ignorance near akin to barbarism, it is strange to note how he retards his progress toward the acquisition of clear light by clinging to purposeless and very curious superstitions.

For instance, it is surprising to learn that negroes of honesty and sobriety, who profess a desire to live better lives, are sometimes excluded from membership in these same churches because “ the candiduct,” as he is called, has not had “ a 'sperience ” of “ bein' shuck over hell.” Such strange beliefs the negro treasures down deep in his heart ; beliefs of which his advancement

in religion, education, and civilization — adopted all from the white man — takes no cognizance.

It is not often that we can lift a corner of that dusky brain curtain to catch a glimpse into that cloudy adytum where the moon shows herself a lump of ice, and the sun is considered to exhibit itself as a woman singing, singing, forever singing.

A few questions put at various times to the people of the dark race have brought to me answers which serve in some sort as glimpses into that repository of quaint fancies.

I shall endeavor to transcribe a few of these replies as nearly as possible as the negro himself would give them.

“ What,” I once asked a negro, “ is your idea of this world we live in ? ”

“ Dee tell me,” was the answer, “ dat dis worl' is a gre't star ; but hit 'pear ter me ter be a gre't big flower.”

Again I asked, “ What is thunder ? ”

To this came divers replies. One negro said that thunder was a round ball not larger than a boy's toy marble. “ It do make s' much noise rollin' 'caze hit 's let loose fum de hand of God.”

Another thought thunder was “ de movin' of God's feet on de sky, and de lightenin' is de winklein' of his eye.”

“ What is wind ? ” I asked.

“ Hit 's a blaze,” was the reply ; “ hit 's red like fire, but hit 's cold. How does I know hit 's red ? 'Caze dem folks what can see wind is done tole me dat red is de color of hit. Some folks can see wind, and t'o'her folks can't. Hogs can always see wind ; dee des run and grunt when dee see hits whirlin' redness. If any pusson will suck a sow, dat pusson will git power in his eyes to see wind. And whenever a wind rises, hit is risin' en dyin' brea'f. Brea'f of de dyin' folks in de worril fills de wind's wings and makes 'em strong.”

To the question, “ What is air ? ” came the answer, “ Hit 's des low wind.” To the interrogation, “ Where does snow come from ? ” came the reply, “ It is blowed off de tops de highest mountains.”

“ What are clouds made of ? ”

“ Made of all de smoke blowed up from de worril since de worril was made.”

“ Of what are the stars made ? ”

“ Dee is des balls of fire hung up in de sky.”

"How long will the stars hang in the sky?"

"Dee will hang twel de Great Day of Jedgement. On dat day John will take a shinin' broom in his hand, and he will sweep de sky clean of stars; sweep de sky clean of stars like a woman sweeps a floor clean of dust. De stars will fall from his broom, and will bust wid blazes and great noise des 'fo' dee touch de earth."

"You say the moon is a lump of ice; now what will become of that at the Last Great Day?" I have sometimes asked.

"Hit will drip away in blood."

The queer recitation of ignorance continued somewhat after this manner:—

"What will become of the rocks?"

"Dee will des melt. De rocks? Dee des growed. Dee 'll des agin melt away. De ocean? Hit 'll only des bile away. De sun? Well, you know de sun is a 'oman; hit got face, hit got eyes, hit can see all you do. She sings,—she do sing all day long. As she rises she sings low, but when she gits such a distance up she sings loud! All 'cross de high sky she sings loud, but when she gits sech a distance down she sings low agin. Dat's de reason noises can't carry far in de middle of de day; de sounds air des deadened by de sun's singin'. Nobody can edzaactly hear what air de words of de song she sings, but ev'ybody is deafened by her hummin', 'caze hearin' her dee can't hear no other noise to speak of."

"What," I asked one wise in the doctrines of ignorance, "are those stars with long lights streaming from them?"

"Macomet stars. Dee come fer signs of wars. And often is de times dat us see strange lights and quare shadows all over de worril in spots. I don't know what dem be, but I does know dat de worril sometimes puts on mournin'. She puts on mournin'-close same like a widow 'oman. Is you notice dat dark shadow in de moon? Dat's a man, dat is. He put dar fer workin' on a Sunday. Dat little shadder by him is his little dog. De little dog did n't do no harm; he des follered de man. When you see a rainbow," continued my informant, "you 'll des know den dat de moon is done got des behine de sun, and is lookin' over her shoulder."

I discover that there are various superstitions concerning the origin of the appearance of the rainbow. One old negro

tells me that rainbows are kept in the bottom of brooks until such times as they are needed to "pen de sky." He tells me that he has seen a rainbow in the very act of rising from its watery bed.

"How did the world look when it was new?" I once asked.

"Mighty strange,—mighty strange. De jay-bird brung de first grit of dirt ever was brung ter dis earth. I don't know how come he done dat, but I do know dat de jay-bird is 'bleeged ter go down ter de devil ev'y Friday des at one o'clock and carry a grit of dirt in his bill. Also, I can tell how dar was no water in de worril twel de mournin'-dove dug de fust spring; she dug hit wid her bill. Also, I can tell how, when de white dove flew out of de Noray's Ark, she planted de first grain of corn [maize] dat ever had been planted on de earth. I can tell you, too, how de mockin'-bird stole dat first grain of corn. I know, I do, dat de robin did plant de first cedar-tree ever was in dis worril. De first fire was brung to de worril from de devil; hit's long been quench fer ouns usin', but dat left wid de devil, hit ain't never done been quench, and never is ter be."

I asked what sort of people were in the world when the world was new.

The reply came as follows: "Many of de animals you see now was oncet folks, old-time folks; dese big rattlesnakes, dee was one time bad folks. In de old days dee was changed ter snakes, and dee air des essentially dat way twel yit. Monkeys use ter be old-time folks also; dee ac' like folks yit. De squinch-owls, dem what shiver roun' de house when a pusson gwine die, dee was all ole women when de worril was young. Dese moles dat you see burrowin' undergroun', dee was old-time folks; dee was too proud to walk on de groun', and so dee was put under de groun'. Cats was oncet witches,—witcher-men and witcher-women. De swamp-owls, dee was ole women also. Dee one time 'fuse ter give de Lord a piece of bread, as he walk here on de earth, so dee was indain ter be owls. All de ole folks tell me," continued my informant, "dat dar use ter be three houses clost tog'er wherever you go, and dem three houses belong ter de Injun man, de fox, and de rabbit. De white man done drive off de Injun, done mos' drive off de fox, but Brer Rabbit, he say he gwine stay."

Besides these queer fancies of the causes of natural phenomena and of the world's earliest history, they of the dark race have a strange, unwritten law concerning religious belief, custom, and expression with which every professor of religion must be familiar. To the unconverted they apply phrases like these: "still in de open fiel'," "settin' on de sinner seat," and many more of like nature. To the converted they apply phrases like these: "He done been shuck over hell;" "He's done spilt de cup of damnation;" "He's done broke de bonds;" "He's tryin' on de gole waist-band;" "He's waggin' wid de cross;" "He's shuck out de shine line gyarment, and he's ready ter put hit on;" "He's a shoutin' member;" "She's a rockin' Christian;" "He's on prayin' groun' and pleadin' terms;" "She's done des come th'oo;" "He's done been led a far way;" "She's sippin' de cup of salvation;" "He's tuck a seat wid de member-men;" "He's gethered in;" "She's done told her 'sperience and she's done profess."

The "experiences" that must be told before gaining admission to the church are sometimes marvelous, yet to one who has heard a repetition of many of these "experiences" there is observable in all an accord with certain unwritten laws.

Few sensations more startling to a fairly educated mind can be imagined than those that assail one after the hearing of several of these marvelous recitations of soul journeyings and soul experiences. The negroes who go through these soul ordeals are called "seekers." One must be a "seeker" ere he can become a "member." Many of the negroes, during the time for "seekin' 'ligion," tie a cloth about the head, and all who "seek" are expected to drop all work and look very woe-begone. The seeker must be carried in spirit to heaven and hell, and he must give in church an account of these spirit-journeys.

Though many of these recitations of spiritual experiences are strangely absurd, some are really striking and poetic.

One negro who applied for church membership said that he had passed much of his time for seeking in spiritual wanderings through the lower regions. He was surprised to find the dwellers of that land apparently far less unhappy than he had been

taught to believe them to be: so he asked his guide through this realm of darkness: "Brother, whar's de fire? Brother, dis ain't nigh as bad as folks up yonder tell us it is, for dee tell us dis place is full of fire. Brother, whar's de fire?" For reply his guide stopped, turned to his questioner, opened up his heart,—"same as a cook-'oman opens a stove door,"—and all within his bared breast the horror-stricken seeker beheld a rolling, whirling sea of flame. "For, oh, my brother," cried the guide, "hit's widin,—de fire is widin!"

The negroes' descriptions of the beauty of heaven rarely, if ever, touch on any note of the sublime. I have heard from them only accounts of passing through many doors, of houses of many rooms, of drinking from golden vessels, of walking over glittering bridges, of offering to gain admission to those great gates that they love to describe, "a new heart." The most absurd "sperience" I ever heard was that of a very old negro, who professed to have been granted a glimpse into the great gates of what constitutes their poor ignorant ideal of a happy beyond. He saw there, he said, an old "fellow-servant," one who had died but a short time before. He described the happy state of his old friend as follows: "I seen him sittin' high in heaven. I seen him wid de eye of faith. He was sittin' right sider dat pool er molasses. He had a seat right under de fritter-tree dat grows by dat sweet pool, and des whenever he is so minded he do reach up his hand, and he do grab off a handful of dem good fritters dat hang thick on dat tree, and he do des reach over and dip dem fritters in dat pool, and eat des as commodious!"

It is in their hymns, unwritten by themselves save on their hearts, as one generation sings unto another, that the negroes preserve their best inspiration, their most fervid fancies. These hymns are rarely to be heard now, for they grow shyer day by day of singing those grand chants, those unique hymns, loved and sung often by them in their days of slavery. The younger generation, the negroes born "since surrender," though ambitious to learn the cheery and attractive songs taught in their "free schools," are willing enough to let those marvelous melodies of their people drift into oblivion.